

THE  
ANGLO-SAXON  
REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY

EDITED BY

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VOL. VII. DECEMBER 1900

NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
LONDON: MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST  
49 RUPERT STREET, W.

1900

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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.  
At the Ballantyne Press  
London & Edinburgh

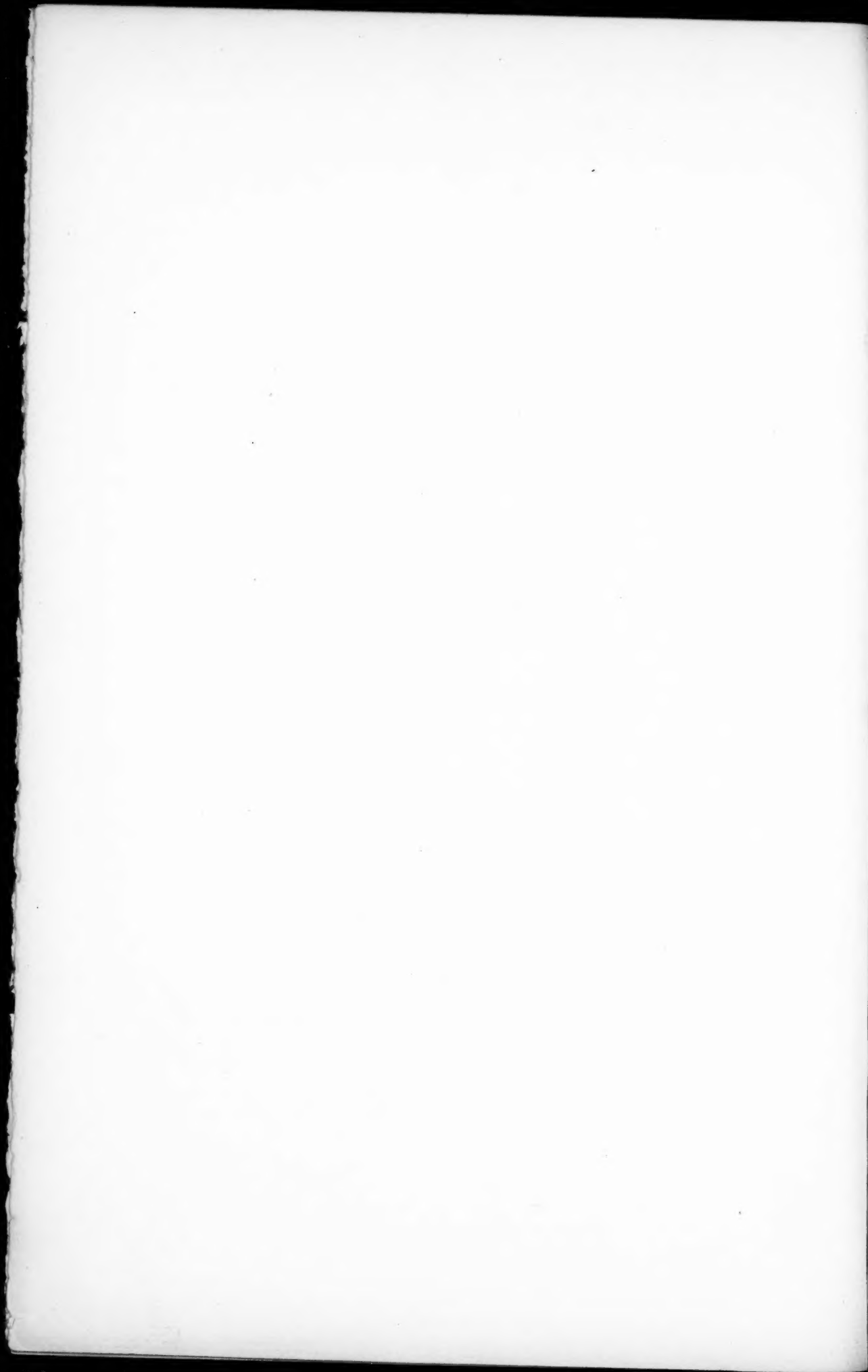




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## THE KING OF ROME



N August 11, 1900, the President of the French Republic conferred on the dramatist, M. Edmond Rostand, the Cross, as *officier*, of the Legion of Honour. Popular expectation had been aroused that a similar honour might be conferred on the world-famous actress, Madame Sarah Bernhardt. And why? Because Sarah Bernhardt had crowned her career of triumph with a performance of M. Rostand's historical play, 'L'Aiglon,' a performance destined to be written large in the history of the Theatre. Who or what was 'L'Aiglon'? This is a question which many Anglo-Saxons might ask. 'L'Aiglon' was the only son of the great Napoleon by his second marriage, and the heir to his name and to his Empire.

The Greek tragedians expounded to their fellow countrymen how, amid the triumph and glory of the great, Nemesis broods with unerring eye and strikes with unfaltering hand. In a former number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* Napoleon was shown on the threshold of his greatness. The Imperial wreath as yet adorned not his head, that wreath which was to prove a fillet of care and suffering to himself and his family. No sooner did the ex-Republican lieutenant grasp the sceptre and orb of empire than his thoughts turned towards a Napoleonic dynasty. Joséphine must be divorced, that a dynasty might be established. To no less a person than a daughter of the Hapsburgs would Napoleon give his hand, though he must have known that to do so was to place himself in the power of his arch-enemy, Metternich. From this loveless union a boy was born, the heir to such greatness as had not been conceived since Charles V. laid down his Imperial sceptre and retired to the Monastery of Yuste.

Duc de Reichstadt, Roi de Rome—such were the titles which crowned the cradle of the Napoleonic dynasty as the infant gazed with Napoleon's eyes upon a conquered world. Alas for human destiny! In a few years Napoleon was an exile at Elba, so soon to witness Waterloo and cross the threshold of Longwood. Marie Louise consoled herself with her favourite, Neipperg, and, in the midst of a grove of morganatic olive branches, paid but little thought to the eaglet, who was growing with clipped wings at the Court of the Hapsburgs in Vienna. The eaglet never flew, and the freedom of the mountain-tops was unknown to him. Like a bird in a cage he pined and died, and the dream of a Napoleonic dynasty was at an end. Poor boy, with the head and eyes of Napoleon, a woman plays you on the stage! Her art has told your story to the Old World and the New. Crowds gazed upon your wonderful cradle, which Vienna sent to the Paris Exhibition. Better for you the gentle sleep of death than the stormy heritage of a war-won Empire.

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The Napoleonic legend, however, is not dead. A pinchbeck imitation of the Empire was extinguished by the chance assegai of an unknown Zulu warrior in South Africa. Will it rise again, and in what form? And if so, how soon?

LIONEL CUST.

NOTE ON THE BINDING OF THIS  
VOLUME. BY CYRIL DAVEN-  
PORT, F.S.A.



EARLY Italian work on gold-tooled bindings in leather of the latter half of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth was remarkable for excellence of design and technical skill. After this period, which was strongly marked by a prevalence of designs and methods of work founded upon Oriental originals, there was a rapid falling-off from the high standard previously attained. The cameo bindings, some of which are among the earliest European examples of the use of gold on leather, do much to distinguish Italian bookbinding of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The bindings made for Jean Grolier, Treasurer-General of France, although possibly the designs used upon them were supplied, or at all events suggested, by some artist not himself a binder, nearly always reach a high level of artistic merit, and in some cases are of great beauty. The bindings which were made for Tommaso Maioli and for Marc Lauwrin during the sixteenth century are remarkable for the charm of the gold tooling upon them. They influenced the general art of book-binding in Italy both during and after the period at which they were produced.

Colour is freely used on several of the early Venetian bindings, which are closely adapted from Eastern work, with sunk centre panels and angle-pieces; and it occurs more or less in Italian work up to recent times. Sometimes the colour is applied simply as an adjunct to gold tooling, as in the case of the coloured fillets occasionally found on bindings made for Jean Grolier; sometimes it is applied over gold, as in the patterns in relief contained in the sunk panels of the 'Oriental' style; sometimes it is simple oil-painting, as in the case of the curious books produced at Siena and the many Venetian bindings with armorial bearings shown in proper colours in the central panel. Colour, however, as a regular method of ornamenting book covers has been chiefly used at Lyons, and dates from the latter part of the sixteenth century. Although produced in France, these bindings have, as a rule, decided marks of Italian origin; and it is plausibly conjectured that they were made by Italian workmen domiciled at Lyons.

These books are usually ornamented with cleverly arranged interlacing fillets, which are outlined in gold and filled in with brilliant colours. The actual composition of this colour is not known; but it is probably some powdered colour used with a soft varnish in the manner of oil paint. The taste for coloured bindings spread widely from Lyons; work of a similar kind was made in other parts of France, in Italy, and in England. Time, it is

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probable, has improved the appearance of these bindings: the brilliance of many of them when new must have been too decided for strict beauty.

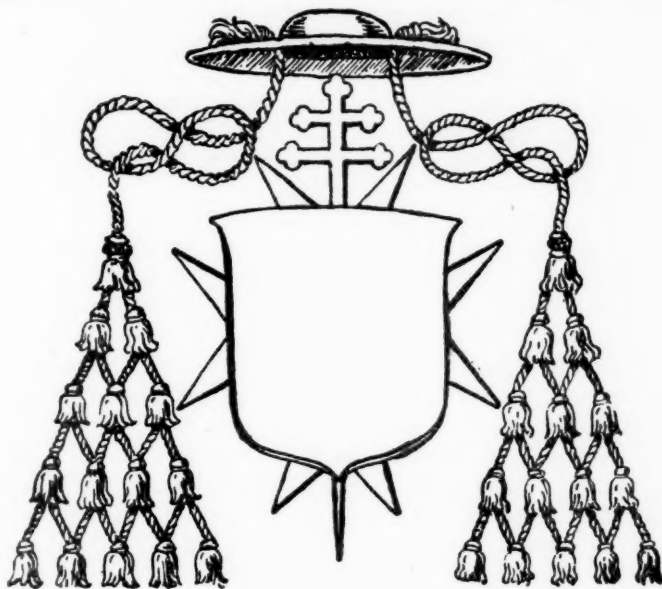
After the days of the great collectors whom I have mentioned, the art of gold-tooling on leather bookbindings as practised in Italy rapidly became poor and disappointing. Indeed, Italian book-binding since the beginning of the seventeenth century would, from an artist's point of view, be almost a neglectable quantity were it not for the redeeming qualities and the interest attaching to many of the ecclesiastical bindings which have been constantly and plentifully produced in that country. Even in these ecclesiastical bindings the artistic level of the design is generally low: the stamps (so to speak) trust to themselves, for their effect, rather than to the skill of the gilder. They are cut too large, and are elaborately engraved with superficial ornamentation in fine lines. Such stamps have more the character of blocks engraved with a view to printing in ink than that of being impressed on gold. In the latter case the delicate lines are apt to be lost: the impression becomes heavy, more or less meaningless, and generally unsatisfactory. Stamps of this kind intended to be used with gold are, I think, always a sign of weakness on the part of their designer; nevertheless, by their use an effective mass of gilding can sometimes be quickly produced with little labour. There remains, however, a redeeming point in favour of even the later Italian bindings. They are very largely ornamented with heraldic designs as their chief decoration. Such designs have always a strong interest for an antiquary besides their mere decorative value. Heraldry, indeed, plays an important part in fine bookbinding, and supplies a useful key to the history of the volumes on which it is found.

Whilst many of the Italian heraldic bindings have been made for one or another of the great Italian families,—Medici, Borgia, Foscari, and Colonna, for example,—the most important of them belonged to dignitaries of the Church, abbots, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and popes. There can be found an almost unbroken series of splendid bindings adorned with the armorial bearings of each successive pope from the fifteenth century until the present time. In the case of an English bishop or archbishop the arms of the see are always impaled with the holder's family coat; but in the Italian hierarchy the family coat alone is found, and sometimes it can be traced through all the grades, from the lowest to the highest rank, differing only in its attributes of head-dress, with tassels, cross, mitre, and crozier. Ecclesiasts never officially use a crest: they use a shield only. A crest is a combatant distinction, and was originally used only by aggressive warriors; a shield, to be used exclusively for protective purposes, is considered fitting for even the most peaceable of men. For the proper consideration of these bindings, one must



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gain some idea as to the different signs of priestly rank which are most usually found on ecclesiastical bindings. These marks are generally, but not always, given correctly. The most decorative as well as the most important of the emblems is the priest's hat with tassels. The shape of this hat is the same through all the grades ; but the colour, in actual use, is different. On books it is almost always shown in gold, and thus by the number of tassels alone are we able to say what the rank of the owner was. The tassels hang from the inner edge of the brim, one over each ear ; they start from one tassel, from which depends a series of rows of tassels, each row having one more tassel than that preceding it.



An abbot wears tassels of two rows, each having three tassels altogether ; a bishop has three rows, with six tassels ; an archbishop four rows, with ten tassels ; a cardinal five rows, with fifteen tassels.

In all the lower grades we find a mitre and a crozier-head placed slantingly on the two upper corners of the shield, and these two emblems are shown without regard to any of the more distinctive marks which may be used with them. They are properly borne by abbots and bishops only ; but no doubt they frequently occur in the cases of persons whose abbacies were merely titular. The next most important badge is the cross, the distinguishing marks of which are found in the number of cross-bars shown. The plain Latin cross appears to be promiscuously used by all priests, and has only one cross-bar ; the patriarchal cross commonly used by bishops, archbishops, and cardinals has two cross-bars ; the papal cross

## ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME

itself has three cross-bars. We should not, however, place reliance upon the forms of the crosses. They are often used indiscriminately, even the triple papal cross showing now and then in company with the hat of a cardinal.

In the case of the higher dignitaries who are members of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the four bifurcate ends of the cross of the order are shown projecting from behind the sides of the shield.

In the lower grades all these priestly emblems are often found side by side with the heraldic insignia of civil rank. In many cases princes, dukes, marquises, counts, and barons use their proper coronets immediately above the upper line of the coat-of-arms. These marks sometimes imply personal hereditary rank, and sometimes the rank inherent in the ecclesiastical dignity. In the case of the popes themselves, however, all other dignities disappear. Whatever hereditary rank the actual pope may have held, the supreme dignity of the triple tiara, with the cross-keys of St. Peter surmounting his family coat-of-arms, is never interfered with by any other badge.

The ornamentation of the rest of the volumes, if any, is usually floral, conventional, and largely interspersed with latticed openwork and heavy scrolls. Floating cherubs are a favourite design, and there is on the later Italian bindings a curious fancy for taking certain bearings out of the coat-of-arms itself and dotting them about as complete isolated ornaments. These detached bearings not only appear on the boards of the books, but are also often made use of to decorate the panels of the backs.

The home of the papal books themselves is no doubt the library of the Vatican ; but, from a variety of causes, it has come about that many of them have been scattered abroad. They are always valuable, and of great interest ; but they are by no means uncommon. The largest and finest of these bindings are on the music-books, many of which are of great size, and are fine specimens of typography and production generally.

The binding copied on the present issue of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* is taken from that which covers the folio edition of Soriano's *Masses*, supposed to be unique, and now in the British Museum. It is dedicated to Pope Paul V., and has a finely engraved portrait of him on the title-page, with a border in which is included his coat-of-arms.<sup>1</sup>

It measures  $21\frac{1}{2}$  by 16 inches, is in red morocco richly tooled in gold, and is certainly one of the most splendid specimens of late Italian bookbinding.

Camillo Borghese succeeded Leo XI., as Pope, in 1605, and assumed the title of Paul V. He was fond of art, and left Rome

<sup>1</sup> F. Soriani *Missarum Liber*, &c. Romæ, 1609.

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much more beautiful after his short tenancy of the papal chair. He added several fine fountains to the city, and finished the front of St. Peter's, on which, in several places, his coat-of-arms can be seen. He finished the Palace of Monte Cavallo.

The Borghese coat-of-arms, 'azure, a dragon, or ; in chief, or, an eagle crowned, displayed sable,' is in the centre of each of the boards surmounted by the papal triple tiara with the crossed keys of St. Peter. The coat is enclosed in a framework consisting of a narrow fillet which is interlaced and carried outwards in curved and symmetrical windings all over the side of the book up to the edges. At each of the four outer corners, however, a quarter circle space is left, filled up with a scale pattern carelessly tooled ; and at the top and bottom there is a central rounded space filled up with a series of small fleur-de-lys. The irregular spaces between the various interlacements of the fillet are rather closely filled on both sides with ornamental gold-tooled work, mostly conventional spirals or floral sprays, among which are scattered impressions from small stamps of various designs, cherubs (some of them with birds' feet), masks, clasped hands, couchant lions, stoats, coronets, organs, baldacchinos, stars, and concentric circles. The arrangement of these details is not quite the same on each side ; but the differences are so unimportant that they can be disregarded and the sides considered to be alike. Besides the curious assortment of small miscellaneous ornamentation, the heraldic bearings of the Borghese coat-of-arms are repeated several times as separate stamps. The dragon is shown near the upper and lower ends of the centre framework ; the eagle of the chief appears again in the bordering of the coat itself, right and left, near the top of the board, in the centre, and several times near the centre of the lower edge of the board. Surrounding the centre stamp are four large oval medallions with straight and wavy rays, in which are represented the Crucifixion, the Mater Dolorosa, St. Peter, and St. Paul. The back does not show any bands, but is arranged so as to make one long decorative panel, the style of gilt ornamentation of which is in close agreement with that on the sides, many of the same stamps being used in each case. The Borghese coat-of-arms, in oval form, is repeated three times ; and between each two and beyond the two outer impressions are ornamental cartouches, of four-lobed form, containing repetitions of the armorial figures of the eagle and the dragon. The spaces between these designs are filled up by impressions from the small stamp of an organ which is used on the sides of the book and various leafy sprays. Altogether the back is very handsome, and an unusually good example of seventeenth-century Italian work. The whole of this design is framed within a narrow fillet ornamented by a line of impressions of a seven-pointed star set closely together.

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA: 'STRANGERS YET.' BY ARNOLD WHITE



IF the history of Great Britain is not all idyll, her recent international relations do not lend themselves to lyrics. Still, pessimism is the easiest of intellectual exercises. A cheerful survey of the future of our race, founded upon reasonable interpretation of facts, is a rare exercise. The strain of political life on both sides of the Atlantic is sufficient to explain why the nurture of international friendship has been neglected. On this side the croaker's symphony is applauded; the hopeful point in vain to patches of blue sky amid the scud. The Navy League and the Pro-Boers join in predicting the downfall of the Empire. The Press is constantly engaged in remarking that we are friendless. A belief that Great Britain is at the edge of a precipice is prevalent. We are told that England and Russia are secular enemies; that France and England are destined to renew the struggle which has been interrupted on twenty-three occasions; that Germany is only waiting to acquire a stronger fleet in order to fly at the throat of England; that the Yangtse Valley is the grave of British India. One is wearied by reiteration of the opinion that the Irish-Americans, the German-Americans, and the non-Anglo-Saxon portion of the United States have set their faces against a good understanding with the Eastern branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. I have neither space nor desire to consider in detail the relations of Great Britain or of the whole Anglo-Saxon race with Russia, or with France, or with Germany. I wish to examine the nature of the chief obstacles that still stand between England and her great neighbour of the West. Before doing so, I may, however, touch briefly on the fundamentally false conception of international destiny which languidly accepts without effort the fatalistic doctrine of permanent and rooted antipathy between the various branches of the sons of Japhet. In Russia, for example, the antipathy towards us is as unjustifiable as the anti-Russian bogey of journalistic tradition. With the exception of a certain quick emotionalism of an American type, which is intensely fascinating to the more stolid Englishman, the Russian character has more likeness to the Anglo-Saxon on this side of the Atlantic than that of any other nation in Europe except the Dane. The Russians may not like us, because they do not know us; but they respect the type represented by the best of the Anglo-Saxons, and among educated and intellectual Russians that type is not only respected but also liked. Naval officers of both races have done much to promote a better understanding between Slav and Anglo-Saxon. There is in Russia no newspaper criticism worth the name, and the men who write the British leading articles on Russia have rarely qualified for their task otherwise than by a fleeting experience of Russian hotels.

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It is almost needless to add that no British Government has ever attempted to convey to the people of Russia any conception of the aims and desires of the English people. Hence there is a dense fog of misunderstanding between Russia and England, which is not dispelled by writers who always find their own country in the wrong.

Between France and England there is the same blank wall of misapprehension. The inveterate insularity of the Englishmen—their want of flexibility, of adaptation, their ignorance of French history, their habit of judging France by Paris, Paris by the boulevards, and the boulevards by the French Press—has created in the minds of half-educated Englishmen a conception of France and of Frenchmen as much unlike the original as is the John Bull of Caran d'Ache or the Queen Victoria of MM. Léandre and Villette. Over Germany the vapours are even denser. The antipathy of the German people (let us distinguish between the people and the Government) has grown with the growth of the German Empire. The British Empire is 'soup' of which the rapidly expanding German nation hopes to partake in the good time that is coming, when the colonies of Britain will drop off like the elm leaves that sweep through the air in October.

These international misunderstandings are both deplorable and stupid. In the majority of instances, they are not only unnecessary but also preventable. The people, however, who could prevent them are too busily or too happily engaged in other pursuits to clear away the mists that magnify the outlines of our neighbours' hates; while those who have been chosen to represent the movement and the intentions of the various people towards their rivals and contemporaries are too often tactless or ignorant, and are seldom found to combine adequate knowledge with unaffected and sincere goodwill.

During the recent General Election in Great Britain and Ireland the Secretary of State for the Colonies defined his foreign policy to be friendship with all nations and something more than friendship with the United States. The remark attracted little notice—a curious example of democratic caprice, since his speech at Leicester on November 30, 1899, which referred to the paramount importance of a good understanding with the United States, was almost hysterically denounced for months afterwards. As the words fell from Mr. Chamberlain's mouth in a conversational manner, it was impossible not to remark the burning earnestness of his appeal for a good understanding with the United States. If the word 'alliance' was used, the qualifications that followed entirely removed the objectionable suggestion of a closer tie than is possible or desirable. From that time to this, with the exception of the prolongation of Lord Pauncefote's tenure of the British Embassy at Washington, little has been actively done by the British Government to promote the aspiration expressed by the Colonial Secretary.



## ENGLAND AND AMERICA

When we look back upon the Venezuela Episode, in which the dimensions of misunderstanding were ominously significant of imminent international rupture, we are able to perceive some, but not considerable, advance in the warmth of the sentiments entertained by both branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Among the English statesmen who have visited the United States, not many have returned to this country without expressing their surprise at the evidence given by politicians and business men, by articles in the Press, and by conversations with the ordinary citizen, at the constant suspicion of the objects of Great Britain, persistent doubt of her integrity, and the generally unfavourable estimate of the character and aims of the British people. The first time that Mr. Chamberlain visited the United States, he said to a large meeting in Philadelphia that what was wanted was a new Columbus to set out from America in order to discover the United Kingdom, and that on his return to America the new Columbus should tell them something they did not know about the character of the strange people who inhabited the British Isles.

If the misunderstandings that still prevail are to be cleared away—and there is no visible reason why our friendship should not grow—it is necessary to examine the causes of the coolness, or at all events detachment of mind, between large sections of the two nations. In the first place, it must be remembered that until the Spanish war the United States had never been in conflict with any Great Power except Great Britain. On two occasions the United States have successfully vindicated by force of arms their view of the matter which led to hostilities with us. Secondly, the Republican Party, dominant in the States, feels that Great Britain, through her governing classes, withheld her sympathy during the Civil War. Mr. Gladstone, who is regarded in America as the most popular Englishman (he boasted, by the way, that he had not a drop of English blood in his veins), complimented Jefferson Davis on having made a nation. The Tory Party and the gentlemen of England undoubtedly 'put their money on the wrong horse' in the Civil War; but the fact that America is so largely pro-Boer is the natural consequence of the general belief in America that the people of this country would have seen with satisfaction any harm that might befall them.

The character and the administration of the Press of both countries, about which I shall have something to say later, are contributory in no slight measure to the mists of prejudice that hang like a curtain between the people of the Western States and the people of England. Another cause of misunderstanding lies in the fact that many of our public men do not visit the United States. There is scarcely an American of note who has not thoroughly mastered by personal investigation the elements of English life;

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and, if the history of England is somewhat darkened in the educational scheme of American schools, it is no slight matter that prominent American citizens stream over to England, and that the importation of America's fair daughters, however great the loss to America, has spread a knowledge of English affairs throughout the upper classes in the United States. America knows England better than England knows America. Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary of State for War, the Home Secretary, and the Secretary of State for India, know nothing whatever of America from personal knowledge. If prominent Englishmen in the front rank of public life are thus dependent on books and visitors for acquaintance with the vast network of social and economic phenomena that go to form the United States, how is it to be expected that the people who are dependent entirely upon newspapers run for the profit of their proprietors, not for the information of the people, should understand the things that are good for them to know? A real understanding between the two great nations is a guarantee for the peace of the world.

A fact little appreciated by the ordinary newspaper reader or newspaper correspondent on either side of the Atlantic is the difference of spirit between the American and English modes of government. It permeates every department of national life. The Written Constitution of the American people has no parallel in England. The British Constitution is seldom mentioned, and when named, even by the Prime Minister, the poor old thing receives nothing but flouts and jeers. The British Constitution, however rickety as an instrument in peace or in war, has no Supreme Court to guard it. The Royal veto on unpopular or undesirable acts has fallen into disuse; but the Presidential veto is a reality. The United States Senate is elected on conservative principles, and is co-ordinate as a legislative body with the popular House; the House of Lords, however strong when the nation is with it, is so weak at other times as to be dependent upon the concurrence of the majority of the House of Commons. For negative purposes, it is true, the House of Lords is strong, as long as the bulk of the nation concurs with it. The federal structure of the United States gives to its Constitution stability of enormous strength, while it is an article inherent to the American Constitution that forbids legislation impairing faith in contracts. Neither in the structure of the commonwealth, nor in the fundamental question of the sanctity of private property, has England any fundamental statute. While reformers in the United States are unable to amend the Constitution without distinct announcement of the specific amendment to be made (with the consent of three-fourths of the people), any Jack Cade, Jack Straw, or Charles Parnell, who can persuade a self-seeking Prime Minister, can alter the law of life and property after getting rid of the House of Lords.

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA

England has but four fundamental statutes. She has the Great Charter (with its confirmations), the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the Bill of Rights. All these fundamental statutes are restraints on the tyranny of the Crown, of which there is now no danger. They are not restraints on the excesses of the people. The balance of forces has been upset, and, since the Americans have solved serious problems which we have still to face, there are reasons for the conviction prevalent throughout the United States that the American people have more ground than the British for congratulating themselves on the outlook in the new century. Still, common sense and sobriety in action have saved us before in many moods of unrest; and a written Constitution, to which the Americans attach so much importance, does not seem to the more homogeneous English a desirable end in itself.

The most difficult part of my task is reference to a fact, scarcely suspected by the majority of Englishmen, which the bulk of intelligent Americans hold with quiet conviction. It is that the British nation is beginning to be a 'back number.' When we consider the present condition of public affairs in England and the apparent determination of the English people not to learn lessons from the events in South Africa, not to reorganise their War Office by entrusting power to one of the two Englishmen who could have done the work (Lord Kitchener and Mr. Chamberlain), and not to modify their economic policy in spite of trade developments that tell one story all over the world, only two conclusions are possible. One is that the statesmen charged with the administration of public affairs in the United States are more efficient and more far-seeing than the rulers of England; the second is that the economic supremacy of the United States over Great Britain is now established beyond cavil or dispute.

Since the Franco-German War there has been a financial revolution. All the virile races have been plunged into a contest for the possession of the only markets capable of absorbing surplus manufactures. All of them are obliged to encourage exports in order to maintain their own populations. So great, however, is the discrepancy between the imports and exports of Great Britain that last year our trade deficit reached £157,000,000. Even the earnings of the carrying trade and the interest on foreign investments do not account for this enormous sum. Americans hold that the English have been extravagant. Even the extravagance of the rich leads to complications, sometimes to disaster. Extravagant as a nation from top to bottom, England has been prodigal to an extent which is about to receive punishment. Among people of rank, straitened means are so common that new men with money are permitted to pass gates that were



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inexorably closed to people of their stamp in former generations. The impecuniosity of the well-born is the opportunity of the parvenu. He has worked the mine for what it is worth, with the result that English Society has deteriorated. The middle classes have become no less extravagant, and the working classes are sycophantic. The universality of the practice of 'tipping' indicates a general want of self-respect which grates on the American of the Middle West. The sturdy independence that once characterised the yeomen class has disappeared; indeed, there are no yeomen to be sturdy. Education has meandered up the wrong path. The dress of democracy reveals the false ideals. Black bowler hats, black clothes for all (even for bricklayers laying bricks), are the order of the day; machine-made boots that creak agonisingly when new, and leak painfully when old—and they quickly age—this forms the dress of ninety-nine out of one hundred in a London crowd. The cast-off finery of the West End pathetically adorns 'independent' factory girls. The extravagance that permeates every class of English society, and is draining the store laid up by a thriftier generation, is not restricted to an outlay of money. The health of the English deteriorates, as is shown by the Annual Returns of the Inspector-General of Recruiting, by the statistics of enlistment during the South African War, and by the Returns of the Poor Law and Educational Departments. As the average of health dwindles the average of intelligence does not rise, and in scarcely any department of life do Englishmen continue to hold incontestable supremacy. Even in cricket a gentleman of colour is the popular hero.

The recent occurrence of the Presidential Election, combined with other influences, compels the eyes of Englishmen to turn westward. One of these influences is American criticism on the Boer War and the part England has played in it. Coming immediately after the Spanish-American War, the pro-Boerism of the majority of the inhabitants of the United States has stimulated the interest of the average Briton in American affairs. Apart from a few tens of thousands of Englishmen who have travelled in the States, or enjoy the friendship of American citizens, or are connected by family or by business with the United States, the average Briton, with no such advantages, is at last waking to the fact that Uncle Sam is the biggest consideration in the problem of the British Empire. The one fact that tends to make Englishmen turn their eyes towards the setting sun is the shifting of the economic centre of the world from London to the United States, and of maritime supremacy from the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. For many years Great Britain has been conducting her affairs upon an unprofitable basis. Her investments are unlucky; her balance of

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imports devours her surplus accumulations. Each year the need of gold becomes more pressing, and, although the stability of our financial system was believed to be impregnable on the outbreak of war, the borrowing of a trifle of £200,000,000 drove Consols down 10 per cent. When the adoption of Free Trade involved the destruction of British agriculture, common sense would have suggested that the carrying trade of the world should be safeguarded by means which should at least maintain the breed of men who once formed the nursery for our Navy. Our rulers did nothing of the kind. Our merchant fleet is decadent; and if it is not so far gone as our agriculture, the time is not far distant when the United States will decline to allow a foreign Power to absorb the bulk of its carrying trade across the sea. Already the bounty systems of France and Germany have killed the West Indies, destroyed the trade in cane-sugar, and driven much of the trade of Asia and Australia away from the British flag. Unproductive expenditure on wars, the loss of money in rotten companies, the enormous expenditure on betting, luxury, and alcohol, are alleged to have eaten rapidly into the national savings. As a matter of fact, the depositors of the great joint-stock banks have added £200,000,000 sterling to their deposits during the last ten years. This is not taken into account by writers such as Mr. Brooks Adams, whose volume on 'America's Economic Supremacy' has attracted much attention in England. Great Britain is ceasing to be the creditor nation. She has liquidated much of her loans. After the terrible week of Magersfontein, Stormberg, and Colenso, the Bank of England Reserve fell to £17,300,000. The directors of the Bank of England turned to New York and to Berlin to obtain assistance to carry them over the new year. London credit was sustained mainly from the United States,—and this at a time when ostensibly England occupied the position of the greatest financial power in the world. Englishmen are beginning to understand that, whatever advantages they have enjoyed in the past, their country is beginning to show signs of age, and that civilisation is marching westward, just as the centre of gravity in the United States itself is shifting from the Atlantic seaboard to the Middle States. London begins to discover that financially it is on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

Another fact which has drawn attention to the United States is the necessity for ordering machinery or railroad engines, that are required quickly and on time, from America. There was a time within the last few years when it was the boast of the average citizen, himself unconnected with machinery or manufactures, that the productive skill of the United Kingdom was excelled by that of no other Power in the world. This is changed. The first event of the kind that attracted wide public attention was the ordering of the steel bridge for the Atbara River after the completion of the Sudan

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war. Material to repair the ravages of war in South Africa is already indented for from the United States. The great mining managers, who represent what will be the government of South Africa in the near future and already exercise great influence over the military authorities, have ordered the whole of their stuff directly from America. The English artisan is discussing the Eight Hours Day and thinking of Old Age Pensions while, if his employer were to make a few additional contracts, the whole trade would come out on strike in order to secure the profits. The newspapers are crying out against the iniquity of giving to the United States industrial profits that should be bestowed on English manufacturers who have borne the burden of the war in the shape of the blood of their own sons and taxes from their own fortunes. Some Englishmen, accordingly, are in a state of irritation and surprise with the giant Power that has risen silently in the West, which is misrepresented by her Yellow Press, and by many of the Correspondents of English newspapers who live in New York and write about American affairs as though Wall Street and Delmonico's were sufficiently representative of American institutions.

Upon this question of a better understanding sentimentally and a better international comprehension of each other intellectually, nothing has a greater weight than the interchange of correspondence between the newspapers on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. Sydney Brooks, Mr. Maurice Low, and others have pointed out with irresistible force that Englishmen are unable to keep in touch with American affairs. Even the *Times*, the leader of the European Press, relies for its American Correspondence on a courageous and distinguished writer who hails from New York. The practice, almost universally pursued by London Editors, of assigning their American Correspondents to New York is a mystery to all Americans and a mischief to the English. Mr. Smalley's opinion on American affairs probably carries more weight in English society than that of any other publicist who could be named; but it is no uncommon thing to encounter vigorous protests from American citizens resident in the Middle or Western States against the views sent to the *Times* by its Correspondent in New York. Prominent Americans habitually declare in society that it is impossible for any Newspaper Correspondent, however able, brilliant, impartial, adequately to reflect the mind of America from Manhattan Island. The centre of gravity in the United States is shifting westward, while the eyes of the New-Yorker turn eastward as he rises in the morning. It is in New York alone that the garments of well-groomed men are adjusted to the exigencies of climate in London. In the Middle States such pranks are regarded with derision and are denounced as despicable. New York, like her figure of Liberty, is on a pedestal from which she surveys the panorama of European politics. The unpopularity of

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Great Britain in America is largely shared by New York. Both New York and Britain are creditors. Because the debtors live westward and the majority of them neither know nor love their creditors, New York and Britain must share in the universal unpopularity of the lender while Britain mistakes New York for America. While, therefore, the centre of gravity in the United States has shifted westward and the intellectual atmosphere of New York is antipathetic to representative Americanism, the stream of facts and views poured into the English Press from New York is misleading, confusing, and hurtful.

Turning to this side of the Atlantic, we find that the London Correspondents of American newspapers do not make a much better presentation of the facts than their colleagues on the other side of the Atlantic. Many of the American Correspondents resident in London are more intent on supplying reinforcements to the political or social views of their respective newspapers than on giving a miniature, or on accurately representing the complexion and features, of national life in England. The proof of this has been shown during the Boer War. It falls to my lot habitually to read newspapers from all parts of the United States, and I have been disagreeably surprised at the extent to which the sensible and moderate opinion of average Englishmen has been distorted into the wild Jingoism representative of tenth-rate newspapers or tap-room politicians. During the war in South Africa, Americans have been allowed to learn the views of Englishmen from the writings of Professor Bryce and of Mr. W. T. Stead, both of them notorious, but in no sense representative of the best thought or the average opinion of the English nation. American opinion has, accordingly, been drugged by an adulteration of what is really the British view. As expressed by *littérateurs* like Professor Bryce and Mr. Stead, the British view is travestied. The case for England has never been presented to the American public as it might have been. It is too late for any nation to ignore the opinion of the civilised world; and while the Boers and their friends were pouring half-truths or statements with a fraction of truth into the United States and compelling the formation of opinions which, once formed, were rarely changed, Britain has been condemned unheard or half-heard. No case for Britain has been adequately presented to the people of the United States. Surely precedent might have been sacrificed in order that the British case against Krugerism should be placed before the Anglo-Saxon race in the United States. The Correspondents have failed. There is reason to believe that when Lord Salisbury was approached on the subject he discouraged the idea as being contrary to precedent. The influence of agencies, the object of



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which is to promote better feeling between the two branches of the greatest race the world has produced, scarcely reached the log cabins, the farmhouses, and the tenement houses of the Middle West. Hence the tangled knots of misunderstanding will grow harder to untie, until the Correspondents of New York migrate to Washington and until the Correspondents of London are more careful to give true news as well as new news, and to reflect average opinion as well as the wild bids for notoriety from extremists.

The Boer War and Venezuela are not the only subjects about which misunderstanding has arisen through the silence or misrepresentations of the Press on both sides of the Atlantic. The English Press, for example, never gave to the English public a clear and intelligible statement of the reasons for not denouncing Spain in her quarrel with the United States. The policy of the United States in reference to the Nicaraguan Canal is not understood in England by the ordinary man, the reason being that the Correspondents of the British newspapers in New York did not understand it themselves. The Porto Rico tariff, which is ruining British trade with Porto Rico, involving the abandonment of the Open Door; the trouble over the Alaskan boundary; and the difficulty of getting the Senate to ratify any Treaty with Great Britain—these are matters upon which the British public, as a whole, are uninformed. On the other hand, the inordinate space devoted by American newspapers to the sayings and doings of persons, who not only command no weight in this country, but also are uninteresting in themselves, is a growing evil. The misrepresentation of British Colonial policy is colossal. It is impossible to believe that if the masses in the United States really understood that Great Britain kept nothing for herself and threw open her conquests, paid for by the blood and treasure of her own people, to the enterprise of American business men and the energy of the working classes across the Atlantic, so unfriendly a tone would continue to animate the majority of the newspapers of the great Commonwealth.

As misunderstandings between relations are more difficult to compose than the quarrels of strangers, it is perhaps undue hardihood to point out to the public on both sides of the Atlantic the respects in which public opinion needs guidance. In the first place, there has been far too great a tendency in Great Britain to identify British sympathy for America with the success of the Republican Party. The importation of the fair daughters of Uncle Sam, which has formed during the last twenty years a community of Anglo-American blood, has acted like a subcutaneous injection of Republican musk. In the majority of alliances between English men and American women the Englishmen have been Unionist or Conservative and the ladies sprung from Republican stock and resident, as a rule, either in New York or in one of the six Atlantic

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States. An incidental result of this infusion of the best blood of the Republican Party into many of the governing families of Great Britain has been to establish a bias in English thought against the Democratic Party. Now, the Middle States and the West look with anything but favour upon that portion of American exports which is involved when an Anglo-American marriage is arranged, and hence the chasm between the United States as they really are and their dislike to English society as they conceive it to be. There are three Americas. There is the America as it believes itself, drawn by its patriotic Press; there is the America as conceived by English society; and there are the United States as they are known to Almighty God. In like manner, there are three Englands. The majority of Americans are Gladstonian for the same reason that the majority of English society favour the Republican Party. In each case it is believed that the mode of thought represented by the Republicans and the Liberals respectively is more favourable than its rival to the nation on the other side of the Atlantic. The feeling with which the Republican Party is regarded by the English Press and English society is a passport to the hostility of Democratic America, and the surprise of our able Editors at the universal Anglophobia exhibited by the Democratic Press of America is a telling comment on the vast territory which they have left unexplored. The energy and passion with which pro-Boer America seized on the word 'farmer' in conjunction with the word 'Republic' on the one side, contrasted with the word 'monarchy' on the other, points to the necessity for a sustained and continual stream of facts to irrigate the arid fields of American opinion. How is this to be done? Such journals as circulate widely—the *American Review of Reviews*, for example, like the *English Review of Reviews*, is strongly pro-Boer—and the selected opinions distributed throughout the Middle and Western States give as erroneous a conception of affairs in Great Britain as French translations of English works selected by Anglophobes give to Italians or to Russians an accurate knowledge of English literature and thought. Such an article as that of Mr. Richard Harding Davis which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* could never have been admitted if the Editor of that excellent periodical had understood the injustice of inflicting intense pain on thousands of English homes. I mention this case because the allegations contained in the article were quickly disproved and no harm was done. On both sides of the Atlantic there are often published pin-pricking articles which remind one of Dr. Johnson's remark to Bennet Langton that it was not what he said that wounded, but the perception of a desire to wound.

The moral of all this is that neither Americans nor English should take sides in the domestic politics of the other branch of the race. The attitude of average English society towards the Democrats

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to-day is as erroneous in principle, if not as dangerous in effect, as their attitude towards the South forty years ago. If Englishmen are to profit by experience, they must avoid the exhibition of undesirable familiarity with the American nation, which they would never dream of exhibiting towards Germany or France. Reticence, prudence, and the desirability of greater friendship with the United States than with any other of the nations, dictate the obvious wisdom of not interfering in domestic politics on the other side, and, in a word, in not taking political liberties which we ourselves should resent if they were taken with us.

The evil of stationing the Correspondents in New York is patent. The class of men employed by the English Press, with some conspicuous exceptions, increases the difficulty of a common understanding and of getting at the truth of what each nation thinks and feels. Incompetent Correspondents of the cheap sub-editor class abound. They are the men who know nothing of affairs, are unknown in society, ignorant of letters, read only the papers by which they are employed, accept with avidity any wild statement as true, and cable it with alacrity if only it is sensational. Since the people of England took to living in cities, the newspaper habit, like the cigarette or the habit of injecting morphia or cocaine, has increased. The influence of the newspaper is felt most in cities. Thus the newspaper becomes a potent factor in national life when the nation is mainly composed of city folk. The schoolboys of England have become newspaper readers. Nearly every large school runs its own newspaper. Much good comes from the newspaper habit; but there are marked evils, which may be divided as Cæsar divided Gaul. First, there is the extravagant outlay of time and energy in reading uninteresting news and futile opinion on matters of no importance; secondly, the inflammation of prejudice or passion through the political bias, or the commercial greed, or the racial rivalry of the newspaper proprietors; thirdly, the destruction of continuous habits of thought. If *la conversation suivie* has become a lost art, the newspapers are to be thanked. The daily newspaper on both sides of the Atlantic converts the intellectual life of millions of Americans and Englishmen into a series of sterile sensations. No one reads a newspaper through. Everybody skims it and picks out the interesting tid-bits.

There are five general divisions into which the contents of the great newspaper may be divided:

- (1) News.
- (2) Advertisements.
- (3) Opinion.
- (4) Illustrations.
- (5) Original composition and literature.

A remarkable study in social psychology by Mr. Delos F. Wilcox, entitled 'The American Newspaper' and published in the 'Annals

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of the American Academy of Political and Social Science,' describes an analysis of sample copies of 240 leading American journals. It is a pity that this paper is unknown in England. It is almost the first attempt to apply reasoned philosophy to Yellow Journalism. Some indication of newspaper individuality on the other side of the Atlantic may be gleaned from a few examples of journalistic mottoes.

The *Sun's* motto until two or three years ago was, 'If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so.'

New York *Journal*.—'An American newspaper for the American people.'

New York *Times*.—'All the news that's fit to print.'

Boston *Post*.—'The representative Democratic paper of New England ;'  
'With a mission and without a muzzle.'

Worcester *Spy*.—'The spy should have the eye of Argus ; he is honourable if he do but look to the welfare of the commonwealth.'

Brooklyn *Eagle*.—'We must not conform to Governments. Governments are intolerable unless they conform to us.'

Philadelphia *North American*.—'American is everything, and always for the people ;' 'The oldest daily newspaper in America ;' 'You can believe what you read in the *North American*.'

Buffalo *News*.—'Some papers give all of the news part of the time, and some papers give part of the news all the time. The *News* is the only paper that gives all the news all the time.'

Baltimore *Sun*.—'Light for all.'

Baltimore *American*.—'We build.'

Louisville *Post*.—'If new and true, not otherwise—a Democratic newspaper.'

St. Paul *Dispatch*.—'You may rely upon the truth of the *Dispatch* news and bulletins. No fakes tolerated.'

Kansas City *Journal*.—'By the way, the war has not interfered with making Kansas City a good place to live in.'

New Orleans *Item*.—'The *Daily Item* is the paper that defends the interests of all classes.'

The manner in which the principal American and English newspapers collect, comment on, and distribute their news tends rather to increase than to clear up the misunderstandings and antipathetic leanings of the two nations. The competition of present-day journalism strongly induces a general exaggeration of the value of being 'up-to-date.' An earlier garbled report is preferred to an accurate statement of facts transmitted a day later. Almost every practical newspaper man in a position to choose between publishing a partial and inaccurate account of some new occurrence to-day and waiting till to-morrow to publish an accurate account would unhesitatingly choose the former. The consequence of this passion for speed and this indifference to accuracy is that the natural monopoly of the newspaper generates a vast fund of falsehood which is always increasing. Irresponsible journalism, backed by large capital and the consequent endowment of the Yellow Press, has gone far to prevent that portion of the American people which can trace its descent to Anglo-Saxon sources from understanding and combining with the other branch of the race in the British Isles. On the other hand, the apathy and indifference of the British people, their addiction



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to sport, and their general taste for a policy of drift, have prevented any public demand for an intelligent presentation of American affairs as they really are. We need not despair of newspaper reform ; but, if we are to understand each other better, the general character of newspaper Correspondents on both sides of the Atlantic must be levelled up. Washington and Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis, must not be neglected, and the London representatives of American newspapers should be chosen with greater care.

In surveying the considerations which impede Anglo-Saxon friendship, we must take note of Ireland. Women and the Irish are at the bottom of most things, good and bad. The Irish question is no monopoly of England. It is to be found in almost every American city. Elections in the United States are dominated by Irish influences. American policy is deflected from its natural line by the Anglophobia of Irish Americans. Few Americans have taken the trouble to master England's case against Home Rule. If they were to do so, they would know that the Anglo-Saxon case is good. Irish discontent springs from agrarian misery ; agrarian misery springs in part from bad administration, and in part from the law governing the tenure of land. For thirty years both sides in English politics have generously done their utmost to redress past wrong and to give more than justice to Ireland. The unity of the Empire is dependent on the solidarity of the United Kingdom. The maintenance of the Union is to England, therefore, a matter of duty even more than of interest. Home Rule, under whatever form, would not free England from the moral responsibility of protecting the rights of every British subject in Ireland. Ireland is troubled by divisions of race, religion, and occupation. The trading Protestant Anglo-Saxon minority differs on almost every subject from the agricultural, Roman-Catholic, Celtic majority. Thus, the legislative devices for which Mr. Gladstone was responsible scarcely touch the fundamental conditions of the problem. This is not understood by friendly Americans. The case against England is drummed into the ears of American citizens by discontented Irish. Tammany Hall is no accidental growth of the Irish character. It is the natural product of conditions prevailing wherever ignorance, superstition, and rhetoric combine against common sense and integrity. The Irish Celt is a splendid fighter and a talker of the first class ; but no Irish Celt is to be found among leading men of action, either in Great Britain or in the United States, except in connection with war, politics, or speculation. The directing ability of the great engineers, merchants, physicians, and captains of labour, when associated with Irish names, is invariably found to be that of the descendants of Anglo-Saxon colonists who have settled in Ireland. Lord Wolseley,

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Lord Roberts, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Kitchener, and hundreds of other Irishmen who have conferred lustre upon the British Empire, are Irish men of the dominant race. The dreamy, unpractical, affectionate, and passionate nature of the Irish Celt shines in poetry, excels in politics, and revels in rhetoric ; for the practical affairs of the world it is unsuited. Every American admits as much in private life. A joint resolve, therefore, no longer to allow the futile and exploded fiction of English oppression of Irishmen to impede the good understanding between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race is a duty that we owe to each other. Americans see clouds that hang over Britain from a standpoint of impartiality and distance. Englishmen, on the other hand, discern the evolution of an Irish question in the United States which, compared with the Irish question in England, is as water unto wine. Sympathy between us in our Irish troubles is a course dictated no less by prudence than by sentiment.

To conclude : Better relations between us can be established only by the diffusion of accurate knowledge, especially by the reorganisation of Newspaper Correspondence ; by refraining (notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's example on November 9, when he openly rejoiced at the victory of the Republican Party) from interference with domestic politics ; by sympathetic co-operation in regard to the question of the Irish Celt ; and by recognition of the identity of interest in foreign affairs as regards the Open Door. Despite all the hard things that have been said of England during the year now closing, the strongest trait in the Anglo-Saxon character, on both sides of the ocean, is pride. Now that the population of these Islands is but little more than a moiety of the population of the States, and the economic centre of the world is shifting from London to the West, the tendency of British writers is to refrain from anything that may seem to bid for American friendship. Their pride makes them reticent. Nevertheless, Great Britain is an ocean outpost of the United States. Upon Great Britain will burst the storm that sooner or later means mobilisation for the campaign that is to end in Armageddon. If Britain were to go under and her Colonies were to be divided among the tariff-loving Powers, American interests would receive scant favour or regard ; but even so vast a Power as the Great Republic does not live by bread alone, and the Message of the Anglo-Saxon race will not be delivered to the world unless that race is united in the sympathy of a common aim.

## THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE BY EGERTON CASTLE

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,—  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

—Keats.



ROMANCE ! Call you *that* a Romance ?' cried the Lady. 'Why, there is not a woman in the whole story !—and where is Romance without Love ?'

Where indeed ? And yet I was speaking of no less a work than 'Kidnapped,' with a special advertising to the *Man with the belt of gold* and *Cluny's Cage*. And I had qualified it as 'breathing the very spirit of romance !'

'Can there be romance without love ?' said the Lady. 'No !'  
And a very indignant 'no' it was !

Yet Stevenson has proved otherwise. Nay: he is not only more romantically inspired in every situation that does not deal with the passion of love than any other author living or dead, but he is also oddly and admittedly perplexed when obliged to take it into account. Indeed he has, it seems, wilfully eschewed what is conventionally regarded at once as the mainspring of all fiction and as the leading motive in human life.

*Cherchez la femme !* Except in 'Prince Otto,' where she appears triumphantly in two delicious presentments (and perhaps for that reason the book, in some eyes, will remain the jewel of the collection), you will seek in vain for her upon her proper throne in any of the works that have gone to make the fame of this Master of Romance. 'And even you, madam, will not deny him that title ?'

Womanlike, of course, the Lady begged the question.

'Pray,' said she, with the necessary pouted lip, 'do you then consider that there is *no* romance in love ?'

'The gods forbid,' cried I, 'that you or I, madam, should ever look upon love without romance ! But romance without love seems a vastly different matter—though, I confess, I never considered the question in that light before. Can we not have the romance of every strong passion, from the passions we share with the animal to passions that are purely of the mind : of Fighting, of Hatred, of Ambition or Devotion, of Paternity or Friendship, as well as of Love for Woman and Jealousy, Joy and Grief ?'

Here I felt as though I had found at least one joint.

There are many words like this one in everyday usage which

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appear to carry a quite definite meaning, yet would hardly bear the ordeal of strict examining. *Romance*, in its very sound, if not in its history, does undoubtedly show many points of attachment to that cardinal emotion of life, Love.

'For such, madam, I, with you, hold love to be. Yet love is manifestly but one ray in the scintillation of the word. Were I asked,' said I, 'to define *Romance*, in fiction at least, I would describe it as the word-picture of adventures that spring from poignant human motives.'

But, having formulated this decisive phrase, I was instantly struck by its deplorable incompleteness. An incomplete definition is less than nothing.

It seems, in fact, as impossible to catch the Spirit of Romance in the meshes of words as to lay down a Rule of Beauty or to dogmatise upon the Real Attributes of Genius.

Colloquially, of course, both the word itself and its derived adjective seem quite naturally to refer, and with special insistence, to that gentle passion, which, by the way, in romance can be the fiercest of all. What, for instance, to the average ear, would 'a romantic adventure' suggest, if the love of woman did not figure in it? Are not 'heroes and heroines of Romance,' from the generally accepted meaning of the term, held to be men and women capable of sustaining a more than ordinarily impressive rôle in love's drama?

All ages have known the 'romantic girl,' the maiden who, amid her everyday duties, yearns for emotional strangeness, strenuous adventures, in which the particular type of romantic man in vogue just then shall play *Romeo* to her *Juliet*. The special colour of her imaginings has varied, of course; but its spirit has remained the same. Our grandmothers sighed, in their sallet days, for Byronic youths with pale, wild countenances and irregular propensities. The lady of the Restoration turned her languorous thoughts to fascinating libertines in love-locks and lace collars. A dapper person in brocade, with a nimble turn of the wrist as well as of the wit, smart, brave, and wicked as his own porcelain-hilted court blade, no doubt haunted the pillows whereon the Georgian maiden rested her powdered head.

On the other hand, the verb 'to romance' more nearly retains the historical meaning attached to those guileless first efforts of 'story-telling' which began to be defined by that name in contradistinction to the mere chronicling of facts.

No one's acquaintance is too narrowly limited, I take it, not to include at least one friend whose speech is moved by this prolific richness of imagination, unhampered by any paltry consideration of responsibility. Dull, matter-of-fact people are inclined to give ugly

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names to this predisposition—one which has come down to us from the youth-days of the world. To me, trammelled as I have always been by a narrow-minded attachment to fact, to logic and consequence, it has always seemed a precious and enviable mental possession. I have listened with admiration to a neighbour dilating upon the excellences of his stables, the particular charm of his mail-phaeton, the rare qualities of a certain pair of bays, the interesting virtues of his grooms, the while I and most of the audience knew that his hippic establishment consisted of a butcher's pony and a bath-chair. But that in no way interfered with the speaker's satisfaction—a satisfaction so unctuous and complete that it never failed to impress even the most sceptical listener. Why be too severe? He merely *idealised* a particular corner of his life; and, truly, the picture was more interesting to contemplate than the bare reality!

In precisely the same spirit, no doubt, did the Romancer of old 'rectify' the shortcomings of contemporary fact in his Tale of Chivalry, and thereby make it right pleasant hearing.

I am told that one of my first nurses was fond of talking of the almost inconceivable grandeur of her previous places: it was, according to her, positively Oriental. One particular infant under her charge never, it seemed, partook of any food but what had been prepared in a massive silver saucepan and stirred with a gold spoon. This sumptuous child slept in a mother-of-pearl cradle, and took his airing attired in a pink satin hat crested with three ostrich feathers. . . . I have often sorrowed that my mother, finding this elemental Spirit of Romance incompatible with the regularity of the nursery, should have parted with so gifted a person at an early period of the acquaintance. Seeing what sort of occupation later life had in reserve for me, I am convinced she was the very nurse to have supplied a valuable influence in my mental training, at that important stage when the brain is most open to indelible impressions. This monotonous routine of the nursery, so sternly insisted on, is perhaps the most immediate cause of that yearning for Romance observable nowadays in every intelligent child—even as the real dulness of Mediæval life must have acted, in its days, on children of a larger growth—that yearning which displays itself in narratives of everyday experiences, remarkable for every interesting quality except that of truth. The engaging and confident smile with which a child will preface those statements reveals his inner joy in them as well as his simple unconsciousness of any wrongdoing.

Thus has a delicious young hero of four years vividly informed me of an encounter between himself and a specially large crocodile in the dry and peaceful neighbourhood of Queen's Gate. The terror of the announcement was slightly mitigated by a lisp, and by the hero's own sense of humour. But I was immediately reminded of a



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Sir Gavaine and of the Dragon Slayers. It was quite as artless a tale, and given out with the same desire, obviously, rather to please and to suggest than to be credited.

It is worth adding, moreover, that there came a furtive look in the little rogue's eye, at one moment (as he piled up some more precise detail), as if he were himself beginning to believe his own alarming story. Therein lies one of the most precious attributes of the born romancer, one that is almost necessary if he is to convince others, his power of convincing himself.

For the art's sake, it is unfortunate that prejudices of modern life and of modern education should have so generally destroyed in contemporary seekers of adventure this primary instinct of 'rectifying' (a good word, I imagine), both in direction and amplitude, the actual course of events, that one delightful mine (so to speak) has been closed to makers of literature.

When General Baden-Powell gives us his own account of his share in the making of recent history, what will its interest be (stirring as we know it must prove) compared with the Romance of events such as his daring soul would have had them? Should we not then have read of at least one epic single combat with Snyman the arch-brute . . . and the bright gods know what besides?

The tales of travellers, again, are no longer 'Travellers' Tales.' Could Sir John de Mandeville have accompanied Nansen, whose book, I pray you, would have proved the richer reading?

But, indeed, when one poor wanderer, with something of a gift that way, did try to vault over the dull-coloured barriers which hem in the uses of imagination—when he allowed, for instance, his fancy to fly with the wombat and otherwise delightfully to disport itself—was he not made the object of an absurd solemn scientific inquiry? A thing, we all know, fatal to Romance! Instead of being allowed to admire his pretty fireworks against the sky, were we not shown the charred sticks and the evil-smelling paper-cases? Alas!

'Even your charm, Madam, might scarce survive the ordeal of scientific definition!'

The Lady flushed; then suddenly pointed a dimple.

'You could not!' she said.

'Could not what?' I asked, suddenly absorbed in the dimple. How strange that a little pit in the cheek, a little dint (as it were) made by the invisible baby-finger of Cupid, should so fantastically heighten the archness of a smile!

'Define my charm,' she replied.

And as she smiled triumphantly there came another dimple, and yet another. I gazed, and the didactic phrase died upon my lips.

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She was right. What is there in the Spirit of Things, which, after all, is the Life of Things, that any one can define to any satisfaction?

In many ways the Spirit of Romance may be said to be the Spirit of Youth in its exuberance; and it is perhaps this active straining towards *action*, towards physical impressions and active communion with the living world, that distinguishes it from abstract poetry. It plays the part of instinct in the intellectual temperament, of a tendency not acquired but innate, absolutely independent of any process of reasoning. And in literature it infuses that wealth of earnestness, that changeful, warmly coloured imagery, that sense of vigorous delight, which seems to belong essentially to youth; that enthusiasm which fades under the cold judgment of maturity, as do the flowers under the autumn blast.

The march of civilisation, on the whole, tends to restrict Romance, if it cannot quite banish it, by subduing down to the level of mere lawfulness the play of human passions: by systematically checking all their violent interference with the even tenor of domestic existence. The stock elements of traditional Romance—perils by flood and field, hairbreadth 'scapes from ruthless persecutors, sequestrations and deadly feuds, abductions, duels, and picturesque assassination, flights by road or woods or over seas, castle and convent, the lugger waiting behind the point and the pinnace with muffled oars, the smuggler, the pirate, and the dashing highwayman—all these are no longer 'things that are with us.' Nevertheless, the Spirit of Romance remains as much, I should say, an instinct with the healthy of mind as the love of Sport with the healthy of frame.

Lawlessness undoubtedly offers a fair field for the assertion of strong individuality; and perilous crises are as crucibles wherein stand revealed the pure gold, or the worthlessness, of the inner man. Lawless times, therefore, and perilous adventures, more common to older days or to more distant climes than ours, must ever have obvious attraction for the Romancer. But does it mean that Romance must always be a tale of fierceness? I, myself, do not think so.

It may be difficult to explain what is Romance in literature; but we know full well what it is not. Take any imaginary book; let it be labelled, say,

### THE TENANT OF KIRBY HALL

*A Romance*

Immediately from the threshold of the title-page, there blows in upon us a breath as of a world different from the work-a-day one that surrounds us. If we do not necessarily hear the clash of steel,

## THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE

or see the red of powder, at least there are the muffled footfalls of furtive doers. Even if there is no moat round Kirby Hall, no secret chamber or sliding picture under its roof, there will certainly be strange nocturnal happenings, springing from still stranger motives. In such a book we expect, in fine, the Dance of Life to move to quicker and more passionate tunes than it does with us mere people of business or pleasure : to a measure as different from that we have to tread every day as are the strains of a *csárdas* or a nocturne of Chopin from the tinkling of a quadrille.

Led, then, by this music, and inhaling the spicy breath of this atmosphere ('Pray remark, madam, that we must have *atmosphere*'), we are prepared to forgive—nay: even to relish—a certain violence of effect, a depth of garish colouring, improbabilities even, provided they stir up our fancy and hold it a willing captive ; provided they carry us for the time being right away from the familiar commonplace.

On the other hand, let this imaginary book be entitled

### THE TENANT OF KIRBY HALL

*A Novel*

'Now, observe, madam, what a different prospect instantly spreads itself before your beautiful eyes—Through the open door of the first chapter you already hear a rustle of flounces, proceeding in all probability from the hands of the same celebrity that designed the wondrous "creation" you now wear. There is a rattle of little fashionable chains, an echo of tea-cups and of the best modern scandal. In *that* Kirby Hall you naturally expect the lips of the heroine to expound views on Life and Love and Fashion similar to those you hold yourself ; it is quite obvious that the passions agitating her breast are such as only could be stirred under the very latest cut of bodice ! The women who flutter through this book must be women, smart women (not "ladies," O heavens !). The men must be smart men (not "gentlemen"—horrid *bourgeois* word !). Their action must be subject to all the peculiar conventions of modern Society. For the development of the plot we must look to the diplomacy of everyday life. The course of events, we know, shall be plausible rather than strenuous ; directed by the mutual persuasion of the actors themselves rather than by the rude intrusion of the outer world. There will be no "strangeness" in it, no fantasy ; its picturesqueness shall be of the most civilised order. It shall convince without the help of an artificially excited imagination. Love, of a kind, you shall assuredly find ; but it shall not be the love that will run away with you in a coach and four, nor keep you by the flourish of the sword and at the cost of inconvenient lives !'



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Certainly it is not among the leaves of a Fashionable Tale that we must look for the rich blossom of Romance ; nor among the prickly cactus-like vegetation of the Story with a Purpose, be it controversial, religious, or social (no one will ever accuse Mrs. Humphry Ward's clever books, for instance, of even approaching the romantic); nor, certes, among the flowers of the New Humour!

Again, the Romance Spirit flies the withering atmosphere of the Psychological Study: analysis is incompatible with enthusiasm, and the scalpel of Rationalism is too deadly to the wayward life of Fancy. It is this bias towards constant analysis that prevented Thackeray, our great moralist, humourist, and novelist, from being also a great *romancer*. Yet the Spirit touched him at times: the duel scene in 'Esmond' is no doubt Romance at its highest water-mark. But 'Esmond,' as a book, in spite of setting and adventure, remains extraordinarily unromantic.

Nor can true Romance, with its all-human passions, breathe in the rarefied æther of Mysticism; its fragrance, on the other hand, can never be set free in the murk of Realism *à outrance*; its youthful energy is also inevitably paralysed by Pessimism.

The morbid writer, again, the licentious or the modern 'passional' writer, with his artificial suffering and his incomprehensible joy, obviously can never seize 'the romantic situation'—that is left for the reticent, and strong, and healthy. Nor yet will the gallant Spirit suffer itself to be stifled in the hazy Story of Occultism, or to disguise its nature under the plausible mask of the Scientific Tale. The fact is that Romance is above all things human, however idealised. It yearns for the physical assertion of life—that is, for freedom, strong passions, strong emotion. But, to be real Romance, it must depict all things in life, even error and crime, broadly and nobly: the sordid can never have much to do with it, without proving fatal.

As far as it is possible, then, to establish a marked distinction between Romance specially and the Novel at large: in your Romance the characters reveal and explain themselves under the stress of events—action, therefore, and incidents are its main factors; whereas in your Novel the mere dialectic of conversation (so to speak) is sufficient to shape the course of the drama. The chance word becomes an arbiter of fate. The word, the point, *le mot*, is the thing:

Par un mot l'âme est abattue  
Ou relevée : et c'est toujours  
Un *mot* qui blesse, un *mot* qui tue  
Les amitiés et les amours. . . .

'In a Novel, dear Lady, as between you and me, an incautious or an emphasised word is the lever which will suffice to divert the chain of

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our doings on to new wheels, which will open unknown sluices and set the stream of our lives trickling into new channels. But have we not all within ourselves unknown springs, deeper waters ; have we not soaring passions, secrets of the innermost soul, strange birds sleeping with folded wings which scarce as much as tremble as they lie close, which could only be stirred into waking life and set free by truly desperate situations? Yet how many of us move from the cradle to the grave without even suspecting the existence of these elemental emotions? And this is my thesis: the fierce crises required for their quickening are not found in the everyday, well-ordered social life, the life of the *Novel*—they belong to *Romance*.'

But, again, the mere freedom of play for the passions of the fierce human creature that is always somewhere in us is not sufficient to work the spell. Where the mere human runs riot there may be many a fearful tragedy, plenty of brutal joy, of blood and horror ; but without the idealising element, as I have said, no Romance.

Besides this, there will always be another and most necessary concomitant, upon which I have likewise already insisted—the atmosphere. Romance is life seen through a temperament ; it is above all dramatic ; it requires scenery, picturesque, varied, suggestive. I have even a shrewd suspicion that the germ of every romance that ever was written, as well as of the innumerable others that have merely been dreamed of, could be traced to some suggestion of the outer world, some building or landscape, rather than to a spontaneous definitely human conception.

Consider the melancholy grandeur of the lonely ruin on the hill-side.

Time

Has mouldered into beauty many a tower  
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,  
Was only terrible. . . .

Imagination seizes upon the scene and is captivated. Then the thought of happily past terrors springs up, armed, *cap-a-pie*. And there is Romance !

Or yet it may be an effect of light in wood or glade ; some unwontedly symbolical aspect of sea or sky, vaguely sinister or pathetically exquisite ; some music of waters or of mighty winds. Or, again, it may be the eternal allurements of Distance.

Many a Romance of deed and aspiration, I am convinced, has been born of the mere suggestiveness of a far-off unattainable shore, of a light-gleam struck back from a distant window ; or of the eternal 'Invitation of the Road,' the call of the voice from 'Over the Hills and Far Away.'

Upon rocky headlands of the Gascon coast, with the rollers of the Atlantic majestically passing by, how often, as a boy, have I

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stood spell-bound by the glamour of distance—watching the sun set over the purple chain of peaks, beyond which was—SPAIN! *Tras los Montes!* What visions of space and colour and strange happenings seemed to arise for my mind's eye in the yet unknown 'land beyond the mountains'! What adventures of love and war and travel: love of a boy's mind, radiant or tragic, but nothing if not chivalrous; wars of a boy's imaginings, all clarion notes, sabre-flash, and fluttering of silk flag in the sun; travels of a boy's fancy, with such mysterious companions and such picturesque discomforts, with the red wine in the inn, with sapphire skies and opal moonlight, guitars, love-songs, the inevitable blood-letting! *Spain. . . . Romance!*

Or again, much at the same age, that age so rich in fanciful impressions, wandering (on a solitary walking tour) along the tall cliffs of Antrim, how well I can call to mind the strange enthusiasm that filled me of a sudden, when, over the vast of grey waters, under the great cup of the sky, a sudden level gleam of sun breaking through the clouds revealed as a white glimmer on the Northern horizon the Mulls of Cantyre and of Islay! SCOTLAND. . . . There was Scotland! Romance!

This call of distance to the imagination is curiously elusive for all its strength; yet Wordsworth seems to have crystallised it in words:

'Twould be a wildish destiny  
If we, who thus together roam  
In a strange land and far from home,  
Were in this place the Guests of Chance!  
Yet who would stop or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a sky to lead us on?

Old dwelling-places—what suggestiveness again lurks in their very shadows; how peopled the empty spaces, how eloquent the mute echo! Let it be what you list—a deserted windmill perched on a bluff, or a degraded ancient Inn of Chancery in the midst of busy humming streets; a Manor House sunk from its estate to peasant uses, with its grass-grown alley and its ruined gateway, once manifestly splendid in curvetting iron, now shamed by the red leprosy of rust. Is it not easy enough to people such places with the company that ought to be there; and do not human dramas irresistibly fit themselves to the scene?

Move we into the solitude of nature: what endless suggestion of yearning and passion (and therefrom what pictures of action) in the sighing of the breeze through forest branches, in the roaring and hissing of the breaker on the shore it never will conquer!

I have come unsuspectingly upon the brink of those icy, black, racing waters which the irrigating canals of Piedmont bring down

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from the mountains to the plain. And their hurried, furtive course has always irresistibly filled me with sinister thoughts. They were so dark, so deep, so swift (one that fell in there would roll along the even bottom for miles before he reappeared), so strangely cold in the midst of the sunny smiling landscape; they were so strangely silent—barely a ripple now and then, a private chuckle as, unawares, one all but stepped from the lush grass into their fatal current—so weirdly quiet, when honest waters moving at such speed would have joyously tumbled and foamed and roared, that these 'guilty rivers' positively haunted my fancy as symbols of relentless, cruel assassination.

One thing in life [says Stevenson] calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for murder, certain houses demand to be haunted, certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. . . . It is thus that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me: *something must have happened in such a place.*

There can be no doubt that it was to this influence of Nature over imagination that we owe the first of all our Romances, perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most far-reaching—the Classical Mythology—Romances without which our literature, our speech, our very ideas, would have been so much the poorer that it is hardly possible to conceive the blank.

'But, madam, to tell you how the beauty and the grandeur of Nature could be translated into human-like characters and events, I will borrow the music of Keats' tongue. Thus does he first apostrophise Nature:

O, Maker of sweet poets, dear delight  
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers,  
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,  
Mingler with leaves and dew and tumbling streams,  
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams.

For what has made the sage or poet right,  
But the fair paradise of nature's light?

'And now he tells how the Spirit of Romance awoke:

So did he feel who pulled the boughs aside,  
That we might look into the forest wide,  
To catch a glimpse of Fauns and Dryades  
Coming with softest rustle through the trees. . . .

Nor was it long ere he had told the tale  
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

This time the Lady listened.

'Ah! there,' said she, 'I can follow you.'

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And then she mused: 'I could almost find it in my mind to wish me back in those days when Nature meant so much, and the world, and money, and dross, so little. You are right: then was Romance.'

'Some one,' said I, 'has been before you in that wish: one who felt the Romance of Nature even more nobly, perhaps, than our Keats. By your leave, Madam, I must quote again:

Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!

'Yes, indeed: you and Wordsworth have found another cause for this natural craving of ours for Romance. The beauty of the world first evoked it; but in equal measure the very sordidness of our usual surroundings, the dulness of civilisation for passionate minds, the ugliness of the needs of spreading humanity—these things make us now cry out for it.'

To relieve the monotony of long empty days, the bard and his song of strife and conquest became a necessary luxury in the rude lives of our ancestors. For them news of mere customary facts was not sufficient.

Even as the Epic—that is the Romantic—poem of antiquity grew from short records of real travel and real battles into songs of endless adventures, godlike deeds of valour and bloodshed, so grew those Tales of Chivalry in which the legend of the outer world, both truth and myth, the life of the people as it was, and the valour of the Knight or the beauty of the Lady, as they yearned to be, were blended into Romance.

Those, of course, were simpler days, when nothing would really satisfy the eagerness of listeners but the recital of wondrous sights and deeds, deeds, deeds, in one long-drawn golden chain: the more fantastic, the more welcome! Everything at a distance then was absolute mystery. No adventure beyond the narrow horizon was too marvellous to be believed. Dragons haunted the valleys; giants the clefts of rocks; Ladies, beautiful, awaited redress in the heart of impenetrable forests—Romance of Chivalry.

Later, however, as knowledge grew, and with it some scepticism, the ear of listeners became more exacting. Adventure, of course, was still in request; but it had to be at least plausible—it must appertain to a *possible* world. The hero must invariably, of course,



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overcome all his enemies with lance and mace ; but his adversaries must be fellow men, not three-headed giants in the mountain beyond the plain, or fiery dragons of the swamps—Romance of the Tourney, of the Troubadour.

Then come the *Novelier* and *Conteurs*. And Italy, the heart of Romance, sends throbbing through the veins of other countries some of its own warm-passioned blood ; the minds of men quicken to new conceptions of pleasure and beauty ; life all at once becomes more full, more richly coloured, and is shaken by storms of sudden loves. Life, in a word, grows dear, and Death cheap. The Renaissance spreads a gorgeous mantle over the thinking world—and Shakespeare arises.

That was the most beauteous period of Romance. The favourite fiction of our nearer forbears, on the other hand, the Picaresque Novel—strange progeny of the old Tale of Chivalry—was romance of a rather degraded type. Although it came from Spain and claims descent from the immortal Knight of the Dismal Countenance, it was a far poorer gift to the world than the amorous *Novella* of Italy.

(‘I suppose it has never struck you, madam, that Mr. Pickwick, and eke Mr. Midshipman Easy, are collateral descendants of Don Quixote, through the rogue Gil Blas of Santillana and his English cousin Roderick Random?’)

It is worthy of note that until our own times contemporary life seems, in most cases, to have offered a sufficient field, sufficient scope and colour, for the romancer’s fancy. The tendency to look to the past for the necessary picturesque setting is comparatively modern.

‘Tis distance,’ again to advert to a theme I have touched on, ‘lends enchantment to the view,’ as much in the past as in the future. Nowadays, in fact, this very word, *Romance*, has come to suggest at first flush a ‘costume period.’ This is, after all, but natural. If we wish to pen a tale of stirring deeds and of singular adventures, it can surely be more easily staged (do we wish it to lie in the Town) in the days of the scarce oil-lamp, of the dark narrow alley or the deserted Mall illumined only by ‘links’—in times when the futile Watch only appeared at the right picturesque moment, when the Sedan-chair could be stopped in a blind lane and the post-chaise await just round the corner—than in this latter-day policed and electrical London. Or, again, do we desire to place our Romance in the Country, shall we not all have a preference for the wild tract of heath, the stage-coach, the galleried inn that is so natural a meeting-ground for singular travellers?

‘Aye, and also for the more indulgent morals, madam, of our forefathers. . . . And the costume, the manners ! Men rode, then,



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on their way through life, and wore the sword ; clink of blade and jingle of spur played music as they passed. Redress of injury, protection of honour, of dear life and dearer love, did not lie in the prosy keeping of police and law courts. Why, madam, you know how the sword alone can, in a twinkling, make romance of the dulllest situation : think what a high light in the mental picture is the flash of brave steel leaping out of its scabbard !'

Louis Stevenson tells us of the fascination which the three-cocked hat had for his youthful mind : 'tis but a typified instance of the general allurements of the past.

'Do not, however, madam, wear that tristified countenance. Believe me, for the eye that can see it, for the heart that can feel it, Romance, despite all I have said, still exists about us, and will exist to the end of things, both in fiction and in real life.

'Remember how (in such books as "The New Arabian Nights," "The Dynamiter," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde") out of the very London streets which seem so unpromising a material, Stevenson could distil the purest Spirit of Romance.

'Remember how another writer, who is still with us, has been able, with the help of such modern abominations as railways, revolvers, police, and telegraphs, to conjure up somewhere in the heart of the Nineteenth Century, in the heart of German Europe, a tale of love and adventure, of murder, rapine, and revenge, that might well have fitted the court of some *cinquecento* Florentine ruler. Follow him and inhale the fragrance of Romance in the forest round Zenda.

'And in real life, have you really never heard, despite the hum of the street, the babble of fashionable talk, one note of the "Spirit Ditties" ?

'Ah, which of us did not hear that unseen pipe, above the blare of trumpet, above the dry sob of the drum, above the shuffle of marching feet and the cheering of the wretched stay-at-homes, during those cruel days of last winter when our boys left us for the other end of the world ! And did they not hear it, also, who held their heads and their hearts so high, and waved farewell to us with such a light in their eyes, as they sallied forth to meet none-knew-what-possibilities, least of all themselves ? Have they not heard it since, by camp fire, through weary leagues, through miserable tramps across the veldt—nay : did they not hear it clearest whose spirit, defying pain and death, held them heroes to the last ?

'In this way has Romance come into many lives that might never have even dreamed of it. Poor lads ! without its help—Romance of Duty, Romance of Derring-do, the kind of Romance I spoke of, which could be written and made soul-stirring even without Love—

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Romance, above all, of Loyalty to their Queen—how could they have borne themselves as they did—*preux chevaliers* all?

‘Even in your own experience, dear Lady, has the tide of the more secret Romance that always circles around us never sent one wave as far as your foot, clad in so modern a little shoe? It seems almost impossible! But ten to one, madam, you drew your Paquin flounces hurriedly away, and stepped back, frightened. Well, you were right, perhaps. Those are briny waters and engulfing waves: I fear the Paquin flounce would have had the worst of it. Indeed, most of us do as you, and prefer to consort with the experience in fiction.

‘And yet it does meet us on our own path. Thus did it pass me one night, in the early hours of the morning, between Grosvenor Square and my own house. It came running out of the darkness and vanished into darkness; touched my life as a bat’s wing touches the cheek, and was gone. I heard the flying steps rapidly nearing, and then he shot by me: a young man, strong, handsome, a gentleman—and running for his life! O, there could be no doubt of that! His elbows were pressed to his sides; he ran, nursing his strength like one who has known the art at school and college. His crush hat under his arm, his clean-shaven face, white as his shirt-front, luminous terror in his eyes, with labouring breath, on he came with tip-toe pace, as silent and as systematic as a hunted fox’s.

‘As I stood, wondering, again suddenly from the darkness approached a louder tramp of feet; and now two came out into the light, passed on, racing with hissing breath, and, like the first, were gone. The pursuers! One, again, unmistakably a gentleman; the other an unkempt workman. It was a pursuit as deadly, as silent, as the flight had been; on their faces was stamped the most vindictive determination. Mark you, here was Romance of some private murderous vengeance, Romance of some dark secret purpose. In his agony, the hunted man made (dared perhaps make) no appeal for help to policeman or passer-by. The hunters, on their side, raised no hue and cry. Two gentlemen and a workman, at the hour before the dawn: and the silence of it all! That was sinister beyond description.

‘I could give you another modern instance, of lighter character. It crossed my way but a few days ago.

‘Opposite the doorless front of Bath House, in Piccadilly, a smart brougham was drawn up by the kerb. I was walking eastward; my eyes fell upon the approaching figure of a tall, extraordinarily rough-looking navvy; a fellow, however, not without some wild quality of aspect such as you might fancy in the shock-headed fighting-man of Saxon days. His was a deeply furrowed, strong face, almost dis-

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appearing in a blond beard. Dressed in cords and fustian, ankle boots and knee-straps, mud-covered, and indeed mud-coloured all over, he slouched slowly along the gutter, with eyes fixed straight before him on the ground, after the manner of the roadside tramp; but, in his left hand, negligently, elbow high,—so might an exquisite carry a cigarette—he held a letter! As he passed the brougham, a small, white, ungloved hand, sparkling with rings, darted out of the window, unerringly plucked the letter, and as quickly was withdrawn. The wild-haired man never turned his head or even altered his gait by the smallest fraction of a swing. His hand slowly dropped into his pocket: that was all. Alas! before I could come level with the carriage window, in obedience, no doubt, to check-string, the brougham drove rapidly away. The groom and coachman, with heads correctly turned to their front, of course had seen nothing. I doubt if anybody but myself marked the scene: after all, what would it have mattered? I turned round: the man was out of sight.

‘Was there not some quaint real-life Romance there? And would not this, like the other and darker experience, have supplied the “opening” for an enticing first chapter?’

‘Ah, those first chapters! Madam, I vow and protest there are times when I feel myself so seized, so inspired that with a cry—

Anch’io son pittore!

—I grasp my pen with as pure a flame of enthusiasm as ever did the Correggio his painting brush. Could I but keep this clear fire at its first brightness, *what* a romance you would have! The most dashing, the most pathetic; the most bloodstirring, the most fear-compelling; the best, in short, that was ever penned! And, I promise you, the love element that is indispensable in your sight would not be lacking. But, alas, and again alas! There is the hopeless business of translating. The sacred fire burns low? On with the coals. . . .

‘Great Gods! What a smoke!’

‘Yes: no doubt, it was a beautiful first chapter; but beyond the first chapter the perfect work rarely goes. For anything unworthy of the beginning shall not be tacked on to it. I shall never consent (hear my solemn oath!) to let *that* Romance fizzle away by degrees. Rather will I cherish it as the Dream-Child that never grows to manhood. It is not given to every one to conceive the great idea, to mould the perfect form, breathe the Spirit into it, and send it forth to live.

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'And thus it is, madam, that so many books are never written ; that so many others fall away lamentably from their first intent ; that most of us must be content to muse and long—and to sigh, with him who now and then did both *feel* perfectly, and *translate* for the joy of the world, the Romance of Things :

Ah, THEN, had mine been the painter's hand,  
To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was, on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the poet's dream !'

The Lady was silent and inclined to muse. Soon she looked up with eyes half-dreaming, half-arch :

'And you think,' said she, 'that if I had not drawn what you call my Paquin flounces (how vastly knowing you are, sir) from the contact of Romance's foaming wave, that "the folded bird" which you vow is still sleeping within me would have been awakened and have beaten wild wings ?—I wonder !'

'Do not give up hope,' said I. 'It may not be too late. But of one thing be certain : that, when Romance does come to you, it will be the Romance of Love.'

'And why so ?'

I gazed upon her high eyebrow and her tender lip.

'Madam,' said I, 'Romance never came to woman yet but it came by Love.'

'And why again ?'

'Because—why was Beauty made, I pray you, but to the end of love ?'

Once more she mused : then softly the dimples began to peep.

'And when my hour comes,' said the Lady, 'I vow I'll not tell you of it—for you would want to make a mere story out of me ; and that I'll not endure. Neither, do I think, could my particular Spirit be captured.'

'I should not ask to know your secret. Have I not said it : the finest Story is always that we cannot tell—the best Romance of all the one we may not write ?'

MRS. JORDAN







*Portrait of a woman*

*Portrait of a woman, facing right, with a large wig.*

*Portrait of a woman*





*Dorothy Jordan.*

*From the painting by J. Gainsborough, R.A. in the collection of the Earl of Northbrook.*

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## MRS. JORDAN

**N**OT many a daughter of Thespis was so popular in her day as the beautiful and sprightly Mrs. Jordan. She charmed all hearts. In her figure Comedy seemed to be personified. When we gaze on the entrancing portrait which Romney painted of her as 'Peggy' in 'The Country Girl,' we can picture to ourselves the actress who ran upon the stage as a playground and laughed from sincere wildness of delight. In this part she fascinated Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it can well be believed that it was with equal pleasure that Gainsborough made her immortal in the lovely portrait which is now reproduced. Comedies are short-lived, and appeal for the most part to the whims and fancies of a generation. We can imagine her as 'Rosalind' or 'Viola,' as 'Miss Hardcastle' or 'Lady Teazle,' or possibly as 'Peggy'; but what do we know of 'Sir Harry Wildair,' 'Hyppolita,' and other parts, in which Mrs. Jordan entranced the Town?

It may be that the fame of Mrs. Jordan as an actress has been overshadowed by that of her long *liaison* with H.R.H. William, Duke of Clarence, who was, after her death, to ascend the Throne as William IV. To him she bore ten children, a proof of her fidelity; and from her springs the race of Fitzclarence, which has lately become noted in the military annals of this country.

Her later days, it is sad to realise, were passed in obscurity and pecuniary straits; but for this, she admitted, her royal lover could not be held responsible. Such beings are the butterflies of life, born to be fair for a day, and then to disappear.

LIONEL CUST.

## THE POETRY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN. BY ARTHUR WAUGH



HERE is, perhaps, no attitude of criticism at once so easy and so unsound as an undeviating pessimism towards the literature of our contemporaries. Many critical reputations have indeed been made by it; for people like, as Rochefoucauld long ago found out, to watch over the misfortunes of their friends; and there is, moreover, a certain showy air of superiority in the fatalism of the pessimist. And so a writer who is for ever setting out to kill reputations gets a certain popularity from the self-satisfaction of the survivors, and the credit for considerable wisdom in his recoil from popular idols. But the critic who seeks not only to do his duty to himself, but also to be of some help, however small, to the cause of the literature he is supposed to serve—such a critic will be very suspicious of any such facile and controvertible triumphs. Pessimism, he will remember, is never man's normal attitude; the human spirit is always primarily optimist; if it were not so, life, with its increasing complexities and recurring disappointments, would be impossible to any but the intellectually comatose. Pessimism is, in fact, a state of reaction, following upon expectations too roseate, and ambitions too heroic, for fulfilment. We all set out gaily, in the morning of life, eager to invade the fens of Lerna and slay the dragons in our path; the noon finds us with our sword broken and our way lost, and it is then that we exclaim, with the fool, that the ways are impassable and the toil a lost labour.

True as this is of the life of action and ideals, it is doubly true of the interests of literature. There is indeed no moment so dangerous to criticism as that of the reaction from a first popular acclamation. The reader who is careful to follow the history of any literary vogue and the subsequent reaction will find that in almost every case the reaction is more uncritical than the vogue. One does not speak here, of course, of mere successes of the market, flamboyant, worthless articles of manufacture, with which criticism has no concern at all. But of the works of sincere literary merit, which are enthusiastically received to-day and coldly discarded to-morrow, it is true to say that, had the enthusiasm which greeted them at first been tempered by a little judgment, the neglect in which they are engulfed would almost certainly have been qualified, to the eventual advantage of literature. Criticism so seldom keeps its head, either in the hour of enthusiasm or in that of reaction. The caprice of current criticism may well be the despair of the creative artist. Over-praise is followed in an hour by over-blame; and, however sincerely a worker may desire to profit by his rebuffs, he will find it impossible to arrive at an understanding of what is expected of him. Criticism, in short, is just now drifting into every rapid of excess; and it is difficult to

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find, among contemporary standards, any stable and authoritative measure by which to test the quality of contemporary creation. This extraordinary and inexplicable vacillation of taste is not merely the despair of the creative artist : it is also a perpetual pitfall to the critic himself. It is impossible to be in the movement and to remain unaffected by it ; and, hard task as the criticism of contemporaries has always been, it is peculiarly hard at the present time, when the changes of atmosphere which literature endeavours to reflect are swift, disconnected, irreconcilable. The critic of contemporary literature differs necessarily from the critic occupied with approved classics in that it is his duty to judge the work not only in its relation to the standards of the past but also with a special and very sensitive regard to its services and obligations to the present. This is, perhaps, a point which needs insisting upon. Current criticism can never be final ; but it may be very helpful to the eventual establishment of a final judgment by recording and analysing the circumstances of production, and the value of the work produced in the necessities of the hour. This task, as we have said, becomes appreciably harder when the needs and expectations of the time change with every season. 'Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble' among such various and conflicting interests.

Now, these considerations bear a particular emphasis in the present case, when we are proposing to consider a form of poetry which has been poured forth with unceasing energy during the last twelve months, and may even be said to have occupied the entire field of poetic effort. The poetry of the South African Campaign is represented not only by columns of verse in the periodicals, by sheaves of ballads in the windows of the music-sellers, but also by some scores of sturdy little volumes, the direct expression of one of the most fleeting of emotions—the passion aroused to fever-heat by the rumour of war, and quieted immediately upon the approach of peace. The poetry of war differs, indeed, from every other form of poetry in that its use, even at its best, lies somewhat outside the obligations of its art. It is designed for a definite purpose, and it must be judged in relation to that purpose no less than upon its intrinsic merits of inspiration and expression. The same is true, to a certain extent, of devotional poetry ; but there is one conspicuous difference. The intention of devotional poetry remains practically unaffected by the passage of time, just as the cardinal principles of religion are really untouched by the vacillations of sect and party ; but the aim and intention of martial poetry must change very widely with the circumstances of the hour and the conditions of warfare. Drayton's noble ballads and Dibdin's breezy songs remain excellent of their kind ; but their uses are less evident in face of a campaign such as that from which we are now happily emerging. Nay, to come even nearer our own time, the splendid fervour of the war passages in

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'Maud' must be felt by the sensitive taste to be too wide in sweep, too heroic in amplitude, for the celebration of the successes at Paardeberg or the Modder River. It is as fatal to the effect of martial poetry that it should protest too much as that it should be puny and anæmic: the perfection of such work lies in its direct adaptability to the sentiment of the hour, in harmony with poetic dignity and the spirit of manly beauty.

The poetry of the present war has, then, to be judged, as all other war poetry must be judged, by the standards of literary excellence and of the needs of the hour; and, whilst a good deal has already been written upon it in the newspapers and magazines, it is permissible to doubt whether the second of these standards has been sufficiently regarded by those who have spoken, not without justice, in dispraise of its technical finish and worth. In attempting, however insufficiently, to supply this omission, we have clearly, first of all, to decide what were the poetic opportunities of the present campaign, and what the ideals which a poet, true to his art, should have tried to uphold in the eyes alike of the combatants and the watchers. It must be remembered that the appeal is addressed as much to those at home as to those in the field. Tennyson's fine lines on the charge of the Light Brigade were, indeed, read and recited by the soldiers in the trenches before Sebastopol; but the number of poets who can claim the rank and file for their following is necessarily small. The duty of art, moreover, is clearly to the inactive. The ballads, whose making is better than the making of laws, must set before themselves two principal themes of inspiration—the encouragement of a manly and enduring spirit throughout a warring nation, and the establishment of a true ideal for the uses of ultimate victory. If the poetry is to be worthy of the occasion and to serve its ends, it must adapt itself to the limitations and rise to the opportunities of the campaign. It must modulate its note to the true spirit of the conflict, and must discipline itself to that sense of proportion which is inseparable from any kind of dignity or strength.

Let us consider, then, what were the circumstances of the time and the obligations of its inspiration. In the first instance, there was abundant room for a strong, but not a petulant, indignation. Nowadays we are all Imperialists, and we conceive of our country, as of a wise and beneficent mother, watching and subserving the interests of a vast and loyal family. The impudent ultimatum of the Boer Republic, therefore, shocked the British nation with the sense of some gross indignity or affront offered to a noble mother by a rebellious daughter,—or, since there seems some doubt about the relationship, we should rather, perhaps, say by a disaffected and ingrate niece. The family honour of Greater Britain was outraged, and the outrage was directed against the principles upon which the whole fabric of Empire rests. It was clear that, if England was to

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hold her ground in the sight of the nations, the affront must be wiped out effectually. There was no question among reasonable critics as to the necessity for war. The demand was immediate and imperative. And so, when the Poet Laureate raised the strain,

To arms ! To arms ! Now let the cry  
Go ringing round the world,

no equable critic could deny that, whatever might be thought of the poet's versification, his sentiment was the inevitable, red-hot, patriotic enthusiasm of the moment. The hour of retribution had come, and its first note was that of undivided national import.

This was the first opportunity which the occasion offered to poetry ; and it was natural that the few literary critics who still, among all the environing temptations to follow false gods, have some faith and hope in the survival of the poetic ideal in England—it was natural that these critics should have expected rather more of the occasion than was likely to come out of it. It had long been a commonplace of rough and ready criticism that poetry was stagnating in England for want of some strong current of ideas to carry it along into fresh vigour. As Arnold was so emphatic in reminding us, great epochs of poetic activity invariably accompany great national movements and emancipations ; and it has been generally felt for many years that the slow broadening down of freedom from precedent to precedent, with its infinite multiplication of useful but unideal machinery, such as county councils and sanitary reforms, was not a course of progress very favourable to poetic development. 'What we want,' the critics were never tired of telling us, 'is a great and stirring war ; under the influence of so stimulating and bracing an experience poetry would revive and blossom like the rose.' Well, the war came, and the poetry with it, that poetry which we are now to discuss ; and criticism was grievously disappointed by the result. The easy pessimism, which, as we have already seen, is the normal attitude of reaction, ran riot in the columns of literary journalism ; and every sort of unfavourable comparison was drawn between the poetry of the South African Campaign and that, for example, of the Crimean War. In one sense this pessimism was abundantly justified : there can be no comparison, whether in poetic quality or in clean, manly British sentiment, between the literature of the war of 1900 and that of 1855. The contrast was peculiarly pointed by the revival, to catch the backwater of the hour, of certain half-forgotten war-poems of the earlier period from the pens of two poets who by no means occupy the front rank in Victorian verse—Sydney Dobell and Archbishop Trench. The fine, spasmodic vigour of the one, and the calm, restrained dignity of the other, are notes conspicuously lacking to the verse that has been lavished so freely on our last campaign. But it must be remembered, and it



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seems that current criticism has been much too ready to forget, that these men and their greater brothers had not only greater art but also a much greater theme to celebrate. There have been many prose-historians of the South African war ; but there has been no Kinglake ; nor, it is safe to prophesy, will any Kinglake be forthcoming, to spend laborious days in the compilation of a rich and critical history. In the same way, the present campaign could not furnish forth a second 'Maud,' even had the master-spirit of Victorian poetry been still preserved to us. The theme was narrower ; its possibilities were cramped.

But there was still a theme, and a theme with possibilities ; and first among them, as we have said, was a healthy, unpetulant indignation at an unworthy affront to a worthy and humane ideal. Mr. Kipling has, by popular consent, taken rank among us as the poet of the larger Imperialism, and it was to him that we naturally looked to support the occasion. His 'Recessional,' a brave and dignified piece of rhetoric rather than a great poem, had proved him able to stand above the surging excitement of the hour, and to point a moral that would have followed well upon the call to arms. For it must be remembered that the country had been spared for a long while from a considerable campaign, that a new generation had arisen to whom war meant little beyond the glamour of bugles and banners, and for whom some searching sense of the duties and responsibilities of power was of paramount importance. We were going forth to crush a rebellious State in the name of progress and humanity. It was necessary that the blow should be struck with no uncertain hand ; but it was also right that it should be struck with dignity and self-respect. In the little sheaf of Trench's poems, recalled to new life to suit the time, is a sonnet which lacks, it is true, some of the highest qualities of poetry, but gives very clear utterance to the sentiment with which our poet of Imperialism might wisely have inspired a people who has given him unbounded opportunities in a boundless popularity. This is the sonnet : it has something of the sentiment of the 'Recessional,' and it was singularly suited to the spirit of the opening war :

From what of passion and of earthly pride,  
Presumptuous confidence and glory vain,  
Will cleave to justest cause which men sustain,  
Till Thou their cause and them hast purified,  
From what too much of these Thou hast espied  
In us, oh ! cleanse us from this dangerous leaven,  
At any cost, oh ! purge us, righteous Heaven,  
Though we herein be sorely searched and tried.  
So, purified from these, may we fulfil  
Upon Thy strength relying, not our own,  
The dreadful sentence of Thy righteous will ;  
And this by us unto the nations shown,  
May burn no incense to our drag, but still  
All honour give to Thee, and Thee alone.

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It is not only the religious tone in this poem which is so wholesome, though that, indeed, is a matter of paramount importance when a Christian State is going out to war in the cause of the liberation of humanity and the diffusion of right: there is something further in the calm assumption of a difficult but imperative duty, which is at once secular and manlike, carrying with it a feeling of self-reliance neither braggart nor narrow, since it proceeds directly from the certainty of a true cause. Mr. Kipling, the moment war was declared, had the ear of the British public, as few poets have had since poetry yielded to fiction in the popular preference. He might have sustained the cause not only of literature but also of the national dignity. He might have written a 'Processional' which would have carried a burning message to the heart of every soldier in the army of which he is the accepted laureate. In the place of this, he wrote 'The Absent-Minded Beggar.'

For that remarkable piece of banjo-and-kettledrum vivacity, Mr. Kipling's poetic reputation has, perhaps, already suffered sufficiently, and suffered not altogether justly. It must be clear to any critical capacity that a poet of Mr. Kipling's calibre by no means composed 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' under the impression that he was composing poetry. Such an idea is on the surface lacking in humour as well as in judgment. But it so happened that no sooner was war declared than there arose an urgent necessity for providing for the wives and children of the soldiers summoned to the front, and an appeal had to be made to the public which should be poignant and far-reaching. Amid these circumstances, Mr. Kipling generously threw himself into the breach. He deliberately set himself to the composition of a piece of red-hot energy, conceived on the lines of those music-hall ditties which to the vast mass of the British public are the only palatable verse. He filled his lines with the nudging spirit of vulgarity, which, he knew, would open the purse-strings of the man in the villa; and the result was that singular amalgam of 'Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted earl,' which spoke straight not only to the heart of the snob but also to that of the democrat, and swept into the purse of charity more shillings, guineas, and bank-notes than were ever gathered before by the medium of a single song.

Now, if criticism will pause to be humane, it will be bound to confess that this was a piece of literary self-denial, on Mr. Kipling's part, which common gratitude might be disposed to acknowledge by refraining from looking a gift-horse too closely in the teeth. Indeed, if the duties of criticism ended with the commercial result, it would be seemly to regard that enormous bank-balance with silent admiration. Unfortunately, the influence of 'The Absent-minded Beggar' was not confined to its capacity for drawing shillings from the charitable. Its extraordinary vogue, outlasting the uses of the

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music-hall and reviving in the 'carnivals' and floral feasts of last summer, gave it a subjective importance as far-reaching as the objective; and the subjective spirit of the song was not so beneficent. It appealed to that very passion in the British heart which poetry should always seek to subdue, the rampant passion of commercialism; and it made that appeal at a moment very unfortunate for the maintenance of a high ideal.

There was one thing, and one thing only, that the few opponents of the war in England could advance as a faint suspicion against its moral integrity: the suspicion that it might possibly have been undertaken not so much in the high cause to which it laid claim as in the hope of substantial advantages in the way of commercial acquisitions. That this suspicion was ungrounded every true Englishman must at heart believe; but there was no gainsaying the existence of the suspicion, and it was the paramount duty of the poet, who alone could maintain an ideal among so many clashing interests of reality, to set that commercial spirit as far as possible in the background. An appeal for charity, then, should have been made in the name of the virtue itself, in behalf of men going out to duty stern and inevitable. Now, what was Mr. Kipling's appeal? It was advanced in behalf of a man careless of his dearest obligations, for whose claim a sort of implicit apology had to be made at every turn. Instead of the noble sentiment that has endured the test of time, the certain truth that it is better to give than to receive, the nation was invited not to give of its generosity at all, but to 'pay, pay, pay,' as one transacting a business bargain, in the hope of eventual advantage. That persistent refrain 'Pay, pay, pay,' with its unideal suggestions and lower code of morality, struck ugly echoes from the roads and woods of England during the summer months of the last year of the century. It closed in the age of Nelson and Wellington to a chorus worthy only of a nation of shop-keepers; and it may fairly be said to have debased the moral currency of England in the very act of sacrificial homage.

Meanwhile the song was superlatively popular, and its influence soon began to be felt even in the inner circle of literature. Like a new spirit, it stirred the waters of journalism into fresh activity, and they began to overflow into the well of the Pierides. Year by year, the power of the newspaper has been growing in England: it was always a menace to literature, and it is now a triumphant rival. The establishment of the half-penny press, with its flamboyant emphasis and exaggerated sentiment, has found intellectual food for an entirely new body of readers: it fills the half-educated with false ideals, and sends the squeamish empty away. With the spread of lower middle-class ambition, this sort of energy is inevitable; but it is against this very energy that literature should make its stand. It is the province of literature, particularly of poetry, the highest mode of literary

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expression, to point out the fallacies of this headlong pursuit of the unconsidered advantage, to preserve the balance and power of the national character. But, unfortunately, far from doing this, Mr. Kipling's shouting song handed over the poetry of the hour, scrip and scrippage, into the hands of sensational journalism. Every resource of the most resourceful machinery was employed in the propagation of its gospel; and in a very short time it was on the lips of a multitude to whom the poetry of a poet had never before made sensible appeal. It was impossible that other writers should be unaffected by such a vogue, and in a very short time the spirit that had been set free had multiplied itself an hundredfold. It has been said that Mr. Kipling has established a school of poetry; but this is scarcely an exact definition of the movement. A school of poetry is something more than a disarrayed band of imitators: it implies order, method, and individuality. The last definite school of poetry in England was the pre-Raphaelite, and it is the fashion nowadays to speak slightly of that interesting and valuable movement as over-sensitive and ineffectual. But that school, whilst it had a method and a reason, had also individuality. Its disciples followed a certain ideal; but each followed it in his own way. You will not mistake a poem by William Morris for one of Rossetti's, nor one of Rossetti's pictures for Mr. Holman Hunt's. Mr. Kipling's imitators, on the other hand, have neither individuality nor method. Their discipleship is a mere euphuism or imitation, and, like all imitations, it catches the tricks of its master without embodying his real significance. It was said that in the prime of *Household Words* Charles Dickens was attended by so faithful a body of henchmen that whole numbers of the paper were written in so adroit an imitation of the Dickens manner that only the keenest critic could decide which story was the genuine production of the leader and which the mezzotint of the follower. Much the same is true of Mr. Kipling's copyists, at whose hands a genuine and vital talent has suffered cruelly. They have caught, what is, after all, so easy to catch, the *argot* and the slang, the dropped aspirate and the sprinkled oath; but in the implicit poetry and clean forthright manliness they have no share. And, unfortunately, this bastard school of false Kiplingism, started with the 'Absent-minded Beggar' at the outset of the war, has been the principal poetical celebration of our achievements in South Africa. The note, moreover, is the one popular note of the hour, and is echoed on every stage and at every street corner. Whither is it leading us? What are its ideals?

Criticism must walk warily here, for it is always difficult to reconcile the ideals of warfare with those of the higher poetry. For a few years Tennyson suffered grievously for the heroics of 'Maud,' and a large company of his admirers were content to believe him wrong. But, if we compare the lines in 'Maud' which gave gravest

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offence with some of those elicited by the present campaign, we see at once that there is a great and serious difference.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,  
That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.

The critics of 1855 were in arms against this sentiment, which to the view of 1900 seems altogether unimpeachable. To rise in defence of his home is the first duty of the citizen; it has even been enlarged since fifty years ago into a wholesome gospel of self-sacrifice abroad. This is, indeed, the true spirit of martial poetry, and it has not lacked for worthy followers. Foremost among these one thinks naturally of Mr. W. E. Henley, whose critical taste and savour are so amply illustrated in the fine anthology of manly verse which he calls 'Lyra Heroica.' In that inspiring volume are to be found examples of every mode of clarion-music, and there is not a poem in the collection which does not bear the badge of high sincerity and distinction. Mr. Henley, too, has himself sung in the bravest spirit of patriotism :

Ever the faith endures,  
England, my England :—  
'Take and break us : we are yours,  
England, my own !  
Life is good, and joy runs high  
Between English earth and sky :  
Death is death ; but we shall die  
To the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
To the stars on your bugles blown !'

They call you proud and hard,  
England, my England :  
You with worlds to watch and ward,  
England, my own !  
You, whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
Of such teeming destinies,  
You could know nor dread nor ease,  
Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

This poem was written more than eight years ago; but it sounds the note necessary to the present hour. The first of the two verses quoted is eloquent of the self-abandonment to his country's cause which inspires every Happy Warrior, while the second contains in little an impregnable defence of the obligations of Imperialism. Further, the whole poem is alive with the fire of poetry, and strikes out, like the hammer on the anvil, the sparks of sympathetic response. And, gladly to give tribute where tribute could only be withheld by ignorance, it may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that the



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best lines which the recent war has evoked have been the work of Mr. Henley. Unfortunately, it is a question rather of lines than of complete poems; since, strangely for one of so dominant an individuality, Mr. Henley himself has not kept clear of the journalistic saturnalia. For, while it is of the spirit of poetry to approach a war fearlessly and with a whole-hearted belief in one's own cause, it is entirely and blindly of the spirit of journalism to begin to abuse your enemy with ugly epithets, because you find him more determined and resourceful than you at first imagined. This sort of policy is natural enough in the slap-dash vigour of daily comment upon daily events, though even there it is ignoble; but in poetry it is not natural, not noble, not worthy of a great nation. A single poem of Mr. Henley contains two verses so widely different in tone and propriety as these.

Rise, England, rise!  
But in that calm of pride,  
That hardy and high serenity,  
That none may dare abide;  
So front the realms, your point abashed;  
So mark them chafe and foam;  
And, if they challenge, so, by God,  
Strike, England, and strike home!

That has the true bugle-summons; but what shall we say of this?

Ours is the race  
That tore the Spaniard's ruff,  
That flung the Dutchman by the breech,  
The Frenchman by the scruff;  
Through his diurnal round of dawns  
Our drum-tap squires the sun;  
And yet, an old mad burgher-man  
Can put us on the run!

It is not only that the bathos of these last two lines sinks below all level of poetry, but also that the epithet and the noun which characterise the enemy are a violence alike to the urbanity of contest and the dignity of power. If there is one thing an Englishman is prouder of than another it is his sportsmanlike instinct. We always like to believe that on the field of play or of war we keep the spirit of sport inviolate. How, then, will the ordinary man relish Mr. Henley's picture of himself, as it blinks out upon him in these singular couplets?

'Death in the right cause, death in the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat':

Yes; and it's better to go for the Abbey than chuck your old bones out in the street.

Life is a march and a battle (there's some of us make it a kind of review);  
But how if you never get out on parade, and there's not any fighting to do?

Hands in your pockets, eyes on the pavement, where in the world is the fun of it all?  
But a row—but a rush—but a face for your fist. Then a crash through the dark—  
and a fall;



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And they carry you—where? Does it matter a straw? You can look at them out of your pride;  
For you've had your will of a new front door, and your foot on the mat inside.

This poem, like the splendid 'Pro Rege Nostro,' is dated 1892; but Mr. Henley has reprinted it, presumably as some sort of reflection of the rioting spirit of 1900.

You've had your will of a new front door, and your foot on the mat inside?

This is the rank rowdyism of the Hooligan, and to celebrate it at all, even if—as one supposes—it is pictured in a spirit of protest, is to lend the talent of a poet to uses that depress one beyond the power of comment. Yet the same muse can rise to the heights of this solemn and melodious 'Last Post':

Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,  
They gave their part in this kindly earth—  
Blow, you bugles of England, blow!—  
That her Name as a sun among stars might glow,  
Till the dusk of time, with honour and worth:  
That, stung by the lust and the pain of battle,  
The One Race ever might starkly spread,  
And the One Flag eagle it overhead!  
In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride,  
Thus they felt it, and thus they died;  
So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread,  
For whose dear sake their triumphing souls they shed,  
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,  
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,  
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,  
Glory and peace to her lovely and faithful dead!

How are we to explain these apparently inexplicable variations of mood and manners in a talent so clearly defined and so practised as Mr. Henley's? There would seem to be but one explanation, and that discouraging. Literature is being delivered over to journalism more and more every year; and in a moment of national excitement the overpowering tendencies of the journalistic spirit cannot even be avoided by the strongest individualities. When Mr. Henley is in his study, with the influence of the masters upon him, he writes 'Pro Rege Nostro' and 'Last Post.' When the silence of that retreat is invaded by the passage of carnivals, loud with the cheap catch-words of the sensational journals, he, even he also, is carried away by the violence of mob-music. And, if he is unable to keep his feet, what resistance can we expect from the weaklings?

We can expect very little, and it is very little that we get. But here and there we find a singer, tainted with all the styleless slang of the music-hall, who seems to have a literary conscience in the background. Mr. A. St. John Adcock is an example. In manner and rhythm he is one of the worst offenders among the camp-followers of Mr. Kipling. Most of his pieces are disfigured by extravagant

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Cockneyism ; and, whereas Mr. Kipling only uses the jargon when Tommy Atkins is speaking, Mr. Adcock seems to apply it indiscriminately to every variety of utterance. But at heart he is a critic not only of the manner in which he is entangled but also of the journalistic spirit which has forced him to express himself illiterately.

For example :

An' I'm thinkin' thet Kiplin' an' Swinburne an' such,  
They air ticklin' the brute in our naters too much :  
Ain't it time they'd done singin' to *it*, an' began  
To scourge the brute in us an' sing to the man ?

Precisely so ; but the way to counteract the tendency is, not through the intolerable colloquialism of Whitechapel, but by the higher eloquence of sincerity and strength. And here, again, Mr. Adcock touches upon the very commercialism with which we have been dealing, the omnipotent commercialism of Fleet Street :

'Tis good to own a 'daily' in these times we're passing through,  
And tell your country what to think and what it mustn't do,  
To criticise its generals and censure all their ways,  
And feed and nurse the Empire—not because you think it pays—

(Oh, no !)

But just because you love it, and can see with half an eye  
Without your paper's guidance it would hurt itself and die.  
It's not, we know, because it pays or brings you any fame ;  
But still, between ourselves, it can't be helped if, all the same,  
Your patriotic utterance, breathing fire and shell and shot,  
Puts something in the pocket of the pat—ri—ot.

There is a touch of cynicism here ; but again it is altogether wasted in expression. It appeals directly to the pocket of the people in the tones of smiling complacency to which they are accustomed. The obvious answer of the well-fed publican to the suggestion that patriotism put something in his pocket would be the customary 'And quite right, too !' To convince him that patriotism stands above his money-bags, you must argue with him more strenuously than this. And, for the rest, Mr. Adcock is hand-in-glove with the imitators :

Now, when the Gov'ment packs us up an' ships us off to fight,  
A transport very often ain't a transport of delight ;  
The Admiralty doesn't check by any sort of tact  
The simple sort of 'abits the contractor can contract.

Says they, 'This 'umble tradesman in 'is 'armless kind o' way,  
'E runs a little business, an' 'e wants to make it pay ;

'Is meat supply is rather 'igh

For common, timid men to buy,

But nothin' daunts our 'eroes—it will do for Tommy A.'

This is the right butter-women's rank to market,—unilluminated euphuism.

Mr. Adcock invites so much consideration because his work has been greatly praised even by the sober literary reviews ; and it may

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perhaps be said, without presumption of superiority, that as long as this kind of jingling verse is held up for admiration we can scarcely hope to return to a fitting standard of poetic excellence. Mr. Edgar Wallace is of the same mannerism, but of less intellectual vivacity. He has a poem called 'My Pal the Boer,' which opens thus :

We met without appointment on an 'ill,  
I comed upon the beggar without warnin' ;  
Layin' down be'ind a boulder,  
With 'is rifle to 'is shoulder,  
He sent along the Dutch for a 'Good-mornin'.'  
'E missed me with a fair amount of skill,  
An' 'fore 'e'd time to mount an' get from danger,  
I was takin' of my rest,  
By a sittin' on 'is chest,  
An' a sayin' to the welcome little stranger :  
'My pal, the Boer !  
You're a prisoner of war.  
( 'E tried to break my jaw, but that's a trifle.)  
You can't escape me, can yer ?  
In the name of Rule Britannia,  
I commandeered your 'orse and Mauser rifle !'

This author also has been highly praised in the critical press. But, apart from the fact that the thing is dull and without animation, it is worth noticing that the tone is ignoble and the implication false. The line

'E missed me with a fair amount of skill

contains one of the most undignified suggestions that a British soldier (for Mr. Wallace is in the service) ever brought against a foe. The Boers, we know, are excellent shots ; Lord Wolseley has himself said that they shoot straighter than our own men. But this poet can give his enemy no credit even for technical ability, and in doing so deprives his own exploit of any heroism. For, if the Boer was such a tenth-rate man-at-arms, his capture was a matter of child's-play. In such fashion does the journalistic obliquity of vision return upon itself, and defeat its own protestations.

Mr. Wallace is a soldier ; but Mr. Aubrey N. Mildmay is a University graduate. (One is already weary of these verse-men ; but a single example more will serve to show the depth to which the music-hall fashion of modern minstrelsy may lead a man of culture and education.) Mr. Mildmay sings of The Hundred Days' Siege, and to this effect :

Now, soldiers, sing of Mafeking, and Baden-Powell's trafficking,  
Girls, blow kisses to Ulysses, its gritty, witty, chatty king !  
For there's grave, grim grit at the heart of it.  
When a man fights death with his mother-wit !  
Shouting 'Forward, to Pretoria !'  
Shouting reverently 'Victoria !'  
Cannon thundering 'Deo Gloria !'  
Deo Libertatis Gloria !'

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Now, this sort of thing would naturally escape mention if it came from the wilds of some provincial hamlet; when it is the work of a Master of Arts it invites a passing sigh. For it is surely clear evidence that nowadays the poetic tyro assumes as a premiss that it is expected of him to jingle the bells of the jester over the most heroic of subjects, and to jingle them into discord rather than not to jingle at all:

And if we kill with a fiercer will than when Symons died on Talana Hill,  
Or than Lyttleton wist oh, at Monte Cristo, or Buller's braves, with their  
    mailed fist oh,

'Tis because we must teach brave men who preach  
There's no quarter for such, if they fight double-Dutch!

    Shouting 'Forward, to Pretoria!'

    Shouting reverently 'Victoria!'

    Cannon thundering 'Deo Gloria!'

    Deo Sabaoth Gloria!'

This is surely the last possible lay of the tambourine and bones!

It must not, however, be imagined that Mr. Mildmay by any means stands alone. The war has produced at least a score other volumes in which, if the metrical pyrotechnics are not quite so extravagant, there is the same persistent inability to gauge the impropriety of these antics of versification to the celebration of valour and the requiem of death. Such work does not indeed invite criticism; but it may well give the critic passing pause. For is it not a rather astonishing thing that, when so much is written every day about literature, there should not be instilled into the poetic aspirant a sufficient literary judgment to prevent him from imagining that there is either reason or justification for the pressure of such slender claims? What we seem to lack here is any sense of authority, any feeling for a critical criterion by which the ambitious author might be expected to test his work before delivering it over to the damnatory evidence of print. And the lack of this sense is almost entirely due to the absence of example among the few true poets left to us. There is among them just now a pervading lethargy, a weary unwillingness to do their best to sustain the standards of national literature, and to direct their art towards the service of national life. This neglect of opportunity is really a failure in duty; for, whatever may be urged by impressionist criticism in favour of the divorce of art and ethics, it is at least indisputable that art and the higher humanity can never be separated, and that the finest services of poetry have always been devoted to the culture of 'the holy spirit of man.'

Here, then, was the opportunity for the art of poetry to outface this artifice of the operatic librettist, and, by a clear, dignified utterance, to restore the balance of taste. It was a moment of grave discouragement to art, and perhaps it is not surprising that most of our artists have shirked its trial of strength. The requirements of

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the hour were energy in the foreground and humanity in its train: the suggestion should be one of bravery in defence of right and high chivalry on the field of conflict. But the best of our poets have either been silent or have yielded to the popular passion for 'the will of a new front door and a foot on the mat inside.' Mr. Swinburne, with his fine enthusiasm for heroic causes, could strain his inspiration no higher than a thunder of abusive imagery against the enemy. Mr. Robert Bridges was unwilling to adventure upon a not very congenial theme. Mr. Austin Dobson remained content with a delicate, but not very commanding, tribute to the unlaurelled dead. Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Henry Newbolt, writers of genuine strength, have yet to break silence in this regard; and in the saturnalia of discordant melodies such gentle voices as those of Canon Rawnsley and the Warden of Glenalmond could hardly hope to make themselves heard. The streets of the city were given over, from pavement to pavement, to the violences of carnival. And it may very well be true that at the moment no more harmonious note would have received attention, and that it was even better for art to have waited her time. The case of Mr. Harold Begbie lends colour to this suggestion. Mr. Begbie is a writer of the Kipling school who has risen above the superficial level of imitation, and is, in many respects, a follower of whom Mr. Kipling may be proud. By writing 'The Handy Man,' he became at the beginning of the war the most conspicuous exponent of the Kipling doctrine. 'The Handy Man' is a eulogy of the bluejacket which, if it cannot claim high rank for its poetical quality, is at least virile and free from braggadocio; moreover, it sustains the note of Imperialism without slavish mimicry of the 'Imperial laureate.' It was immensely popular: favourite actresses recited it nightly; music-hall ballets were contrived upon its inspiration; and it became the catch-word of a contested election. But Mr. Begbie has done much better work, even in celebration of the present war; and his better work has received but scant attention. Of the vogue that has accrued to 'The Handy Man' not one broken fragment has testified to the quality of his 'Battle Priests,' which is really one of the most touching and sincere poems of the campaign, and stands practically alone for spiritual intensity.

These are God's witnesses who stand  
Where weeping England counts her loss,  
Who lift with firm and holy hand  
High o'er the battle Jesu's Cross;  
And, mid the swaying armies, drown  
War's angry clang with words of Life,  
Bringing to those the eternal Crown  
Slain in the momentary strife.  
How beautiful the feet that go  
Where the shell shocks the unshielded line!



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Soothing the soldier's dying throe  
With comfortable Bread and Wine.

O while the legions crash and reel,  
Triumphant hear them name the Name,  
Breathing the living words that steal  
Like music through the burning frame.

Death beats their faces with his breath,  
Mocks them with discord of the strife ;  
But not for them the fear of death  
Who are the messengers of Life.

Theirs not to win the flaming height  
With crimson lance and smoking sword,  
Yet are they victors in the fight  
Led by their great man-loving Lord ;

And to the peaceful skies above,  
Up from the torn and twisted sod,  
Wing the white souls they loose with love  
To testify the deed to God.

These lines are not without technical blemishes, such as a too artificial use of alliteration and a striving after colour which occasionally results in a forced epithet. But here, at any rate, is a sincere attempt at workmanship, devoted to a high and impressive theme. War is not here displayed as an arena of brutal rowdyism: something is done towards the expression of that earnest spirit in which the prayer, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord,' is raised in our Churches daily throughout the year. Yet the quality of the verse is not anæmic. It frankly accepts the necessities of warfare, and points out the hallowing influence of its sacrifices.

The poem, however, was neglected; and perhaps we need to remember in estimating the opportunities and duties of the hour, that the first flush of varying conflict is not very favourable either to judgment or to idealism. Wisdom is not in the fire nor in the earthquake, but in a still small voice which is unlikely to be heard above the raging of the elements. The true poetry of the war may be yet to come, and it will find abundant possibility in the growth of interests and responsibilities that go with the growth of Empire. It has been the peculiar glory of English poetry that it has always, sooner or later, risen to the height of its subject; and it is safe to believe that

There will arise, till Time decay,  
More poets yet,

to carry on the fire of national integrity. There is, indeed, no room for pessimism, if only the poets, to whom the nation should rightly look for guidance, will realise their chances. A wide responsibility lies ahead of us, to be assumed with the hesitation of forethought. It is a moment in which Tennyson would certainly have spoken, and



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that with no uncertain voice. The acquisition of this new and wealthy territory is full of heavy import; full, too, of glittering temptations. Journalism has led us to secure it; literature may teach us how to employ it. But she can only do so if she is sincerely devoted to the cause of light.

That is, indeed, what she has so far missed. Goethe's cry 'More light! more light!' returns to-day with tenfold emphasis; and there are so many lights, false and true. There is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and another of the stars.

Aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn.

But, when the tyranny of an hour of excitements is overpast, one thing may be confidently expected of the poetry of the future. The wheel of taste will come full-circle, and the false sentiment, ignoble self-glory, and reeling revelry of the last few months will be forgotten with the ballads of yester-year. Poetry will not always be putting bitter for sweet and darkness for light. In the thronged streets of the city the naphtha-lamps go out above the booths of commercialism. But the old fire is still burning upon the mountain of the Muses; and the gleam of it beacons unceasingly from the abode of the eternal.

Not of the sunlight,  
Not of the moonlight,  
Not of the starlight.  
O young Mariner,  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions,  
Launch your vessel,  
And crowd your canvas,  
And, ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow The Gleam.

## A STUDY IN DREAMS BY WILLIAM HODGSON



SOMETIMES, in dreams, wanderers from the other side of life return into our gladdened society ; but the engaging reunions usually pass unrecorded. The visions of the night are jostled aside by the practical concerns of the morning. The initial energy in the phenomena is past finding out ; but, were they examined systematically, they might lead to elevating and even reassuring reflections. People who come back into dreams, through the gloomy portals we saw them enter, affirm of the authority that governs their movement that it has the effect, if not the purpose, of teaching unsevered continuity. They all refuse to acknowledge that death extinguishes. The function of the mind which remains active in sleep has no concern with oblivion. Liberated from the pompous control of the volition, its owner finds himself in an ampler and serener air. Only the temperature, the pulse, and the breathing are left to witness that they are still of this world, alive. The body is in surrender to the needs of toil, and memory is fancifully wayward. The nocturnal hours become gracious with social renewal, and sundered friendships are astir again. This communion of images may be inexplicable to the exacting intelligence when it arises with the sun into the plains of day, while to the requirements of the Materialist, in anxiety about his calipers, it makes no response ; but, as there is neither geography nor any road mapped out in these impalpable regions, responding calls of kindly neighbourhood are on this side never made. The indestructibility of matter may only be partially inferred from apparitions on the neutral territory that divides heaven and earth ; but the mirroring brain during its half-holiday must be held responsible for the incantations that deride annihilation. The body recumbent in the trance of slumber is making itself perfect by celestial excursions. Jacob's ladder was a divine contrivance for a special revelation. It will be convenient to place bounds to the general means, external to inspiration, by which to have conferences with the dead.

For the depths of the years there seems to be at hand to the magician of dreams neither plummet nor design. With myself he never goes lower than manhood. Childhood and the days of school are not within his retrospect. There may not be much in that, for among the layers of reminiscence he works by no coherent plan. The roll-call is from any part of it, after middle age, indifferently. Sometimes the forgotten resumes, and sometimes the recent sorrow is renewed. In both cases the daytime faculties may have been leagues apart from them, dulled to their ever having been. It is as if the retina of the mind's eye had had flashed upon it these pathetic transfigurations of lapsed associates after the method of no rule. In

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the engrossing avocations of the waking moments they have no root, for next to their rehabilitation is the surprise of them. They had been gone as well as dead. With most of them memory had not been lingering ; nor had affection, reluctant to part, occasioned the reawakened saunter to the scene of the mortal eclipse. The coming back is not only without reasonable method : it is also without disciplinary obedience. It is the unexpected that occurs when the dreamer is confronted by the obvious extravagance of reincarnation, whose further property it is not always to be alone. The novelty sometimes is the illustrious stranger among still living companions. It sometimes also is the creation of forms and faces never seen before. There is, moreover, no personal compliment intended by the advent. Nor is there any hand-shaking, for apparently there has not been any parting. It is only one or other of the experienced scenes reset. It is in the restaurant, as it used to be ; or in the street, as was the custom ; or round the dinner-table, as the jocund moments were.

But here must be discrimination. The wayfarer from the other side is invariably a changed man. There is no sound in his movements, no mirth in his voice ; his smile is wan. He sits, or stands, or walks, as if nothing had occurred. His look is that of a great knowledge, subduing and subdued, since last you parted. It is not straight at you, as if he would avert your gaze, but at somewhere in the group, as if in search of a foil to his once frank observation. He is apparelled as when his flesh was substance, though not always in the clothes he wore when last you saw him. This customary revisitor of mine, occasioning these reflections, attracted to where others seem speaking, has the same excellence of morning dress he usually donned. But he never takes the head of the table, as he used to do. At the corner of it, in his own dining-room, he sits abdicated, twirling his gold pencil-case on his watch-chain, as his habit was ; scanning the array much as a stranger would. Twenty years ago that place and this reticence at the table would have caused surprise ; but in the dream it appears all as it should be. The incandescence of electricity, whose steely-blue glare robs features of their wonted character, is alone comparable with the gauze through which this ghost commiseratingly peers at the momentary dwellers underneath the family portraits. About that, the particular instance resembles them all in having this nimbus, this halo about the head. They are all in a shroud of light about the faces that is of a celestial splendour vaguely suggested. It is probably the gift of the country whence they come, and seals them for its own for going back. It conceals nothing ; but it whets the curiosity when, the incantation over, the reasoning powers arrive for duty. The quailed manner, the weird illumination, the hesitation of speech, as if in dreams as well as on ramparts ghosts could tales unfold, and the restraint of habits that have been somehow corrected, incur neither remark

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nor surprise. It is, moreover, the strict rule of these seances that the dreamer and the dreamt are the exclusive objects of their design: which seems to be an idle one, for there is never any message delivered at them. It is all some kind of empty tryst. The look-in has only been a trifle when passing anyway, in accordance with which the retreat appears as spontaneous as was the advance. Even 'Good-bye!' seems superfluous, in the tacit understanding that there is no reason for any. This refusal to recognise extinction by those who have passed through the awful mysteries supplies appreciable compensation for the taciturnity of the *tête-à-tête*. It were better, however, to be frank and out with it. The smallest hint for guidance would enrich one's gratitude, and enlarge the delight of these frequent vigils. But it is a way with me they all have. Something rouses, the films drop, the sleeper turns, the clock calls four, chanticleer roars dawn, and away they go, round the angle of the street, or from where the sacraments of domestic love are perpetual in the ritual of broken fellowships thus refashioned. In days of old the impression grew ripe that where the preternatural had embassies the twilight must first have thickened. There has been no *finis* to that chapter. The dream that has the tentatively emancipated in it has inevitably the toned atmosphere. It is either in a tawny afternoon or in a shuttered apartment, as if outside the day were over; that is the staple usage. It is to be said for the dim room lights of the yet vivid displays that they are more in accord than fleeting summer glare. It has no affairs of State within such conventual expanses. Experience is in harmony with precedent that the business of dreams has founded prescriptive rights in sundown, and exacts composure for its mellowed negotiations. Thus it continues for faith that many dreams within their own conditions are rationally to be distinguished from nervous hallucination.

The moonlight lustre around the features is continually manifested by a second often-recurring visitor. They are the features of eighty-four years, in thirty of which I had shared. Our peregrinations had often been anywhere within the enthralling byways that are enclosed by Loch Maree and Grasmere, and by Iona and Lindisfarne, wherein are the pious legacies of the past in overthrown monuments and ecclesiastical ruins. These many years had summed themselves up in lustrous black eyes, wavy grey hair, and a gentle figure that had made no compromise with frailty. It had moved along with youthful agility and aged grace till the inevitable knell rang in the earthly portion. The dark serge frock-coat, the black wideawake, the tawny-white muffler that even in summer was round the throat lest the east wind was coming, are all of them fraternally at my side when taking a walk, or in front when surveying some monastic heap or Pictic *débris*. If the scene be the old hall with the decanters on the gleaming sideboard, or the

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white cloth on the shaded mahogany dinner-table, not one or the old familiar details is missing. It is just as it used to be when as yet the great mortal fact had not emerged. Where the distinction appears the difference is proclaimed. There is nothing audible of the speech, the response to which is in kind, for this frost in the air of the dream occasions no remark by me. No late intelligence is communicated, for the sense of time by the clock has been obliterated. There is no news from the other side, owing to its voiceless depths. The pallor which the face always wore, it wears in the intercourse renewed; but the moving of the lips adds nothing to what, five years ago, was the final conquest over mundane rumours. That which has been seen and heard since last we met in the flesh furnishes no story. Herein is one of the peculiarities of dreaming. The revisitor constantly stops short at death with his meanings. My old friend never had secrets from me until in these midnight calls he has renewed the desirable charm of the connection. It also never occurs to me to inquire what the talk may be in the countryside which he has joined. In actual life that would have led to a chill, for together we knew all of each other's wallets. When the pane looking east recalls the joyous fancy to hints of morning, and rouses the processes of reason to the outlook, this and the other changes in the aspect and the manner fall under vexing review; but the dream within itself occasions no criticism. If the muffler were anything but tawny-white, if the wideawake had become brown, if the impeccable linen had been somehow stained, comment, may be, would eagerly arise. But the novelties are not in the gear. They are in the additions. The form and the dress are as of old; but the look is riper without its saying so, and there is a soft violet tint, half-noon, half-dawn, around the venerable head, that has been imparted to it since the mools claimed their own.

Where is the luminary that deflects this tender effulgence through dreams on removed associates? The answer, to be even approximately near satisfaction, need be in no hurry: in the assurance that questions like-minded are plentifully in waiting. This transfiguration by aureole leads to where the mystery only deepens. My lamented ally is like all of them I ever knew. Without exception, they come back living. Many of them I have seen dressed for burial, but never in a dream. Memory, in dreaming, holds no parley with even its own evidences of mortality. It never even recognises its existence, for as yet I have never during the nightly emancipation seen a corpse. In the beaten track of inferences, that may go for little; for with others the ways of these wonders may be different. The privilege, if it be one, may be cherished as fertile of meaning in the non-extinction it implies. There is undeniable gain in having death outside the latch-key when during sleep a man becomes the sphere of nerve-centres. The look may be askance; the inaudibility of



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the conversation, on his side, may be strange ; and this filmy gauze in the level air, where the lustrous eyes are gleaming with quickened strength and fondness, may be additional—as they are—to the lineaments and the habits of the life when it was actual in full tide ; but better the grace of the departed span continuing than the invasion into the dream of the final look at the cold clay. There are states of feeling when, as the day wanes, misgiving has troubled sufferers in its fangs, and when ‘O that it were morning !’ becomes the clamorous anguish in words of fainting hearts ; but surely they are well upon whose feverish apprehensions no threat falls that death will resume its havoc in the play of the brain when the reasoning force is in abeyance. The daily allowance is indeed blest within which the undertaker and his boxes have no function. The dreamer of seventy who all his years has had a truce with death in the night-watches has lived more abundantly than many centenarians.

It will be observed of these selected gleanings from the purple distances that the sense of hearing has no share in them. Sight is the sole channel through which these witcheries repass to the quiescent faculties. The disuse of the ear and the self-sufficiency of the eye are not explicable by any known pathology. The nostrils, often sluggish in closed rooms when gas escapes, are almost every week servitors somewhere to the decrees of misadventure. In woods, when the dreamer is in them, they never catch even a whiff of wild-flower fragrance. In the recurring scenes of a homely reunion reset, they fail even with the bouquet in the centre-piece. Conjecture is quickened here by the question of what would happen were the hearing as well as the seeing on duty in dreams. If the addition to the visionary intercourse were the ear, and were in accord with the mastery of it that the eye has, obviously the moonlight effects on the features might also find audible utterance from the far-off depths. It is poetical imagery only that has brought the ear into the livery of dreamland portrayal. A traction-engine, or an express train, running through the tranquillity of the dream, would never be heard. These uproars would topple down the genius of it. The highest moral attainment is said, on undeniable authority, to be in people who walk by faith and not by sight : close at hand to which definition of operative religion would seem to be the high altitude in dreams which a man reaches who perceives old friends restored to his affections, as if death were illusory, even though with humbled expressions in apparently much-travelled gazes. The derisive commentator, who is at everybody’s door, will say that the mind of the dreamer is only at work among memories of the past. He has his answer in the fact that there is more than the past within the domain of energies that can dispense with normal methods—that, for example, see without eyes in the midnight darkness. The circle of a finger-ring symbolises æons that have end neither way,



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somewhere in the enclosure or which the dreamer lies. When the working forces of the navy are able for spade work on any one of the lines of infinitude, sight and faith will have become equivalent. Until the analysis be made about how the little eye, when all the physical conditions are against it, can make gifts of such gracious nightly charms, those who dream will liberally make acknowledgments to the enchanter who brings the light, and the sphere with it, by which to have, if only for a minute, lamented bereavements made fanciful. If its associate senses in the flesh were equal to the potency of its inscrutable agencies, the penury of denial and the sterility of doubt would exchange themselves, with the animation of new-found happiness, for the stable settlements of conviction that victoriously arise, when they do arise, like dreams, from within.

The profuse usage of dreams by authors since the world has any record of itself includes the 'Colloquies' of Robert Southey, whose testimony differs in part only. 'My serious belief,' he says, 'amounts to this: that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes, and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves.' After this gentle confession of faith, Southey supplies a disclosure, strange to my adventures, in the ejaculation before the shade of Sir Thomas More: 'Heaven forbid! [Ghosts in the open.] I have suffered so much in dreams from conversing with those whom even in sleep I knew to be departed, that an actual presence might be more than I could bear.' In this there is the advance from me of consciousness, within the dream, of the mortal event outside of it. On the other hand, I am not aware that Southey has anywhere told what he heard in his dreams. The inference is that the dream as a literary mechanism yields only what is required of it: on the principle that the ecstasies of the prophet are only what he would like to be actualised. Somewhere saying that knowledge is only reminiscence, Plato has set the fashion to the remark that prophecy is only desire. These same 'Colloquies' are excellent samples of discourses by ghosts of eminence summoned by men of genius for the censure or instruction of contemporary events in an effectual way. In arranging for the interview with the shade of More, Southey makes a sacrifice of the rule of my dreams, in the form of the composition, by which hearing is made indispensable; but there is also some approach to the coloured atmosphere of my friends in this passage. Anyhow, the coincidence may be cited. In answer to the request by More to 'examine my features well,' Montesinos observes:

My fear was considerably allayed by the benignity of his countenance, and the manner of his speech, and after looking at him steadily in the face I ventured to say, for the likeness [to Holbein's portrait] had previously struck me, 'Is it Sir Thomas More?' 'The same,' he made answer, and lifting up his chin, displayed a circle round the neck brighter in colour than the ruby. 'The marks of martyrdom,' he

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continued, 'are our insignia of honour. Fisher and I have the purple collar, as friar Forrest and Cranmer have the robe of fire.'

Montesinos, on the borderland where all men are heritors, has thus found signs to distinguish revisitants in dreams, which, though they vary in kind, agree in their ethereal character. It was due to historical accuracy that the imagery used should be appropriate to commanding incidents; but the evidence may be accepted from Southey that coloured atmospheres are the attributes of people seen in dreams, either as a memorial of grandeur through suffering or as a glory round the head above the mortal flats where sleep is still imperative to urgent industry.

The initial energy of dreaming indisputably reaches farther than that of merely mental effort. The one furnishes re-instituted domestic interiors; the other, only a handful of outside, limited, conjectures. The same ease, for example, thinks a million that thinks one; but leisure is needed for estimating the relative proportions. The mind no sooner goes than it returns with in its grasp, say, the Yukon River, or Wei-Hai-Wei, or the planet Neptune, to where, near the village common, the meditation may be browsing. Infinite space is of the smallest reckoning with the agile mental gymnast. But the same flashing Puck that in visions equally girdles the world in less than a moment conducts back friends beloved at the end of it for a scamper on the pillow. Resuscitation is the distinguishing property of unconscious cerebration. The lamented gone made real again, and the remote acquaintance laid above the coverlet, are the achievements of dreams for which the rational forces have no strength. They have wing enough for space, but no enfolding arms for sheaves. The result with them is the harvestless metaphysic of not even invoiced returned-empties. All beyond the horizon is over with them at the same passage of time that some welcome glimpse of friends far away is being had within the proscenium of the curtains. It is probably this disparity in the powers of the initial energy, found in the same bodily conditions, differentiated by sleep alone, that determines conduct in the day and roaming in the night. The same may be the cue to the discrimination by which the poet with his sonnet, the oracle with his counsel, and the prophet with his rapture, have been uniformly set apart among men for other than mental gifts—for gifts additional—ever since the mystical descended from heaven. The three gathered into the bard—for whom we have no etymology—have always been assigned the reverence that is beyond the reach of the mental commonplaces within the precincts of that weird sagacity which is not attainments. These things are moods, not opinions; feelings, not acquirements; emotions, not endeavours; impulses, not resolves. They are the man when he is not himself, the preternatural powers internal making wing to other scenes than these. The labourer when asleep

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is the representative in repose of all who live in duty, or squander in leisure : to whom alike are the capacities and the opportunities for sharing the pleasures made exquisite in dreams by the other eyes unsealed. There is not a dullard anywhere who may not be a prophet in the night, or a poet always if he choose, by the stimulation of dreams. It is the function of the apocalypse to which all flesh is heir when the sun westerns, to give to each his portion of the seductive valleys that roll between the dominating crests of Pisgah and Patmos. Continents may divide, and oceans may sunder ; death itself, we know only too well, may wrench the filial ties. It is dreams alone that keep the roof-tree unviolated by either the coffin at the door or mortality advancing, thereby elevating themselves into the sovereignty of always giving us our own old folk back again. The utmost power of the volition, as if to clinch the contrast, can bring nothing tangible from even the other side of the hill. It is because instinct has been a steadfast believer from the beginning that extinction has always been incredible. The condescension of the intellect is able only for a few matters of fact that may be carried in a saucer and classified by a trifling audit.

Those foundations are too slender to bear any superstructure of dogma. The more especially is that so because the libraries of all lands and ages, with their portents, omens, and visions, sternly refuse assistance. The angels fear to tread abashed even in 'The Little Pilgrim,' the farthest-going prescience of this century ; and where its author, the wonder-working Mrs. Oliphant, retreated, no one may presume. But the condition precedent to stupid unbelief may be said to be dreamless sleep. The man has no working tools for the day who does not toss in the night. A merciless tranquillity leaves the unfortunate to himself. The moral law suspended in dreams is mainly remarkable for its continuing in operation outside of them. It there indifferently well fulfils the social purpose of Cosmos. The conscience that makes cowards of us all has its not less effectual and more deplorable counterpart in the torpor that sheaths its dagger. It is necessary, to correct the action of obdurate self-sufficiency, to be chastised by dreams. The dual life in the infidel makes both a woe : for which reason the lost Atlantis is required to attest the sincere happiness of any spirit so forsaken. The card about that is white all over biography where scoffers have resided. The sabbath of the soul is never in any Materialist's week, owing to his maximum wage being unequal as any reward to the hideous unrest of Tantalus. It takes classical fare for classical ordeals ; but manna falls no longer on miraculous impiety. A sovereign remedy for misgiving is concord with the balance of probabilities, about which valuable hints are given in the solitude that is most frequented. The man in doubt who plays dreams will have, for failure in the consequence, the excellent precedent that even in historical days the fortunes of nations

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were lost and won by dreams. In Rome, when the sum of the virtues was courage, Calphurnia's dreams occasioned to Cæsar the noble soliloquy : ' If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then because I am willing it shall be then, nor shall I escape it because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how, I am to die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow ? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. Cæsar has not yet died ; Cæsar is prepared to die.' The dreams were true, for with to-morrow went Cæsar to the gods.

Accumulated experience has not as yet, in formulæ, substituted dreams for any creed ; but in attendance are the comparatively neglected imagination to be fired and the cloudland of faithful endurance to be cheered. The controlling family party of unseen and unwritten laws by which careers have, on reflection, very little to do with themselves, are often at our feet—in our arms—when least observed. You give it space, for example, and the biased bowl comes home. Lot's wife was caught into salt in the act of yearning for the old tent. It is this predilection of the affections that makes them reasonably immortal. He who objects to the word as too strident forgets that human speech is incommensurate with the still faint but always pursuing human longing. Egyptian philosophy had shared that aspiration before as yet the religious form of it in the West had put limitations upon its range. In its transmigration of souls is found the divine charity which embraces all animated beings as fellow creatures having more than this transient life. The dog dreaming of happy hunting-grounds on the generous hearth, and his companion, the horse, dozing in the stall over fresh pastures on remote meadows—the vision of Pythagoras in distant ages—are of the larger brotherhood by whom the whole creation groaneth in the pain that ' never is but always to be blest.' It is Dryden who for the common folk makes all kin from the stately Latin of those ancient days.

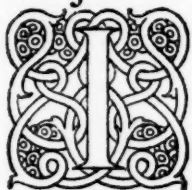
All things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,  
By time, or force, or sickness, dispossess'd,  
And lodges where it lights, in man or beast.

Finally, the authority of Milton is to be quoted for the introduction, in a dream, of Eve to Adam before she was made : by which is the conjecture flattered that rehabilitation from the results of her subsequent misconduct may be foreshadowed to her posterity through the same continuing medium. If that way Paradise was Lost ; in that way is Paradise always being Regained.



## NAPOLEON

BY JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS



MUST glance at the state of the Art of War, and of the conditions relating to it, during the period between the close of the Seven Years War and the appearance of Napoleon on the stage of events. Thirty years elapsed from the Peace of Hubertsburg to the beginning of the tremendous conflict in which the French Revolution involved Europe. On the Continent this was, for the most part, a season of repose ; tranquillity generally prevailed from the Seine to the Po, and from the Rhine to the Vistula. Central Germany was threatened, indeed, for a moment by the long quarrel between the Austrian and Prussian Monarchies ; but Frederick made, in 1778, his last essay in arms, and was driven out of Bohemia by Loudon and Lacy ; Russia advanced to the Euxine and beyond the Tanais, steadily carrying out the policy of Peter the Great ; Austria maintained, for years, a fitful struggle with the Turk ; a great contest was witnessed across the Atlantic, as the American Republic came into being. But these wars, as a rule, were outside the theatres of the great wars of the preceding centuries ; and France, the Bellona of Europe, took no part in them, except in her maritime strife with England. During this period of comparative peace few changes were made in the composition or the size of armies, and in the theory or the practice of war, as these were understood in the highest places ; the military routine of the past prevailed, as was seen after the long Peace which followed 1815. The armed strength of Russia, indeed, was greatly augmented ; her armies, though still inferior to those of the other great Powers in organisation and skill in manœuvre, became very different, under a real chief, Suvoroff, from the armed hordes which had opposed Frederick ; her artillery had distinctly improved. The French army, too, though still in decline, and revealing the weakness and decay of the State, was made better than the army of Soubise and Clermont, which had disgraced itself at Rossbach and Minden ; it was still preyed upon by an effete aristocratic caste : but it had learned something in the American War ; progress was apparent in the three arms ; its artillery had regained, in some degree, its ancient renown. Still, on the whole, the armed forces of Europe, leaving out of account the Russian army, remained very much as they had been when Frederick disappeared from the scene, and, in some instances, had shown symptoms of decline. The Austrian army, with its fine cavalry, its bad infantry, and its good artillery, continued unchanged. The British army, after Saratoga and Yorktown, was of little account in the opinion of Europe ; and, though its soldiery retained the high qualities of the race, the abuses in it were many and grave. The great Prussian army, which had risen to the

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topmost height of fame, in the desperate trial of the Seven Years War, was still certainly the best of European armies ; but it had felt the loss of its master-spirit, Frederick, and it was already living on the traditions of a glorious past. For the rest, the generals of this period were nearly all veterans of the Seven Years War ; their ideas and conceptions of the military art were those formed in that great contest ; the strategy of Frederick, and his tactics, especially his peculiar system of attack, were deemed the perfection of skill in war ; and no change had been effected in the methods by which armies were maintained and moved in the field. It was still thought necessary to accumulate huge magazines on lines of operations, even in the most fertile lands ; and the impedimenta of every army, on a march, were enormous.

During this period of European repose, great changes, important although normal, arose in the different States of the Continent, and even, to a certain extent, in England, which ultimately were deeply to affect war. Under the influences of peace, of expanding commerce, of the growth of inventions of many kinds, the population of every country increased ; this was seen notably in Germany, and even in France, wasted as both nations had long been by the terrible strife of nearly two centuries. The means of communication, at the same time, were multiplied and remarkably improved ; and agriculture, sustained by the industry of the great towns, made rapid and very striking progress. These phenomena were noticed by many observers of the day ; experience was before long to show what effects they might produce as regards the military art ; and they did not escape the attention of writers on the theory and the practice of contemporaneous war. These commentators, however, were inferior men ; they did not distinctly perceive how these changes could be turned to account in the conduct of armies, and generally in operations in the field. The armed strength of States, they felt, would be much augmented ; but it was likely that the number of separate armies would increase, rather than that individual armies would grow in size. The opening of new roads and the frequent bridging of rivers would not so much facilitate decisive movements as make lines of operations more numerous ; the development of agriculture and of the means of subsistence would not dispense with the necessity of great magazines for the support of armies. A theory for the large operations of war was formed, and even had many advocates, which no great commander has ever followed, a theory the errors of which were to become manifest. War, as far as possible, was to be conducted by separate armies, acting apart, and operating on a great variety of points ; certain lines were to be assailed and defended ; dispersion rather than concentration was to be an object upon the theatre ; what was called the cordon system was to be adopted ; decisive movements



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were not to be much regarded ; yet generals were to be hampered and burdened, as had been the case when they had had to advance through waste tracts that could not feed their troops. This theory, founded on principles essentially false, tended to make strategy feeble and timid ; this tendency was strengthened by a widespread belief that the era of wars was coming to an end ; and these ideas found not a little support among the younger soldiers of the time, if not much recognised in the highest places. As regards tactics, the attack in oblique order invented by Frederick still held the field ; and the Prussian order of battle, discipline, and drill, were still adopted in nearly all European armies. Speculation, however, had here too been not wanting ; and the experience of the American war had suggested that Frederick's outflanking movement in line might be successfully encountered by flexible close columns, preceded and covered by swarms of skirmishers.

In 1792 the French Revolution burst on a terrified world, threatening to overthrow the old order of Europe. Reckless audacity was the characteristic of the men in power in Paris ; and in the tremendous stirring of the human mind that followed, wild theories prevailed in most spheres of thought and of action. In 1793-94, while the allied hosts were gathering slowly round France, the Regicide Republic, turning to account the growth of the population within late years, flung its fourteen armies upon the menaced frontier ; an armed nation, fired with enthusiastic ardour, defied the trained armies of the League of Europe. The spectacle was amazing and grand ; but had the Coalition really acted in concert, and had its forces been rightly directed, the efforts of wild patriotism would have proved fruitless. Paris must have fallen soon after Neerwinden. But the allies were divided in mind and in policy. The German Powers had their eyes set on Poland ; England was thinking of reconquering Dunkirk ; Austria and Prussia regarded each other with distrust. The League did not nearly put forth its strength. The military operations of the invaders, above all, were tentative, feeble, halting, slow ; they were powerfully affected, too, by the new strategic theories. The theatre of the war was, no doubt, vast : it extended along the whole borders of France. But, though the forces of the Coalition were very large, they were much too widely disseminated to strike with decisive results. The armies of the League were split into fractions, acting on separate and distant lines, without easy communication and mutual support ; they advanced in comparatively small bodies, each selecting different points of attack ; they were never concentrated for a determined movement ; they wasted their power in disconnected efforts. As of old, too, they were embarrassed by immense magazines, unnecessary in an open and fertile country ; the impedimenta that kept them back were enormous ; accordingly, their marches were extremely

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slow, when celerity was of supreme importance. As to the strategy of the French, it was not much better. Carnot made, indeed, a few good projects; but the 'organiser of victory' was not a great commander. Nearly all the operations of the Republican chiefs were conducted on the principles of the chiefs whom they opposed. In one respect, however, the French armies gained a distinct advantage. They threw off the routine of magazines, flung themselves, like hordes, on the tracts of land they entered, and lived on the spoil gathered together on the spot. This system, injurious as it was to order and discipline, gave facility and quickness to operations in the field, and often disconcerted and baffled the allies. With respect to the tactics of these campaigns, the armies of the Coalition followed the old methods: the Prussians usually attacked in the oblique order; the Austrians, on the defensive, adhered to the example set by Daun. The French, on the contrary, adapted their modes of fighting to the vast but ill-trained masses that had been called into the field; borrowing from lessons learned across the Atlantic, they assailed their enemies in close columns, putting their best troops in the front of these, and covering the attacks with scattered clouds of skirmishers. These onslaughts, urged with the *furia francese*, were often effective, in the highest degree, against troops in cumbrous formations and seldom well handled, especially in broken and difficult ground.

In the first years of the French Revolutionary War, the art was thus in a chaotic state, affected by shallow and false theories, a confused medley of the present and the past. But the hour was at hand, and the man who was to give order to these disturbed elements was to appear; to raise war, so to speak, to a higher plane, to give it a development and a scientific splendour unknown in any preceding age. I cannot dwell on the early years of Napoleon, though the growth of genius should always be carefully studied. The son of an obscure Corsican, he was, nevertheless, a gentleman; he had little in common with Revolutionary France. In Paoli he had, before his eyes, in his boyhood, the example of a true soldier and man of action. At Brienne and the École Militaire his faculty of thought and calculation became manifest; and, though not precociously learned in books, he impressed his teachers with an undefined sense of power. He dabbled in literature for a time, to little purpose, showing a predilection for the fanciful dreams of Rousseau; but when he was launched in the career of arms, he attracted the notice of his superiors from the first, and mastered military knowledge of every kind. He had been brought up wholly for the calling of war, and was ignorant of the world of politics, a condition not without its effects afterwards; but he studied history deeply, and, even in early life, had acquired some of the information a statesman should possess. After experiences in Corsica, still ill explained, he took

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the side of the French Republic against Paoli ; and he served in the French artillery with some distinction before he made his first remarkable essay in arms. His skill in perceiving the decisive point on a theatre of war, one of the most striking of his strategic gifts, was conspicuously seen at the siege of Toulon: he indicated instantly how the place was to be reduced. His plan, too, for assailing the Allies in Italy in 1794 prefigured his immortal campaign of 1796-7; his energy and decision were made apparent in the admirable measures by which he put down the revolt of the Sections in 1795. The most striking proof of his genius in these years, perhaps, was his celebrated project to invade Austria from the valley of the Adige, and to march on Vienna ; in spite of mediocrities who pronounced it insane, its author carried it out in all but completeness. In 1796, at the age of twenty-seven, Napoleon received the command of the army of Italy. From this point his career of wonders began. Within a few months Northern Italy was at his feet ; the military power of Austria had been broken by his sword ; he had dictated peace within sight of the chief town of the Empire.

Napoleon was the master spirit of the age, during the era of European conflict that followed, as Hannibal was the master spirit of the Second Punic War. He raised the armies of France out of the state of decline, into which they had fallen since the War of the Spanish Succession, to the highest point of military renown ; the Tricolour, in his hands, waved over Madrid and Moscow ; his arm struck Austria, Prussia, and Russia down ; he bestrode, like a colossus, a subdued continent. His reverses, nevertheless, were as great as his triumphs ; his fall was as rapid and wonderful as his rise ; his genius flashed out grandly in his last struggle with Europe ; but he finally succumbed on the field of Waterloo. I cannot, even in outline, retrace the campaigns of Napoleon in a sketch like this ; but I shall endeavour briefly to indicate his excellences and defects in war, and to point out his place among the masters of his art. It is one of the most striking proofs of his original genius that the moment he was at the head of an army he scattered to the winds the false theories which, I have said, had been forming with respect to the principles of war. Concentration on the theatre, or on the field of battle, as distinguished from dispersion, was notable in Napoleon's strategy. He summarily rejected and proved the errors of disconnected operations on widely distant lines ; of the cordon system, under any conditions ; of the advance of armies in separate fractions ; of invading or of defending positions by disseminating force weakly over great intervals of space ; he insisted that an army should be always in its commander's hands, as much as possible, on the scene of action, at least when decisive events were impending. He carried out these principles, usually with extraordinary success, in nearly all

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his campaigns from Montenotte to Waterloo. He pounced upon Beaulieu and Colli, when far from each other ; assailed them with his united forces ; and, though very inferior in numerical strength, was superior at the points of contact in the field, and defeated his antagonists in quick succession. So it was in his splendid operations against Alvinzi and Wurmser: he opposed collected to divided force ; and he emerged a victor, after a series of movements never surpassed even in his marvellous career. So it was, too, in his campaigns of 1800 and 1805, though this peculiar excellence is less apparent : he seized central positions between disunited enemies, and placed the mass of his forces upon them. We see the results in Marengo, in Ulm, and in Austerlitz. And his operations in 1815 were on the same principles, although the result was altogether different. He assembled his army upon a narrow front ; directed it in collective strength against Blucher and Wellington, whose armies were dangerously scattered along the Belgian frontier ; at the outset he gained success of the most important kind ; and, but for accidents that cannot be noticed here, he would certainly have defeated his foes, who were enormously superior in numbers. The value of concentration in war was never more distinctly seen than in the campaign of 1815.

In two other respects Napoleon exploded the unsound theories I have already glanced at. He perceived from the outset how the improvement in the means of communication which had been made could be turned to advantage in the operations of war ; but he considered the effects from a point of view opposed to that of the shallow commentators of the day. He saw that the multiplication and the opening of roads and the increase of bridges over the large rivers would assist the march of armies. 'Separate your forces to march, keeping them well in hand,' was one of his favourite maxims in war. The facilities of communication that had followed the progress of the age gave him the means of carrying out this principle with astonishing effect. We see this, perhaps, most distinctly in his campaigns of 1805 and 1815. The many roads and bridges between Brittany and the north of Germany, which led across the Rhine and the Maine to the Danube, enabled Napoleon to collect with extraordinary speed and precision the armies that imprisoned Mack within Ulm ; the roads that united the French and Belgian frontiers gave him an opportunity to spring in a moment on Blucher and Wellington. Turenne, Marlborough, Eugene, Frederick, great generals as they were, could not have executed such brilliant and decisive movements ; the inferiority of the communications in their time would have made this impossible. Napoleon often derived immense advantage from the progress made by agriculture since the Seven Years War ; and here he only improved on examples that had been set before. Like the first generals of



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the Revolution in France, he abandoned the system of vast magazines on which armies depended on lines of march; he trusted for the support of his troops mainly on the supplies they could collect on the spot. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that he had not magazines at points of his operations in the field; but these were comparatively small, and always formed from what could be gathered together in the surrounding country. Napoleon, in a word, organised rapine with the most successful results; he contrived to support his armies on what they could quickly bring in, and on what they could store up in their rapid marches; this gave his movements a freedom and a celerity never witnessed before. Shaking off, as it were, the cumbrous hindrances of another age, he compared his march to the Po, in 1796, with the 'rush of an Apennine torrent'; his veteran adversaries, men of the old routine, ruefully complained 'that this young general could be here, there, and everywhere,' while 'they did not know how to find and strike him.'

Napoleon thus dissipated the false ideas, as to operations in the field, which had been growing up; and, with extraordinary insight and skill, adapted the new conditions of war to the art. This, however, was only one of the many instances of the transcendent excellences of this great captain. In combining and conducting the large movements of war Napoleon was the most original and the first of strategists. He possessed, in very amplest measure, imagination and calculating power; these faculties gave his military conceptions their peculiar splendour, and assured them success in many a grand passage of arms. I have referred to his project of invading Austria in 1796; in his subsequent campaigns his plans were equally bold and brilliant, even when, from a variety of causes, they did not end in triumphs. In 1800 he sees the importance of Switzerland as a kind of sallyport, from which he can issue on the German and Italian plains; he crosses the Alps, admirably masking the movement, descends on the rear on Melas, and wins Marengo; Italy is reconquered in a march and a battle; and had Moreau been equal to his task, the military power of Austria would have been destroyed in Swabia. In 1805 he marches from the Channel to the distant Danube; hems in and shuts up Mack in Ulm before the Russians can join his paralysed foe; pushes on to Vienna; invades Moravia; and at Austerlitz strikes down the allied armies on the extreme verge of the Austrian Empire. So it is in 1806-7. He falls on Prussia before she can obtain the aid of the Czar; annihilates the old army of Frederick on the field of Jena; and though checked in his career for a moment, scatters the Muscovite hordes at Friedland, and dictates peace at Tilsitt on the Niemen, the limit of Old Europe. In 1809 he is surprised by Austria, but rallies his forces with marvellous skill; he descends for the second time on Vienna; and, though he meets a rebuff at Aspern and Essling, he

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crosses the Danube in the face of his enemy, after a series of movements unsurpassed of their kind, and finally triumphs on the great day of Wagram. I shall point out afterwards how, in some instances, Napoleon's imagination overcame his judgment, and his projects were too ambitious and vast ; but in more than one of his unsuccessful campaigns his strategy is marked by the same grandeur, combined with the same clear conception of what was to be done in the field. In 1814 he opposes a single front of defence to the twofold allied line of invasion ; manœuvring between the Marne and the Seine, he defeats his adversaries over and over again ; and had Paris remained true to him, his last great stroke at the communications of the hostile armies might not impossibly have had very great results, and have forced the Coalition to repass the Rhine. Then, in 1815, his strategy, in conception, is worthy of him. He perceives at a glance the errors in the dispositions of Blucher and Wellington ; he falls, with admirable quickness and energy, on their exposed centre ; and had he been equal in bodily strength to his old self, and his lieutenants had done what he had a right to expect, he would have triumphed, inferior as he was in force.

The most distinctive excellence of Napoleon's conceptions in war, could we bring them under a single formula, was, no doubt, his wonderful perception of the decisive points on which to operate on a field of manœuvre. We see this in his career from first to last, whether in Italy, in Germany, in Russia, in France, or in Belgium ; this master faculty appears in all his campaigns ; it has been noticed and recognised by all critics ; it was, perhaps, a principal cause of his astonishing success. But conceptions, he has told us, are as nothing to execution in war : the finest plans are worthless if not adequately carried out. The execution of this great chief's projects was equal to the design in most of his campaigns. Prompt decision, seconding clear and profound perception, was one great excellence of Napoleon, as a strategist, in the field. He sees at a glance the importance of the line of the Adige ; he never relaxes his efforts until he has seized it. He raises the siege of Mantua at a moment's notice, for this, he feels, is his only chance of safety ; for the same reason he abandons Verona, and places his army, within a few hours, on the dykes of Arcola. He does not hesitate to cross the Alps, for beyond them is the great prize of Italy ; he suddenly gives up his plan of invading England, and hastens to the Danube to attack her allies ; for through these England can, he believes, be assailed with the best results. So it was in his campaigns until 1812. After this time his energy is less manifest, and his insight seems to diminish. Another of Napoleon's gifts was his admirable craft in concealing his designs, and keeping them hidden from the enemy until the last moment. As a master of stratagem he is without an equal in modern war. He completely deceives Austria in 1800 ; assembles his army behind the



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screen of the Alps, and falls on Melas, ignorant of the approach of his enemy ; he bewilders Mack by demonstrations in 1805 ; in 1815 he draws his forces together, under the beard, so to speak, of Blücher and Wellington, and all but surprises them, resting secure in their camps. Akin to this gift was his strategic dexterity when he was in difficult straits : we need only refer to the marvellous resource shown in the night march to the Adige at Arcola ; to the fine operations that preceded Rivoli and plucked safety and success out of danger ; to the extrication at the Beresina of a ruined army ; to the efforts made after Brienne and La Rothière, when all seemed hopeless but to the eye of genius. The greatest, however, of Napoleon's excellences, in giving his strategy effect, was his perfect intelligence and untiring energy in carrying out his plans, even in their minutest details, and the extraordinary care he took in guarding his communications and lines of retreat.

We may now glance at some of the strategic methods most characteristic of Napoleon in the conduct of war. Always aiming at concentration as opposed to dispersion, he repeatedly manœuvred to gain a central position between adversaries standing apart, and then to strike them in detail one after the other. This was his celebrated system of 'interior lines,' raised by Jomini into a kind of philosophy ; the possession of the shorter lines on the theatre enabled him to turn against divided foes in succession. The first great author of this mode of strategy, which has produced grand examples of the military art, was the deep-thinking and far-seeing Turenne. In 1646, and again in 1672-3, that great chief moved with remarkable effect between enemies disunited and distant ; but, largely owing to the differences of war in two ages, Turenne could not achieve what Napoleon achieved, and his operations were less marked by genius. I may notice the main incidents of the campaigns in which Napoleon, with very dissimilar results, placed himself between hostile enemies and struck at both. At the beginning of 1796, he makes a feint against Beaulieu and separates him from Colli, already far off ; he then breaks in on the enemy's centre, and, having rent it asunder at Montenotte, he beats his baffled antagonists in detail, forces them away from each other in eccentric retreat, and, though his army was very inferior in numbers, becomes master of Piedmont in a few days. So it was with his magnificent operations on the Adige. He flings himself between the columns of Wurmser, sure of crushing him with his overpowering forces ; he moves against, and hurls back, Quasdanovich ; he then turns triumphantly against Wurmser, routs him at Castiglione, with decisive results, and drives him beyond the Lake of Garda, completely defeated. The same fortune attends Alvinzi, though the contest is more severe and doubtful ; Napoleon takes a central position between the Austrian chiefs, and, operating against them with astonishing skill,

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at last strikes Alvinzi down, on the great day of Rivoli, though the French army was inferior to its enemy from first to last. We see the same fine strategy in 1814, though Napoleon is overpowered, partly through treason, in the ultimate issue. He seizes a line of vantage between the hosts of the Allies; and while he holds Schwartzenburg in check on the Seine, he turns against Blucher spread along the Marne, and routs him at Vauchamps and Montmirail. Leaving the Prussian chief, he assails Schwartzenburg, completely defeats the Austrians at Montereau, and actually compels the allies, who thought they had France in their grasp, to sue for an armistice in order to effect their retreat. These splendid operations are carried out again. Napoleon pursues Blucher from the Marne to the Aime, holding Schwartzenburg, with part of his army, fast; and, but for the unfortunate surrender of Soissons, the old Marshal would almost certainly have been caught and destroyed. Wellington, an excellent critic of war, thought these moves of Napoleon the finest exhibitions of his strategic powers; he has even expressed an opinion that but for Napoleon's over-confidence and eagerness to close with enemies he despised, the allies might have been forced to fall back beyond the Rhine.

Pernaps, however, the most remarkable instance of Napoleon's operations between divided foes was seen in the campaign of 1815, though fatal disaster was the final result. The two armies of Blucher and Wellington were dangerously scattered along the Belgian frontiers; their centre, where their inner flanks met, was weak; the headquarters of the allied generals were far from each other; Wellington had a fixed idea to cover his right. Seeing his opportunity, with the eye of genius, Napoleon falls on the allied centre; he has but 128,000 against 220,000 men; but had his efforts been as successful as they ought to have been, the exposed corps of Zieten would have been broken up on June 15; the points of Quatre Bras and Sombreffe would have been occupied, and Blucher and Wellington would have been kept completely and widely apart. The situation, nevertheless, was full of high promise. Napoleon, in possession of interior lines, had already gained an immense advantage; the allies even now were most perilously exposed. June 16 ought to have beheld the ruin of Blucher; in fact, Ligny would have been a second Jena but for the misconduct of Ney and D'Erlon; in that event Wellington could have hardly escaped. But Napoleon's lieutenants were inferior to their former selves; Ney, who ought to have defeated Wellington at Quatre Bras, had he simply drawn his forces together, and ought to have annihilated Blucher by falling on his rear, was wretchedly inefficient, and disobeyed his orders; D'Erlon, too, and even Reille, were greatly to blame. Nevertheless, Napoleon retains the advantage he has won. Blucher is forced away in eccentric retreat from Sombreffe; but for events still imperfectly explained,

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especially for the lethargy of illness which enfeebled Napoleon, Wellington should have met a disaster on the 17th. On the 18th, Napoleon's chances were less ; but strategically he had still the better position. He had detached Grouchy to interpose between the allied leaders ; Wellington was in his front with an army inferior in force ; Blucher was at Wavre far away from his colleague, and separated by a most difficult country. The great fight of Waterloo begins. Grouchy, the luckless commander of the restraining wing, altogether fails to fulfil his mission ; he keeps aloof from the main French army, and does not even attempt to stand between the allied armies ; the Prussians contrive to reach Waterloo, though Grouchy could have prevented the movement ; Napoleon is crushed at last by overwhelming numbers. All honour is due to Wellington for a magnificent defence ; to the steadfastness of the British and German soldiery ; to the heroism and resolution of Blucher, though the march from Wavre was ill directed ; but had Grouchy acted with the simplest insight, the allied armies could not have effected their junction, and Waterloo could not have been a catastrophe for France. At all events, notwithstanding the result, the campaign of 1815 is a grand illustration of the operations of a great chief between divided enemies ; on the 16th and the 17th of June the success of Napoleon, weak as his army was, must have been decisive, but for mere accidents.

Another of Napoleon's most striking strategic methods was seen in his strokes at the communications and the rear of a hostile army. I shall refer to these operations in three of his campaigns ; they are all marked by the same insight and resource. In 1800 the main army of Austria threatens Alsace from the Swabian plains ; another great army is thrown forward to the Genoese seaboard, and is destined to invade Provence from the Var. Napoleon, holding Switzerland, directs Moreau to fall on the communications of Kray, at Schaffhausen, to cut off his retreat, and to crush him upon the Danube ; and had Moreau been a great chief, this result would assuredly have been accomplished. Meanwhile, the First Consul crosses the Alps, his purpose kept concealed with wonderful skill ; he sweeps down to the Po, crosses the great river, seizes the communications of Melas with the Adige, and, having brought him to bay at Marengo, compels the Austrian army to abandon its hold on Italy. This was perhaps the most dazzling of Napoleon's feats ; his strategy four years afterwards, if perhaps less brilliant, was quite as masterly, and even more successful. In the autumn of 1805, Mack had approached the heads of the Danube ; his design was to invade France, with the support of a Russian army, by the old line of invasion through the Black Forest. At this time the Emperor's armies were spread along the shores of the Channel and the North Sea, from Brittany to the verge of Hanover. Mack hardly reckoned

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upon any attack ; he believed that the only attack possible would be through the valley of the Kinzig, against his front. But Napoleon draws the Grand Army together along the immense distances it had held ; his march is one of extraordinary speed ; he deceives Mack by false movements towards the Black Forest ; and then, combining the advance of his great masses with precision and forethought, worthy of himself, he strikes the communications and rear of his foe, cuts him off from his allies, imprisons him in Ulm, and forces him to surrender with the main part of his army, the other parts having been almost wholly destroyed. The third great move of the kind was seen in 1814. It failed, partly owing to political events ; but it was marked by the same strategic genius, and excellent judges have thought it might have been successful. After his fine operations on the Marne and the Seine, his army being greatly reduced in force, Napoleon resolves to recruit it from his garrisons in Lorraine ; he falls back towards the Marne and the Moselle, his purpose being to seize the communications of the Allies, and to strangle them, so to speak, in the centre of France. The Coalition, however, marched on Paris, which opened her gates after a single battle. Marmont, to his eternal dishonour, betrayed his master ; the great captain's sword was stricken out of his hand. I cannot bring myself to think that this great movement could have been successful ; but it terrified the Allies to the last moment, even if it was the expiring effort of genius.

Notwithstanding defects I shall point out afterwards, Napoleon, I repeat, was the first of strategists. In this, the grandest sphere of the military art, he has no equal in modern war. Hannibal alone can be compared to him—Hannibal, rightly called the inventor of scientific strategy, and the greatest of all generals in his successor's judgment. In the less notable, but most important, sphere of tactics, Napoleon holds a place of very high eminence ; but here he has had rivals, some have thought superiors. He was in supreme command at too early an age to have thoroughly understood the uses of the three arms ; he left his cavalry and infantry to be handled by lieutenants ; in artillery alone was he a perfect master. General Thiébault, a very able tactician, has written that Napoleon had hardly any knowledge of what may be called the lesser tactics in the great campaigns of 1796-7 ; and he was never completely familiar with this inferior branch of the art ; his writings show that he rather despised it. But in the province of the higher tactics, where strategy and tactics run into each other, the superiority of the great captain almost, if not quite, reappears. In spite of certain drawbacks to be briefly noticed, Napoleon was most admirable, as a rule, on the field of battle, full of resource, insight, and sometimes astonishing skill. In his tactics, as in his strategy, he nearly always seized the decisive points on the scene of action ; and he brought



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force to bear on them with clear perception and energy that never tired. He all but invariably took the offensive in the field ; his attacks for the most part were finely designed and effective. His predilection was for a central attack as it was for a central strategic movement. Thus at Austerlitz, at Ligny, at Waterloo, and in many other instances, his principal efforts were made against the enemy's centre. But these attacks were, with scarcely an exception, combined with movements against the hostile flank or rear, often intended to produce the decisive result ; we see this markedly at Bautzen, at Ligny, and, with less clearness, at Wagram. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that Napoleon's tactics had anything like the mannerism of those of Frederick. If he usually aimed at the hostile centre, they were sometimes mainly directed against one or both wings, should the nature of the ground or accidents make this advisable. Thus at Jena, and at Dresden, he made his chief onslaught on his adversaries' flanks, striking at their centre with comparatively little force ; in a word, like all great tacticians, he adapted his attacks to what he judged would gain him the greatest success, regard being especially had to the decisive points in the field. It should be added that Napoleon's attacks were marked by a determination and a sustained vigour which seemed to command victory.

Unlike Louvois and Turenne, unlike Moltke and Roon, Napoleon had never an opportunity to create and organise a great army during long years of peace. His writings at St. Helena, however, prove that it was in him to do this work ; indeed, if we except the changes caused by modern inventions in war, he anticipated all that Moltke and Roon achieved. Napoleon received the armies which the French Revolution had formed ; he had no time, in an age of incessant war, to fashion them into perfect instruments of the art. They retained much of their original character throughout his reign ; they had too much in common with armed hordes, formidable in celerity and power, indeed, but addicted to rapine, and not thoroughly trained ; their regimental officers were often ignorant and unfit for their work ; the service of their staff was far from good ; some of Napoleon's generals and marshals could hardly write a clear despatch. The Emperor, however, greatly improved these ill-compacted arrays ; he established the system of *corps d'armée*, sustained by large reserves of cavalry and guns, uniting into these brigades and divisions. This was an organisation which has ever since formed a model for Continental armies ; and in his earlier and best campaigns he substituted lighter and more flexible columns for the unwieldy masses of 1793-94, though, owing to the decline of his infantry through the devouring waste of war, he returned to the cumbrous formations of the past, invariably unsuccessful against the British line. The genius of organisation for war, in which Napoleon excelled, was made most manifest in his rapid creations of military



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forces in sudden emergencies ; his originality, his dexterity, his attention to details, his indefatigable energy, had here full scope. In efforts of this kind he has had no equal. In 1803-4-5 he collects a large flotilla at the mouths of the great French rivers, and arrays it along the coast at Boulogne, having made it invulnerable to the British cruisers ; he then assembles the Grand Army along the shores of the Channel, his preparations for effecting the descent exhibiting the greatest ingenuity, care, and precaution ; and though the enterprise failed through the superiority of the enemy's fleets, it reveals a faculty of organisation of the very highest kind. So it was in Napoleon's arrangements for invading Russia. Here, again, he was discomfited with the worst results ; but all that forethought and capacity could do was done ; and who shall say what might have been the event but for the fires of Moscow ? The most astonishing of efforts of this kind, however, was the creation, largely out of mere levies, of the armies which in 1813 and 1815 confronted the hosts of embattled Europe, and more than once gained extraordinary success. On both occasions France abounded, no doubt, in fine elements of military power, and the French are a martial and a brave race ; but it was Napoleon, and Napoleon alone, who put together and carried into the field the legions which triumphed at Bautzen and Dresden, and, at Waterloo, all but wrested victory from Fate.

One of the choicest gifts of a master of war is the scarcely definable faculty of command, and of gaining the sympathy of the army he leads. This is partly due to strength of character and firmness of purpose, partly to the moral influence which belongs to genius. These high qualities, we see through the night of ages, were possessed by Hannibal in the very highest degree : from the Trebbia to Zama his troops of many races and tongues bowed submissively to his will, and made him their idol. The Tenth Legion was Cæsar's peculiar favourite ; but whether in Gaul or in Italy, or in the last campaigns, in which he struck down the Patriciate of Rome, he was alike obeyed and beloved by his soldiers. So it was with Parma and Henry IV. ; and few generals have had such devoted followers as Wallenstein and the famous Lion of the North. Fanatical enthusiasm, no doubt, added to the influence of Cromwell over his Puritan host ; but he was its absolute, trusted, and revered master. Turenne's army gave him the name of Father ; the impressionable French soldiery were, so to speak, spellbound by Condé. Marlborough, too, had these gifts in the amplest measure, gifts partly denied by nature to Wellington. Corporal John was faithfully looked up to and loved in his camp, whether he was at the head of Dutch, English, or German troops. But of all the commanders of whom we have real knowledge Napoleon perhaps had the greatest power alike in ruling an army in the field and in making the hearts of his men his own. We see these faculties in him

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throughout his career. The ill-disciplined and reckless army of Italy was in a few weeks at the feet of the youthful Bonaparte, and made him an object almost of worship. It was the same with the Emperor whether in victory or in defeat, whether at Austerlitz or at the Beresina : he was the god of the idolatry of his soldiery in 1815. Some killed themselves during the rout of Waterloo : they would not survive the ruin of their chief. This kind of fascination has been ascribed by Napoleon's detractors to his habit of appealing to evil passions of human nature : he gave a free rein to rapine, to licence, to spoliation in war. But in these respects he was less to blame than almost all his companions in arms. The secret was far more due to his peculiar authority in command, the confidence his presence inspired in the field, his recognition of merit wherever it was to be found, the constant attention he gave to the needs of his troops, the familiar and kindly intercourse he had with them, and the magic of his addresses before his battles. The attitude of Napoleon to his chief officers was quite different. It was usually stern, severe, reserved ; he made them feel that they were his mere dependents. This was perhaps inevitable in the case of a crowned soldier raised over subordinates once equals. He rather overawed his marshals and generals than made them friends, though for many years their obedience was almost slavish, with consequences often disadvantageous to his arms.

The greatest genius, however, is not without defects. These appear plainly in passages of Napoleon's career. What may be called a notable part of his military system failed when the necessary conditions of success were wanting. His rapid marches, unencumbered by large magazines through fertile countries, with good roads and bridges, were hardly ever successful in Russia and Poland. In his strategy, too, over-confidence sometimes appears—perhaps his chief intellectual and moral fault ;—and some of his later campaigns are marked by what must be called extravagance. He was the mightiest offspring of the French Revolution. This gigantic upheaval, we have said, was characterised by the reckless audacity and the wild theories that prevailed in France ; we see traces of these influences in war even in Napoleon. England had not the command of the Mediterranean when he landed in Egypt ; but he might have anticipated that she would regain it, and make the enterprise in the long run hopeless. Though good judges have taken an opposite view, it is difficult to suppose that, in any event, Napoleon could have marched from the Nile to the Indus, and 'taken Constantinople in reverse.' The Emperor had more chances of invading England than shallow naval experts will admit ; but the chances on the whole were distinctly against him, and had he landed on our shores he could not have overcome the nation. When Napoleon had overrun the Continent, and his vast domination

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appeared established, his military projects were often too ambitious and beyond what even his arms could accomplish. His invasion of Russia was admirably designed ; but he defied nature and space in his advance to Moscow. Even had he found winter quarters in the place, he could hardly have subdued the Russian Empire. His overconfidence and extravagance became very manifest when his military power was shattered after the catastrophe of 1812. He triumphed at Bautzen and Dresden in 1813 ; but he could not have overcome the hosts of Europe with armies comparatively weak and full of rude levies ; his position on the Elbe was in many respects insecure ; and the contest ended in the ruin of Leipzig. So, too, even in the magnificent campaign of 1814, Napoleon underrated the power of his enemies, overrated his own, and was too sanguine. He struck for an Empire practically lost ; he would not recall Eugene from Italy ; he did not sufficiently diminish his armies in Spain ; he tried to retain his hold on Holland and Belgium. Had he concentrated between the Marne and the Seine the forces he left scattered in other parts of the theatre he might have broken up the Coalition, at least for a time ; but he would not believe that he could not regain an ascendancy passed away for ever. The words he let drop after Montmirail, 'Another step and we shall be over the Vistula,' reveal how his judgment had been perverted. From 1812 to 1814, as Charras has truly said, 'the marvellous conceptions of the strategist were marred by the conqueror's insensate policy.' And this is the true explanation in the main of the innumerable faults and mistakes of Napoleon in the operations he directed in Spain and Portugal.

If Napoleon, therefore, his career considered as a whole, has no equal in the strategy of modern war, his strategy is not free from even signal errors. He stands in a very high place as a master of the greater tactics ; but he is not above criticism in this province. He was sometimes too ardent and passionate in the field, too anxious to close with and strike down his enemy. In more than one instance the risks he thus ran were extreme ; he was too intent on playing double or quits with fortune. We see this even in his campaigns of 1796-7, at the bridge of Lodi, on the dykes of Arcola ; it was conspicuously manifest on the day of Marengo. In subsequent campaigns this fault became more apparent. In 1814 Napoleon fought more than one battle which he might have avoided with good results, especially if we recollect his inferiority of force. He ought, perhaps, to have retreated at Waterloo after the attack of Bulow. Akin to this error was a determination never to confess defeat. This is evident in the later stages of the campaign of 1813, and notably after the first conflict at Leipzig, when the French army might have safely escaped, had its chief not persisted in renewing the fight against enemies gathering on every side around

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him. On the whole, if Napoleon was a tactician of the highest order, he had not in the field the calm and unerring judgment of Marlborough. Austerlitz may stand by the side of Ramillies; but Marlborough had no Eylau, no Leipzig, no Waterloo, in his career. In another respect Napoleon conducted war with consequences unfortunate in many instances. His superiority in command was from the first recognised; in the French army he was deemed infallible in war; Wellington has said that he was equal to 40,000 men in a campaign. With this unquestioned supremacy he had the true despotic spirit; as the result he bowed his lieutenants to his will, and made them his mere pawns in the game of war he played. This was conspicuously seen in the contest in Spain when he took on himself to direct operations far away from the theatre, like Louis XIV. and the Aulic Council whose presumption he has severely condemned; his marshals and generals were puppets to be moved about at a distance. The results were not only in the highest degree disastrous: this system destroyed independence in separate commands. Very few of the generals reared in the school of Napoleon were fit to carry out important operations in the field in the absence of the chief to whom they looked up for everything. At the same time the Emperor expected great things from these subordinates,—this was inevitable from the extent of his movements;—but these expectations were often frustrated, especially in his later campaigns, when the great Republican soldiers had disappeared from the scene. The energy of Desaix saved Marengo; the Imperialist Grouchy was a main cause of the rout of Waterloo. Detractors of Napoleon have, indeed, insisted that the slavish subjection of which he was the author in war, was most injurious in the long run to the art.

This is not the place to consider Napoleon as the head of a great State; we must confine ourselves to his career as a soldier. He raised France out of a chaos of anarchy, gave her for years a stable, strong government, and, if a despot, was in many respects a beneficent and illustrious despot. He was, in truth, the greatest, perhaps, of the long line of her rulers; she owes to him nearly all that is solid and lasting in the institutions on which her present social order is based. Nevertheless, Napoleon was not a statesman of the highest order. He had not the political genius of men like Sully and Richelieu; it was almost impossible, indeed, that he could possess it. Reared up wholly in the life of the camp, he had little real knowledge of the true state of France and Europe when supreme power passed into his hands; and if he chained the Revolution up, and even did great things in diffusing and giving effect to the good the Revolution brought in its train, he did not understand the tendencies of his age. He detested popular ideas and movements, as was, perhaps, natural for an eye-witness of the

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Reign of Terror; but he could not see that Democracy was the force of the future, and one of his chief efforts was to put it down. It is extraordinary that he should have thought it possible to restore the Empire of Charlemagne in the nineteenth century. Here his powerful imagination overcame his judgment; here he showed a want of statesmanlike wisdom. In truth, Napoleon could not perceive the dominant ideas in the world around him. How, otherwise, could he believe that an Empire founded on mere force, depending on a nation that had little sympathy with it, and in all ages has been fickle and given to change, could endure and permanently overshadow Europe? How could he suppose that great and civilised races, with a history of a thousand years, would patiently submit to the yoke of a foreign potentate, and of subject kings the puppets of his will? It was a kindred fault that Napoleon could not comprehend the aspirations and the resources of real nations. This is not surprising, if we bear in mind that his first experiences were of Revolutionary France, exhausted after the convulsions of 1793-4, and of a divided and degraded Italy; but he wholly miscalculated the energy of Russia and of Spain, and, above all, the power of the free English people. His political conceptions, in a word, were largely false, and some of his political acts were extravagant—nay, almost insensate. We need only refer to the Continental system,—a chimera of force leading up to universal conquest and to an attempt to subvert the commerce of the world—to the policy of Tilsitt and the policy of Bayonne, to the negotiations of 1813. Here, indeed, we see with peculiar clearness the dread irony of Fate. The power of Napoleon is destroyed by its own excess; his genius overleaps itself, and falls in its uncontrolled violence. In the political world this mighty spirit is like a thunder-cloud straining against the winds, which will turn it back at last.



## A PAST INCARNATION BY ETHEL WHEELER



CROSS the columns of sunshine, falling on the heads of the musicians between the columns of stone, I felt the eyes of the African slave weighing like lead upon my quivering eyelids. The place of the musicians was on the left side of the steps to the throne ; but, by reason of the faint delicacy of the notes of my instrument, my seat was set at the extreme limit of the line dividing the slave boundary from the court of the King of Kings. As I waited the turn of my five-stringed instrument I could see, through lowered lashes, the rainbow-glimmer of those marble throne steps ; sometimes the purple shadow of the royal robes seemed to touch with a sombre glory the edge of vision ; but the eyes of the African weighed like lead upon my quivering eyelids, which pulsed fiercely to be raised,—though for a slave to look upon the face of the King of Kings bore the penalty of death by torture.

Day after day, when the gold of afternoon cut its tiger-stripes upon the shadowy floors, we passed silent-footed through the cool corridors about the throne-chamber, into the awful silence of the Presence itself. The air thrilled with the terrible quiet of power ; a fear that was splendid, because of the mightiness of its source, wrapped the limbs like a garment ; unworthy and forbidden to lift eyes towards the blinding majesty of the equal of the gods, yet the mere force of so glorious a proximity fluttered the being to its depths, and the emotions beat like imprisoned butterflies, and like imprisoned butterflies the eyelids quivered to rise.

Sometimes, because of the languor that comes of extreme trembling, my fingers had scarce strength to strike the sweetness out of those strings in whose music they were so skilled. The note would falter into the stillness, hesitating, faint with timidity ; and only the sharp realisation of the mighty listener could nerve the fingers to their appointed task. Then, answering to the memories in my mind, I drew from my instrument echo after echo of mountain music—sounds loud as the cataract, and low as the surge of wind in grass, that floated into the air, strong and clear and pure ; and I, who was doomed to walk with bent head and with eyes that for ever sought the earth, sent my few wild messengers with more than mortal daring to climb the great stairs of the throne, and penetrate into the very heart of the King.

I had heard in my distant home, whence they had taken me for the music that was in my throat and in my fingers, that the King was a mighty hunter, and loved the sense of open spaces. And I deemed he heard my music because it held the call of forces only less splendid than his own ; and in the dreadful pauses of silence, when I sat dizzy with sickness for the scenes of my lost freedom

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that I had been building into harmonies, the desire to lift my eyes to the face of him who so transcended them in majesty became a torture in repression that grew in poignancy with every moment.

Sometimes the anguish of the controlled eyelids became so tense that they must have transgressed my will-power, and hurried me to a horrible death, but for the weight that the giant African set upon them. He stood at the other end of the group of musicians, to keep watch over our glances, lest any of them should stray; but there seemed no moment that I was free from his observation. His ugly stolidity of alertness, though it saved me from the mad promptings of my heart, did but increase the torment: it precluded that half-glimpse through half-shut eyelids that I might have thought to dare. And with every day the prick of desire became more importunate; with every day more racking the agony of control.

One evening I played late into the sunset, and the large metal plates that hung from my belt, interlinked by chains into long bands, caught on their surfaces the ruddy glow. And as I ceased playing, and began to shift my downward glance, a metal plate that lay aslant my knee shone with a glory more magnificent than the sun's—a splash of purple radiance, glinting and changing as I stirred—the very splendour of heaven—a reflected light from the purple robes of the King of Kings.

My body seemed to flush through my thin white draperies as, with eyes riveted on that royal glow, the full tide of possibilities coursed through my being. By a little wisdom in the calculation of the angle I should be able without fatality to achieve the sum of my desire: resolve the vague purple of the disk into lines and folds, sharpen the floating glints of red and green into the jewels of the diadem, and fix that pale halo of light—the blurred image of the King's own face—into the definition of his god-like features, on whose radiance I might feast unhindered, nor die the dreadful death.

But, though I polished the metals until they shone like moonlight, on the succeeding day my fingers lacked both courage and skill to set the disk so that it should receive the splendid vision. Again and again my hand stole towards the appointed plate, sending a mist over its surface, and moved the position with infinite terror lest the chain should jangle; but it cleared to a shining vacancy, or the dull confusion of stone-reflections, and only once the shadow of purple swept darkly across its moving.

On the afternoon that followed, I set the plate against the edge of my instrument, and bent low over it. The whole throne suddenly shone on me, minute, as if far away, but clear with the clearness of distance in dreams. I saw in the silver unreality—remote, but sharp-cut as the lines of crisp water—the sublime form of him who was the equal of the gods and ruler of the world. He

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leaned back in his marble chair, with his arms resting upon it ; the purple draperies of his robes overflowed the steps. There was the calm of a terrible indifference about him—a gravity of aloofness as cold as the stars. The dark face, moulded like a god's, stone-quiet, the close-shut hands, the stillness of the form, implied a power the more awful because of its absolute silence. I had known the loftiness of mountains and the solitude of wildernesses, but never a loneliness so terrible and so remote. It seemed the very pathos of divinity ; and while my soul rose in worship before this dreadfulness of majesty, I felt my eyes grow dim with tears that I dared not think to be of human pity.

That far perspective in its silver atmosphere followed me through my waking hours and through my dreams, so that my mind, rejecting all lesser images, became at last a shrine for the holding of one jewel. I set the mirror of my metal day after day towards its source of light ; I brooded with ever increasing agony of rapture on the changeless immobility of that awful calm : stone-cold, stone-quiet, the King of Kings sat on his marble chair, and all the powers of death and the grave lay in his unlifted finger. Against the ice of his presence, my body burned as in a fever ; a frenzy of love that was half adoration and half passion shook me as though I were an aspen leaf in thrills of wind.

His was the face of a god, perfect of beauty and of strength. At least my madness was a sublime madness, though its boldness were sacrilegious ; yet it was no more than a far reflection I worshipped, a tiny surface-combination of lines and lights, removed an infinite distance in space, while the breathing reality was but a stone's-throw off, for ever, even to vision, inaccessible.

Here was the root of bitterness ; for the moment came when the throne-reflection seemed thin as a painted image—distorted and inadequate as the shadow beside the substance. My eyelids no longer ached with the stress of mere curiosity : it was the soul that hungered for some nourishment beyond the film of dreams. Before, the restlessness of ignorance had pricked me : now the knowledge of my deprivation filled me with a vaster anguish. The metal mirror had lit a fire that could never cease and that it could never satisfy ; and not the eyes of the African, but a new and overwhelming fear lest I should dare, and be blinded with the lightning of the gods, set a weight upon my eyelids.

There came a long pause of war, wherein my being languished and flickered as though it would go out. After followed the Feast of Victory, and music, late into the night. Torches were set in the Throne Chamber, and my belt threw off their flames. They burned still in that crowded stillness ; and all the air was tense like a string that is strained. The influence of his presence that I had lacked so long, more terrible and more potent, sent a wild inspiration through

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my every nerve. My notes sprang alive buoyant from my fingers, and my voice rose like the voice of a winged bird ; and I sang the chant of victory that they sing to the chiefs in my distant home, and the song of the maidens to their lovers who return from battle, and of the lovers to their maidens, that my lover had once sung to me. Then suddenly I felt the fierce fire of the King's eyes burn to my soul, and they called to mine for answer, loud, insistent, all-compelling ; and in a sublime moment I found our glances fast interlocked, his and mine ; in one sublime moment I touched the very core of emotion, and saw into the depths of that cold aloofness, which was yet human, gloriously human, beyond the shining image of my thought. He was not altogether god—he was man ;—and the human love, winning over the divine, leapt to him from my eyes. For sharp rapture of poignance, the moment seemed eternity ; the eyes held me close—close—eyes icy in their indifference, terrible in their uncomprehending calm. Then a finger lifted, and the African was beside me, and my passing from the chamber did not break its silence.

## THE YELLOW PERILS BY LLOYD SANDERS



O recent contribution to periodical literature has made half such a stir in England as Sir Robert Hart's memorable article, 'The Peking Legations: a National Uprising and an International Episode.'<sup>1</sup> For its like we must go back to the dim days in which Huxley and Tyndall flouted the accepted theories of the cosmogony, or to the days, almost as dim, when Mr. Gladstone gave the Unspeakable One a notice to quit that he had the bad grace to ignore. Any light that could be thrown upon the Chinese welter was bound, indeed, to draw to it a public blindly groping after the truth of things. The siege of the Legations had had the stunning impact on the intellect of an inexplicable political portent. For, though the dangers of which the Boxer revolution proved capable had been foreseen by those long resident in the East, the 'expert' of Fleet Street and Paternoster Row had been clamorously predicting quite another turn of events: a struggle for the partition of China in which Great Britain, having failed to put forth her Imperial strength, would be ignominiously elbowed away from the booty. The Governments, so far as public utterances went, showed little more inkling of the patriotic resurgence than the facile prophets of Chinese transformation by Western agency, or Chinese decay through innate corruption. Not long before frenzied messages had brought news of the dire straits of the Legations, a French Foreign Minister, M. Hanotaux, had perpetrated a phrase of accepted felicity about a yellow corpse rolling aimlessly in the waters; Count von Bülow had made Bismarckian speeches to an applauding Reichstag on the assertion of German rights; and though Lord Salisbury threw doubts upon the immediate construction of Chinese railways and exploitation of Chinese mines, he was far from anticipating that the representatives of Western civilisation would have to fight for their skins in the heart of Peking, to husband their cartridges as a miser husbands his gold, and to dole out rations of horseflesh as if they were the rarest delicacies. The Boxer uprising came upon the public mind much as an earthquake overwhelms a flimsy village in neighbouring Japan.

The Legations rescued, the Chinese capital occupied and looted, the Powers proceeded to mask their perplexity as to the future under an exchange of notes and much diplomatic buzzing. Meanwhile the full accounts of the siege began to arrive; most of them, as Dr. Morrison's, with the throb of the Indian Mutiny pulsing through their pages, while one, Sir Robert Hart's, tried to get under the whistle of bullets and the splintering of roofs down to the philosophy of the business. The appetite for incident satisfied, there

<sup>1</sup> *The Fortnightly Review*, November, 1900.



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remained the more thoughtful desire for knowledge. With some amazement it was discovered that a man who had spent his life in the Chinese service, and could look into every cranny of the tortuous native heart, regarded the Boxer movement not as an outburst or sporadic fanaticism but as an organisation under Government patronage, 'patriotic in origin, justifiable in its fundamental idea, and in point of fact the outcome of either foreign advice or the study of foreign methods.' Prince Tuan's braves, or rather Li Ping Hêng's, were, according to Sir Robert, genuine volunteers, much as the burghers in the Transvaal, and valued as such, despite the specious assurances of the Yamên and the Viceroy, by the Court. More than that, they must be accounted a permanent force with progressive powers of offence. From a valedictory passage written, it must be confessed, in none too lucid a style, there emerged some sentences with the glow of an angry fire :

Twenty millions or more of Boxers armed, drilled, disciplined, and animated by patriotic—if mistaken—motives, will make residence in China impossible for foreigners, will take back from foreigners everything foreigners have taken from China, will pay off old grudges with interest, and will carry the Chinese flag and Chinese arms into many a place that even fancy will not suggest to-day, thus preparing for the future upheavals and disasters never dreamt of. In fifty years' time there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply at the call of the Chinese Government, there is not the slightest doubt of that !

To some this prediction of an East in torrential retaliation of the West appeared merely the outcome of nerves set twitching by the privations and terrors of a siege. But that easy solution does considerably less than justice to Sir Robert Hart's evident sincerity of purpose and known stability of character. Forebodings of the Yellow Peril are, besides, no novelty in political sociology, nor are they confined to the Director of Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun is generally and properly recognised as the most cogent advocate of a forward policy in China. He would probably admit that he failed to foresee the full sweep of the Boxer current. He did predict, however, a general unsettlement of native society through the disruptive agency of European diplomacy and finance, and more than one passage in his many works takes in the possibility of a formidable rising in arms. Confirmed by the event, he agrees with Sir Robert Hart in regarding militant China as likely to endure, but under another uniform, so to speak.<sup>1</sup> His Yellow Peril is a Yellow Peril organised and utilised by Powers such as Russia and Germany. The Governments, in other words, will convert the fighting spirit to their own uses ; and wage, or at any rate threaten, war with hordes of native mercenaries upon one another's spheres of influence. Mr. Colquhoun would seem, then, to regard

<sup>1</sup> In a lecture, none too well reported, which he delivered, on November 1, at the Women's Institute, Grosvenor Crescent, London.

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the Boxer uprising not, with Sir Robert Hart, as an argument for a limitation of British responsibilities in China, but as an argument for a vigorous counter-recruiting, lest a trade of £42,000,000 should slip out of our irresolute hands.

Thus two Yellow Perils are flashed upon the screen : the Yellow Peril directed by the native Government, and that taken under control by the Powers, or some of them, to their ultimate bedevilment. But Sir Robert Hart sent some of us back as well to Charles Pearson's 'National Life and Character ;' that luminous forecast of a world in which the higher races will become cabined by the enormous multiplication of the lower, and the impossibility of colonising, without degeneration or extinction, in the tropical or sub-tropical regions, and, thrown back upon themselves, will drone out their lives under the dull comfort of State Socialism. His was the earliest Yellow Peril, as stated in a connected thesis, though the Governments of the United States and Australia had taken very practical measures to check Chinese immigration ; and the book may be said to have caused much less stir in the younger branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, than in the mother-land, on which it came, in 1893, as a dismal revelation. To Charles Pearson the Chinese danger presented itself less militarily than economically, though he did not altogether exclude the likelihood that yet another nation would be 'the people of the wrath of God,' as Luther called the Turks. The fear, however, of the squeeze by coolie labour and coolie trade was more vividly present to him, than the irresistible blow of the Chinese soldiery. He anticipated that the pressure of population would drive down natives by the thousand into Tonquin and Burmah. As they had made the Straits Settlements their own, so would they appropriate, and it might be rule, Borneo and the whole Malayan Archipelago. They might conceivably occupy territory to the north and west, overrunning Nepal and wresting parts of Turkestan from Russia. In one place Mr. Pearson countenanced the idea that the Spaniards and Indians would be superseded by the Chinese in South America, though elsewhere he assigned the ultimate ascendancy to the autochthonous tribes. He held them capable, at least, of grabbing most of the Pacific Islands, at present inhabited by flaccid aborigines, such as the Kanakas and what not. But the Chinaman at home was more of a terror to Charles Pearson than the Chinaman converting alien lands into his own, really, if not nominally. Could any one hesitate to pronounce the day at hand, he asked, when the Empire would have cheap fuel from her coal-mines, cheap transport by railways and steamers, and would have founded technical schools to develop her industries ? 'Whenever that day comes, she may wrest the control of the world's markets, especially throughout Asia, from England and Germany.' This taker of long looks-ahead worked himself up, in his most suggestive

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chapter, to the often-quoted prediction—which will bear, nevertheless, yet another quotation—that

The day will come, and perhaps is not far distant, when the European observer will look round to see the globe girdled with a continuous zone of the black and yellow races, no longer too weak for aggression or under tutelage, but independent, or practically so, in government, monopolising the trade in their own regions, and circumscribing the industry of the European; when Chinamen and natives or Hindostan, the States of Central and South America, by that time predominantly Indian, and it may be the African nations of the Congo and Zambesi, under a dominant caste of foreign rulers, are represented by fleets in the European seas, invited to international conferences, and welcomed as others in the quarrels of the civilised world. The citizens of these countries will be taken up into the social relations of the white races, will throng the English turf and the salons of Paris, and will be admitted to marriage.

And Mr. Pearson's whole contention was that of these assertive races the Yellow was far more formidable than the Black or the Brown, and the genuinely Yellow than the Coffee-and-milk-coloured. The Yellow Peril was to him a peril indeed.

We cannot dispose of these ugly forebodings by a mere sneer at the idiosyncrasies of their authors. To dismiss Charles Pearson from the debate as a dreamer by a study fire is to allow that Sir Robert Hart and Mr. Colquhoun are experienced men of affairs. The admission that these two may have lived too close to the Chinese for a proportioned judgment of the race's future scope leaves an opening for the retort that few minds were ever more thoroughly equipped than Mr. Pearson's for the philosophic deduction. They all apprehend a Yellow Peril, nor in common fairness can their bogeys be buried on the supposition that they have been guilty of mutual destruction. The Chinese regiment from Wei-hai-Wei has borne out Mr. Colquhoun, without vitiating Sir Robert Hart's contention, by its gallant bearing in the present campaign; Charles Pearson, as has been stated, was apprehensive of a China in military as well as economic ebullience. Still, the Yellow Perils, any of them, need not be, and will not be, either as imminent or as tremendous as they have imagined. The most keen-eyed of statesmen and political thinkers have blundered like a child over its alphabet in their reading of the future, nor has it mattered greatly whether that future be near or remote. As a stock instance, there is Burke's confident allusion to Revolutionary France as 'expunged from the map of Europe.' Canning anticipated that the South American Republics would form a new world redressing the balance of the old, though the only balances they have altered, and that most disadvantageously, are their creditors'; equally familiar is Mr. Gladstone's salutation of Jefferson Davis as the maker of an army, of a navy, and, more than that, of a nation. By the side of glories that have never shone forth may be set disasters which have either passed away or have been arrested, to all appearance

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indefinitely. Lord Shelburne predicted the setting of the sun of England if the independence of the American colonies were granted ; yet he negotiated the treaty by which that independence was recognised, and lived, as Charles Pearson reminds us, till the year in which the battle of Trafalgar established England in the position of the only maritime Power. The disintegration of the Turkish Empire has been foretold these centuries past ; yet it is no nearer now than thirty years ago ; less near than when the Powers sank their jealousies, to save the tottering throne from the clutch of Mehemet Ali. A similar fate seemed to impend over Persia if the late Shah died ; he was duly assassinated, and his son quietly reigns in his stead. The Empires of Sultan and Shah must eventually disappear ; but the when and the how are quite unpredictable. And—to return to our subject—China may become a menace to Western civilisation ; but still it may prove serious rather than cataclysmic. The minor prophet is a safer guide than the major over this unexplored plain.

Let us take Mr. Colquhoun's Yellow Peril first, as our own private peril, though one in which America, being a mercantile Power, has no small concern. The martial vigour of the Chinese, as tested by recent exploits, notably the attack on Tientsin, would undeniably be a formidable weapon to the white race that wielded it—for certain purposes. If the Powers were constrained to fight for supremacy on the plains of the Middle Kingdom, the Chinese mercenary could be counted on to play his part. The British officers who have drilled the Wei-hai-Wei levies hold, however, that he would not be worth much for a decisive effort without a substantial stiffening of European troops. That estimate, which I have on excellent authority, reduces him to his true value in the game of war. He would be a pawn, and no important one either, in a contest which, even if it began in China, would never end there. A blow struck at the German fleet near Hamburg would soon wipe out any advantage that Germanised Chinese might secure over some isolated handful of Indian troops or inferior numbers of their fellow countrymen in our pay. Even were Russia the antagonist, it is difficult to believe that the impressed recruit would fight with much spirit for taskmasters who had broken him in by the admonition of slaughter and outrage. Their boasted capacity for assimilation has yet to be tried on Chinese impenetrability ; and though a Turkoman Ali Khan has been transformed into Major Alikhanoff, the Russianisation of an Ah or Li may defy even a people of quarter-Easterns. With our experience of handling native troops, we ought to bring into the arena as serviceable a gladiator as any of our rivals. The Yellow Peril, then, ought to work out pretty equally all round if it is to assume the form of Chinese hurled by white on white. Mr. Colquhoun, however, would appear to regard actual warfare between the Powers as a remote contingency, even if he entertains



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it at all. He anticipates rather that our competitors have accepted the Anglo-German Agreement with reserves, Russia meaning to absorb Manchuria, Germany Shan-tung by-and-by. To that end they will organise a Chinese military police, making good their advance as opportunity offers; and he would presumably have us counter-organise. Yet would not the experiment of trying to hold down Chinese by Chinese be highly dangerous? Officers who have served in Hong-Kong are one and all impressed with the race's addiction to conspiracy. It would have to be Indian troops, and we cannot spare them for the purpose. Mr. Colquhoun's *Yellow Peril* resolves itself, manifestly, into a plea for a return to the 'spheres of interest' policy. That topic is really foreign to this essay, which is an attempt rather to consider East and West as separate agencies and re-agencies. It may be propounded, nevertheless, that though Mr. Colquhoun would find many in agreement with him if he advocated the occupation of Chu-san and the establishment of a permanent garrison at Shanghai, an 'assertion of rights' up to a frontier marching with the Russian would be universally repudiated. Not even to secure the whole of a trade which we should not lose altogether, if it had to pass through Russian custom-houses, would the non-mercantile majority forfeit the advantages of insularity by maintaining in the Yang-tse Valley a force capable of withstanding the Russian armies, when despatched in convenient relays over the Trans-Siberian railway. Yet 'Indianisation' ultimately comes to that.

Mr. Colquhoun's *Yellow Peril* presupposes a fairly quiescent China; Sir Robert Hart's, a China that will drive out the foreigner and eventually pour over into Europe much as Jenghiz Khan swept across Asia. A careful examination of his somewhat obscure vaticination reveals that he anticipates a preliminary period in which the State will repudiate treaties and concessions, send the Embassies packing, and drive the hated barbarian down to his ships. The carriage of the Chinese flag 'into places that even fancy will not suggest to-day' is postponed until a hundred years hence or thereabouts. Even the extrusion-time is no agreeable prospect: it would mean raid after raid upon Peking until the Powers grew weary; the acceptance of indemnities that would not cover a tithe of the expenditure; the punishment of small sinners while the real criminals smiled sedately in their palaces. A China following in the bloody steps of the Huns affords a phantasmagoria of horror before which the reason reels. Yet Sir Robert Hart has been anticipated by Mr. Pearson, who conceived a China reinvigorated by Islam: a romantic idea, which ignored both the unexampled massacre of the Moham-medans in Yunnan, and the present direction of that creed's proselytising energy, not eastward but westward and southward over Africa among the adherents of the Senussi—a John Wesley as



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compared with the General Booths of Mahdiism—the Yaos of Nyassaland and the Haussas on the Niger. A novelist, Mr. M. P. Sheil, has descried a China with Japanese brains behind it : an unholy alliance, legitimate enough for fiction, but untranslatable into fact, unless those who have mixed with both nations greatly err. Without going, however, to an alien faith or an alien race for generalship, the Chinese, as one perceives, might easily catch a sufficiency of the 'Marseillaise' spirit from the Boxers themselves, with their mysticism and their mesmerism, for attacks upon the Treaty ports and even for a spasmodic crusade. But why does Sir Robert Hart insist upon the permanency of this Volunteer organisation ? Because the State encourages it, and officials, such as Hsu Tung and Kang I, have patted its brave young back. The State winked approvingly, however, at the Black Flags who brewed such trouble for the French in Tonquin, and still the invader proved too strong for them. A closer parallel even is presented by the Tai-ping movement, with its reformer Hung Sew-tseuen and his not ignoble ethical code. It all but overturned the dynasty ; but Gordon saved the dynasty in the end, and between them they pulverised the rebellion. The Tai-pings were emotional Radicals ; the Boxers are Old Tory, and as such more likely to take hold on the inveterate conservatism of the Chinese. All these fraternities, however, come and go—or, at least, they have done so hitherto—and leave no apostolic succession. Because the Boxers are the strongest of all, and the most diffused of all, it does not follow that their authority resembles that of a European standing army. The Viceroy can make them political outcasts if they choose, exactly as official sanction first brought them down from Shan-tung. The Powers have surely cohesion enough to persuade the provincial governors that the Boxers must be discountenanced, unless the roofs of palaces are to come rattling down about important ears, and opulence is to be exchanged for indigence. No disrespect, then, is paid to Sir Robert Hart's vast experience, when this Volunteer insurgece is pronounced far too recent a phenomenon for any man to be able to predict its existence 'a hundred years hence' or even ten. The patriotic feeling, of which it is the expression, has always existed in China and will ever continue to exist. Yet, with the past to give us the clue, we may be reasonably certain that lull will follow upon the heels of storm. Europe and America, though never absolutely at their ease with China, any more than his keeper with a surly bear, may hope for long intervals in which Treaty rights will be observed, provided they refrain from partition and keep their missionaries and concession-hunters within bounds. They should make peace with their adversary while they are in the way with him, however.

Gordon was no believer in a China volcanically eruptive, and passing over the armies of Europe with the onrush of multitude.

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A slave-boy turning the handle of a machine-gun could stop it, he thought, if posted in the jaws of a pass. Gordon's opinions seldom erred on the side of understatement, it is true. Still, the Chinese will have to be transmuted, body and soul, before they take to themselves the invasive potency of the Goths, or even of the Dervishes. The Boxer massing has been, at bottom, defensive, and therefore entirely in keeping with the Chinese genius. The military events that stand out from their history are not overwhelming onsets in the open, but prodigious sieges. Jenghiz Khan took ninety cities, and in such a thorough fashion that a horseman might ride, it was said, over their sites without stumbling. Later, Ju-ning Fu held out until every beast had been slaughtered, every aged or useless person had been put out of the way, and the walls were manned with women. Later still, Kaifung Fu remained uncaptured, after human flesh had found its recognised price in the market. The military strength of China is, in short, to sit still. Gordon records that troops could be found to fill a trench while their comrades walked over them; a degree of submission without many other authentic examples elsewhere, though it may well have been attained by the slave-labour that raised the Pyramids. But the capacity for infinite endurance has ceased to count, in the long run, now that warfare has acquired the velocity of railway transport and long-range ordnance; it would be a fatal impediment to armies that had to win their way past scientifically chosen positions. Let us try to imagine the Chinese hordes on the march in their millions—say twenty with Sir Robert Hart—eliminating the absurd speculation of an efficient fleet in concert with the land forces. The chances are that for many generations to come a bare tenth will be armed with rifles less antiquated than the Snider; European renegades, who will, no doubt, be forthcoming, as were the French adventurers who stood by Hyder Ali's elbow, will drill cohesion into much less than a tenth. Now, a Pretorian Guard of twenty million Chinese would put the trained armies of the strongest European alliance into awkward situations if it could act alone; a Pretorian Guard of two millions, clogged by masses of raw peasantry, would never near Europe at all. The comprehensiveness of brain that would turn the enemy's railways to account, and keep Manchurian cavalry in touch with the leaden-footed rustic of the South, has not been given to any Chinaman, or for that matter to any Eastern. Conquerors there have been, and among the ancestry of the present reigning house, who could cover huge stretches of ground; but they have never made good their foothold. The Emperor Keen-lung's march into Nepal compels the admiration of European strategists; but that acquisition was speedily lost, and that same warrior left 100,000 corpses behind him in Formosa. Warfare is becoming, besides, more and more of a financial problem as the Napoleonic age recedes:

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that side will win which can equip itself with the most recent inventions in artillery, the completest transport, and the fittest hospital staff. A Chinese Carnot might easily cajole Krupps or Creuzots out of European manufacturers who, a good deal to the scandal of Western civilisation, know no country when it comes to a deal. Those guns might be conveyed long distances, not left in the lurch like the derelict ordnance that Admiral Seymour pounced upon; since the Boers have taught the possibilities of such primitive means of locomotion as the ox-waggon. It may even be granted that difficulties of commissariat would not prove insuperable with a people of rice-eaters who could afford to leave thousands rotting in those deserts whence M. Sven Hedin, for one explorer, has barely emerged alive. The first check, nevertheless, would breed a pestilence, and the mere contact of multitude day by day would be sufficient to propagate epidemics, though they passed on from camp to camp. The Chinese will never be able to acquire the smallest aptitude for field-hospital work; their kindest cruelty would be to kill their sick, nor would they shrink from it. But the pass of Tung-kwan between Eastern and Western China, with its record of leisurely takings and retakings, frowns with an ancient meaning. Conceive that obstacle upon the confines of Europe; imagine even that some Chinese Moltke had picked out a point of penetration where nature actually abetted him. The Chinese locusts could not fly over the earthworks that a Russian engineer could throw up in the space of an hour or two; they would boggle at them until plague or starvation or both came to his salvation. The art of war may have its mutations; sometimes cavalry prevails over infantry, sometimes the rifleman mows down the horseman; at others the artilleryman is invincible by both. But high explosives, the mobility supplied by railways and traction engines, give any European Power, with all the forces of scientific invention at its call, an incalculable superiority over an Asiatic, which, however adroitly it may copy the West, must trust, after all, to those brute numbers that failed Xerxes, and would never have carried the Northern Barbarians into Italy if the Romans had not degenerated into flabby effeminate. Conscription saves the Continent from that decay at least, and it may be that the conscript armies will one distant day have to turn a watchfully solid front westward instead of guarding their respective frontiers. The Yellow Peril is a nightmare, however, that can be disregarded by many generations to come in their sensible waking moments. Its military awesomeness a hundred years hence must, in any case, be a matter of pure guess-work; but there is this positive evidence at least that, during the past century, we ourselves have not weakened in India nor the Russians in Northern Asia.

The gradual transformation of population at present ruled by

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British, French, and Dutch from coffee-colour to yellow, as Mr. Pearson foretold, is much likelier than the advent of a new 'wrath of God.' The tenacious industry of the Chinese gives them easy careers among pleasure-loving people like the Burmese and Malays. The most striking instance of their emigration is that of Singapore, where they increased, as Baron Hübner jotted down in his notebook, from a few thousand to 84,000 between 1871 to 1884, and where they are at present reckoned at some 120,000. But is that aspect of the Yellow Peril really perilous? Administrators declare that the immigrants are far more productive than the natives they displace. Their guilds give the police trouble; but, as a whole, they are law-abiding. A war of races, which the white rulers would have to suppress with impartial severity, will not be provoked readily by immigrants who conciliate by intermarriage. Will these irrepressible Chinese, who will both stamp their image upon the mixed offspring and push the more exclusive natives up into the hills, be anxious to oust the whites as well? Charles Pearson assumed that Borneo would contain 10,000,000 people, predominantly Chinese, fifty years hence, and would then decline to be a dependency of the Netherlands. He looked forward to a similar passing-away of Annam and Tonquin from France; countries over which the Celestial Empire still holds rights or has conceded them with the utmost reluctance. Chinese immigrants have shown, however, a prudent ease of acquiescence in any form of government that gives them decent protection for life and property. They become permeated up to that point by Western ideas, and would be unwilling, therefore, to invoke the devouring mandarin from the north. Stable administrations, like our own in Burmah and the Russian in Turkestan, would easily conciliate creatures of habit such as the yellow coolie and merchant. If the French and the Dutch would reform their none-too-scrupulous methods, there would be little reason why they should not hold their Indies even against a rapid Chinese influx. It might be otherwise if the Chinese took to swarming down south in the mass, through the pressure of the population at home,—became in fact, virtually nomadic. Will our grandchildren or great-grandchildren witness an exodus of that kind? Hardly. Sober-minded statisticians have pulled down those enormous totals that made our flesh creep twenty years ago. They depended upon official estimates, and Mr. Smith, the author of 'Chinese Characteristics,' for one, treats every census as purely fanciful. It used to be a nation of 400,000,000 doubling itself in something over half a century. A cool 100,000,000 has been knocked off that stupendous whole, now that exploration has revealed a densely peopled seaboard to have behind it an interior with comparatively few souls to the acre. Upon a liberal reckoning of the excess of births over deaths, the Chinese should find room for all quite a hundred years hence. It should be remembered, besides, that in no



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country do floods and famines and rebellions account for more victims—the Tai-ping disturbances alone claimed 20,000,000 or 30,000,000—and that these set-backs will multiply as the population huddles closer together. The more adventurous spirits will always seek their fortunes elsewhere; it may be that five will prefer to live under a foreign flag to one that chooses exile to-day. Still, granted a perennial outpouring, it may be kept within manageable compass by the whites who rule over countries where they are forbidden by the climate, in any case, to build up families for themselves. Is there a Yellow Peril in the almost automatic supplanting of the Malayan or the Hawaiian or the Samoan by the Chinaman? None whatever. A world of machinery has no use for such dawdling folk.

It would be quite another Yellow Peril if Chinese expansion extended in unchecked volume over the lands where the white man can reproduce his kind: to the United States, to Australia, even to the British Isles. American readers need no warning against that hideous possibility, even if their personal experiences do not include San Francisco. Imagine a Chinatown in every large city, as there would have been if sagacious legislation had not peremptorily banged the gates of the West against the invasive host. The existence of permanent contagion-beds would have been among the least of evils, capable of being assuaged by science. The real horror would have come when Chinese competition had lowered the standard of comfort, until the poorest white had become more degraded, because less abstemious, than the yellow alien. There would have been all the makings then of a Revolution more bestial than the French. American statesmanship awoke, not a day too soon; and we may trust that that social curse has passed away for ever, since future enactments will, in obedience to the popular apprehension, be more rigid, if anything, than their predecessors. The Australian democracy, too, is fully alive to the Yellow Peril: the other day some coolies (Japanese, not Chinese) were not so much as allowed to land at Sydney on their way to New Caledonia. The Legislatures have passed iron laws, but not before the Chinese had numbered something like 13 per cent of the adult male population of Victoria—this was in 1857—and had driven white labour clean out of one industry, that of cabinet-making. England alone, with that industrial apathy which many political observers regard as the first beginnings of decadence, seems disposed to play with Chinese immigration. The arrival of some laundrymen not long ago was treated as a jest. It was nothing of the kind: it was a most dangerous addition to cosmopolitan London, more pertinacious and adhesive even than the Polish Jew. If the Ministers will not carry out their pledges—and none have been more emphatic than the Premier's—it is the duty of the Metropolitan Members to force an anti-alien Bill upon the



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Government. If not, we shall have our Chinatown less than ten years hence, with its warrens of gambling and crime: a Yellow Peril to which Hooliganism would be child's-play.

Lastly, I will try to grapple with Mr. Pearson's prophecy that the Chinese will take to manufacturing with European machinery, directed by foremen knowing the European taste. If his premisses are correct, the conclusions follow: the loss by England and America of the Eastern markets, possibly of the world's, the huge commercial flotilla bringing the products of cheap labour to our doors, the emergence of China as a great and terrible Power. But were they founded on tangible evidence, or on misapprehension? On misapprehension assuredly. 'National Life and Character' was published seven years ago, when oily mandarins were bamboozling the West with a simulated accessibility to the ideas of the West. We sighed at the reactionary tendencies of the many; but we confided in the progressive disposition of the few, notably of Li Hung Chang, the doggedest Tory of them all. The glare of the Boxer conflagration has shown them in their true light, as undeviating haters of foreign innovation. For a season they bowed to the concessionaire; but their fingers were itching to be at his throat. Even the poor jolting little railway from Tientsin had to be built by stealth (so an observant correspondent, Mr. Angus Hamilton, tells us) while officialdom was taking an official nap. The greed of gain can accomplish much; but it will not lure a ministerial hierarchy like the Chinese, which can satisfy that instinct by the more primitive process of extortion, into the paternal protection of new industries. Mr. Pearson does not quite seem to have settled in his own mind how another Lancashire or Pennsylvania would come to pass in China. He talks of 'foremen knowing the European taste'; meaning natives, it would seem, who had gone abroad for their education. The Japanese can learn in foreign schools, but not the Chinamen. Even if white overseers were insincerely encouraged to settle down in China, it would be the old story of those Englishmen who tried to reorganise the Chinese fleet: their advice was disregarded; they lost heart against the stolid obstruction of the Viceroy. Official China will never foster manufactures; without its sanction they will never be planted by purely native enterprise, which cowers before the mandarin. Bankers and traders as they are, the mercantile classes need but little stimulus to organise establishments and subdivide toil, until they swamp the East with the inferior cotton fabrics and the less elaborate steel-work. That stimulus, however, will be wanting while the Chinese character continues to pursue its immemorial path. Europe and America may contrive one day to thrust their goods far up the waterways; but those waterways are most unlikely to carry down cargoes that will undersell the factories of the Anglo-Saxon and the German. If China becomes a country of machinery, that machinery will be

## THE YELLOW PERILS

under the ownership of the white man. Sir Robert Hart's dread of a continuous national hostility may be banished by military and diplomatic coercion ; instead may follow a time of sullen acquiescence. In that case capitalists may be tempted to set up their plant within hail of the Treaty ports, and the supply of industriously docile labour would be without stint. Still, the Straits Settlements are a more suitable field than a land where the secret societies would always be alert to wreck the mills ; and India than either. Mr. Pearson's comprehensive gaze skipped, most unaccountably, the cotton and jute produced under the beneficent rule of the Empress-Queen. He looked forward to a gloomy day when England would have to disarrange her industrial system by imposing a stringently protective tariff against Chinese products. He failed altogether to gauge the opposition of Manchester and Dundee to unrestricted trade with India ; an opposition damped down some five years ago by the statesmanship of Sir Henry Fowler, but still capable, in seasons of industrial hardship, of a formidable revival. The Brown Peril, however, is not the Yellow ; and as to the Yellow directed by white against white, there are the consoling statistics that it has taken a century of ambassadorial menace, of military and naval expeditions, to get admission for 672 foreign firms only upon the seaboard of China.

The Yellow Peril I firmly believe to be, to a great extent, a Yellow Delusion. It has been bred by worthless population returns, and by false historical analogies ; it has been magnified by the dramatic swiftness with which the Legations were sundered from civilisation, and in blindness of the consummate ease with which civilisation, once ready, reasserted itself. Under wise guidance, international relations with China can be restored to their normal condition of the right of might : the looting of palaces and removal of ancestral tablets, described so vividly by Mr. Smith in the *New York Outlook*, will make the Ocean men more feared, if more hated. My aim, however, has been to pursue the Yellow Peril past the present embroilment and down the twentieth century to Sir Robert Hart's 'a hundred years hence,' and to the distant future which Mr. Pearson, with all his political courage, never dated with exactitude. I cannot, after a survey necessarily crammed with conjecture, conceive that the Yellow Peril will devastate Europe, or endanger the East Indies, though it may change their populations. Still less am I able to conceive of a Yellow Peril commercially prepotent. The Yellow Peril will have, however, to be kept hermetically out of the white man's breeding-places, and any tampering with that principle would bring to pass Mr. Pearson's forecast : that the higher races are doomed to be thrust aside by people whom they now scorn as servile.

## SOME UNKNOWN PORTRAITS AND LETTERS OF THE WELLESLEYS EDITED BY FLORENCE ANNA FULCHER<sup>1</sup>



At present, when the heart of the nation quivers under the dread touch of war, our thoughts revert to the English leader in the conflict that crimsoned the dawn of the century. Life after Life is written, received with words of welcome, read ; yet it is not so long since the time of the Great Duke but that some fresh testimony from his own hand may come to light. There still remain in remote places, among distant branches of the family, treasures of portrait and of autograph not generally known. It has been my good fortune to be shown such a collection by a friend who owns the pictures and the letters ; and, by her kind permission, I am able to reproduce some of them in the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*.

There is an endless interest in the changes of feature and character that are shown in family portraits, which, unfortunately, are usually hung according to a system that has only chronology to justify it. May I suggest a better plan ? Take the hero of your race—there is generally one in a family, howsoever distinguished the line, that takes precedence—and hang him in the centre of the gallery. Next to him, on the right, place not necessarily his father, or his mother, or even his wife, but that spiritually linked next of kin who has dowered him with his most speaking traits, the expression of his face and his general bearing. It may be you will have to search far afield for this and find it in a great-great-grand-mother or a great-grand-aunt ; for this natural entail is a matriarchal as well as patriarchal system, and knows none of the restrictions which have been formulated in feudal law. Hang on his left the ancestor who gave him his hands ; above him and around him the ancestors who held in trust the general contour of his head and face, his mouth and chin and ears and nose and eyes, always first appraising the expression of each feature rather than its form ; and so you shall find the springs of his strength and the sources of his weakness. Lastly, hang below him such members of the younger generations as inherit the features that have been made famous in his person. Still more interesting would such a group become if family history or tradition, or a packet of time-stained letters, or the dusty documents of the muniment room, confirmed the judgment of the eye ; but this will not always be. Each human being is bewilderingly complex, embodying much more than the single emotion or principle witnessed by the twist of a lip or the curve of

<sup>1</sup> By kind permission of Mrs. Beresford Massy.

## SOME LETTERS OF THE WELLESLEYS

an eye ; and opportunity and other circumstances twist and turn the waters of life as the stones in its rocky bed divert a stream.

The most striking example I can recall of a family portrait-gallery that told at a glance something of the qualities that had made the story of the family is at Chequers Court in Buckinghamshire. The present owner is a direct descendant of both the Stuarts and the Cromwells, and inherits a fine collection of portraits and relics from both sources. It is not generally known that a daughter of a Cromwell married one of the royal Stuarts ; but the fact is well attested by the treasures possessed by the heiress of both houses. One half of the wall of the long library is hung with the melancholy portraits of ill-fated Stuarts ; the most sorrowful of all looks down upon a table where lies the roll of the regicides. The other half of the great gallery bears the stern pictures of the Cromwells. It needs no deep student of character to read the tale. A child led down the long line will know, as the light streams through the mullioned windows upon the leather jerkins of Roundheads and the graceful plumes of Cavaliers, that here is no mere contrast of rank or of policy, but the comparison of weakness with strength, the story of forces that, once opposed, could have but one issue.

The chance encounter of a likeness in an unknown face may often lead to interesting discoveries. Passing the window of an old curiosity shop, we were attracted by a beautiful mezzotint portrait which bore a striking likeness to a favourite uncle. We entered, and examined the portrait, hoping to find some familiar name inscribed below. The legend, 'The Right Honourable Hugh Percy, Earl of Northumberland,' brought no enlightenment at the moment ; but we bought the engraving for the sake of the resemblance. Long after, in some remote channel of family history, we found that there had been a marriage which connected the two strangers who were so much alike quite nearly enough to account for the resemblance. Such discoveries are a constant delight to those to whom portraits are storied monuments.

In this far-away Irish home of cousins of the first Duke of Wellington hang portraits of several of his near relations. Perhaps the most interesting is the beautiful picture of his mother, the Lady Anne Hill, daughter of the Marquis of Downshire, which accompanies these notes. Here at a glance, if we may give the artist credit for more than the usual honesty, are the hands : those hands that were so remarkably slender and small and white. I have had on my finger—the third finger of a very thin hand—a ring which the Duke wore constantly, and it was not too large. The ring, of Indian workmanship, was presented to Colonel Arthur Wesley during his term of service in India. The present owner of it told me that many persons to whom she showed it had had misgivings as to whether such a tiny circlet could ever have fitted an English-



*The Marquess of Hertford, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire*  
*Painted in the possession of Mr. George Sneyd*



*The Lady Mornington, mother of the Duke of Wellington.*

*Painted in the possession of Mr. George Sneyd*

*From the original*



## SOME LETTERS OF THE WELLESLEYS

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*The Marchioness of Lothian. Elizabeth Wellesley's only daughter.*

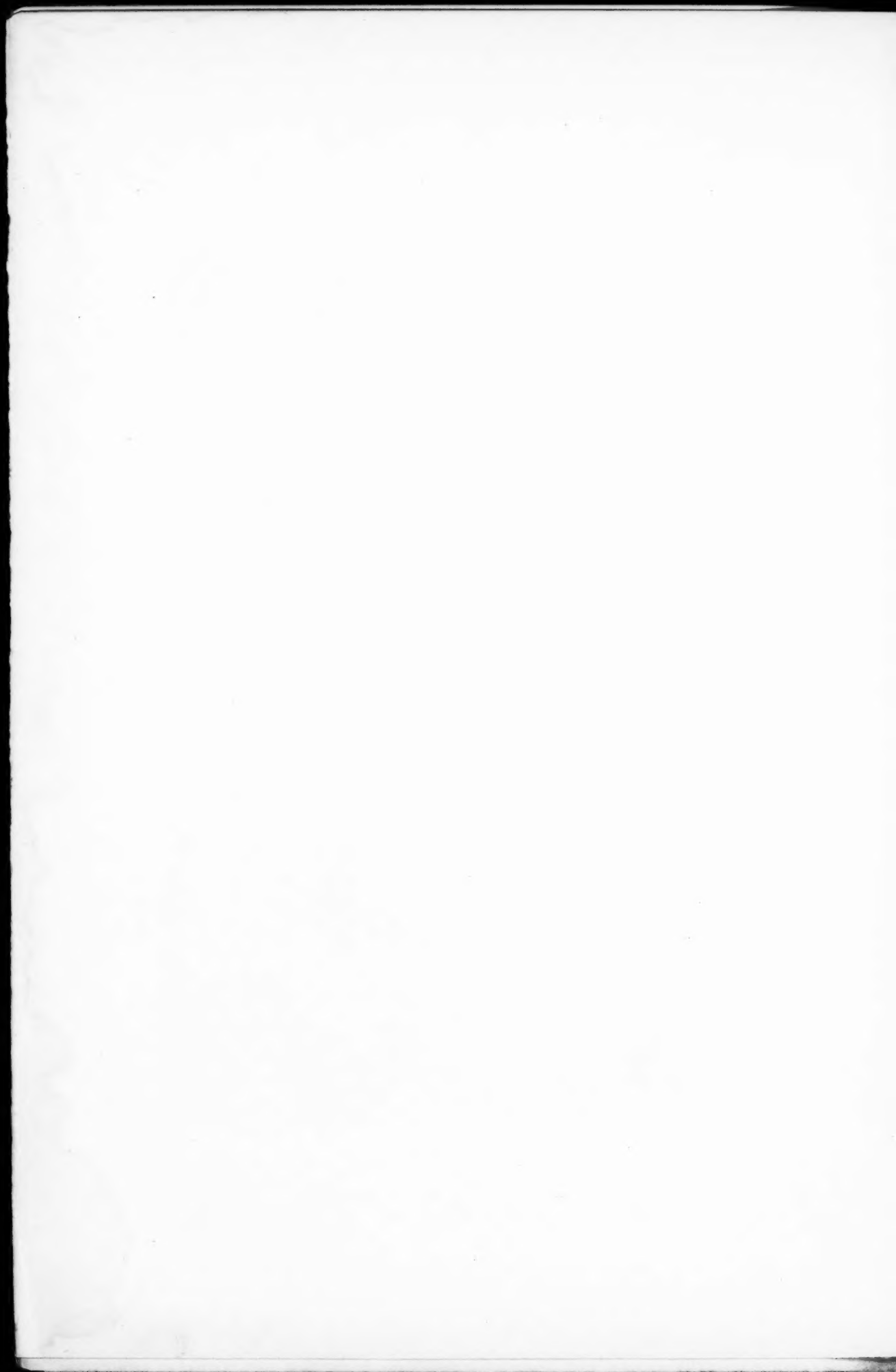
*From a miniature in the possession of M<sup>rs</sup>. Beresford-Massy.*



*The Lady Mornington. mother of the Duke of Wellington.*

*From a portrait in the possession of M<sup>rs</sup>. Beresford-Massy.*

*From Electric Engraving Co.*



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man's finger, and accounted for its smallness by saying it had probably been made for the slim finger of an Indian prince. But many a family story tells how delicately formed were the hands of the great Duke. I remember hearing how at Chevening, where the Duke was a constant guest of Lord Stanhope, it was a pastime to watch him take a new book and cut it page by page with neat strokes of his thin hand. There also it was told how he would lay the book aside on the entrance of that favoured little child, Lady Mary Stanhope, and, taking her on his knee, tell her in simple words the story of his life. It was not from his mother that he derived this tenderness for children that contrasted with his sterner virtues. It is easy to see in this portrait of Lady Mornington the mother who was proud of her sons—'This comes of being the mother of the Gracchi,' she observed one day when her carriage was stopped by an admiring crowd—but was not tender towards them even in their childhood. I wonder whether a reader of character would see in this face the lack of intuitive sympathy for her children that made her believe her little Arthur, 'the slender, blue-eyed, hawk-nosed, and rather sheep-faced boy,' to be hopelessly deficient in mental ability? There is in her face also a hint of the impatience and irritability which mar the story of the Duke's later years, and are portrayed in one of his portraits, that by Charles Turner. They can be discerned also in the drawing by Goya, here reproduced. The father of Turner painted before the patron of Turner had written, in fine scorn, 'A portrait is not thought to be great unless it has a thunder cloud behind it (as if a hero could not be brave in sunshine);' and he has sent his sitter down to posterity with storm wreaths in the background and clouds upon his brow. Here in the mother's face is foreshadowed also the nervous sensitiveness that was so marked a heritage of her other famous son, the Marquis Wellesley. How they all noted it—those critical contemporaries of his! 'Poor Mornington nervous, and Sheridan brutal,' writes Wilberforce after a famous debate in the old Irish House. How he must have suffered in that fallacious but damaging attack upon his Indian administration! Compare the mother's face with her eldest son's, as seen in the beautiful portrait of him by Hoppner. There is not much likeness of feature; but is not plainly there, in both, a look of nervous apprehension haunting the deep-set eyes?

The high forehead and the fine eyes and eyebrows which the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke both inherited are here. The firm mouth and the long upper lip are the Duke's, but not the mouth and lips of the more lovable 'beau cavalier' Richard Wellesley. Of the latter, one who knew him writes:

The mouth is firm, but slightly pouting, with a curious contraction of the upper lip. The expression is strangely attractive and winning, as of one who felt deeply and loved much: a poet, a musician, a great writer. But in the alertness

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of the gaze, the arched nostril, the long, straight nose, there are signs of an eager spirit, bold, commanding, originative. It is a face no one could look on without admiration or without respect. The mien is of one who expected obedience, but who could trust and be trusted.

The last sentence might equally well have been written of the Duke, and surely it is recorded too in the portrait of Lady Mornington. On looking at this face of a reserved and stately gentlewoman, it is obvious also that another quality of which her sons had a not undue but sufficient share is here. It is the face of one who realises the possession of the privileges and responsibilities which belong to the governing classes, and at a glance we see that Mrs. Delany's criticism was not quite just. That gossiping old lady, who was Lord Mornington's godmother, writes thus of his bride: 'Lord M.'s *fiancée*, Miss Hill, is pretty, excessively good-natured, and happy in her present situation; but I own I think my godson required a wife that knows more of the punctilios of good breeding, as he is much wanting in them himself.' This of the father and mother of the Great Duke, who never for a moment forgot the dignities of state or the courtesies of private life! Listen to him now, with her face before us. 'When the Lord Privy Seal is in a decent attitude I will proceed with my statement,' he exclaims, suddenly arrested, in a discourse to the Cabinet about some important measure, by the sight of Lord Westmorland leaning back in his chair, with his dirty boots resting on the table. This too of the father and mother of the exquisite Marquis Wellesley, whose bright talents shone in a setting of grace, elegance, and accomplishments, rarely rivalled even in those more ceremonious days! We have had other occasions to take Mrs. Delany with a grain of carefulness.

The Lady Mornington's face is a proud face, not conceited, not overbearing, but speaking of that better pride of which Jean Paul Richter says: 'There is a noble pride through which merit shines more brightly than through modesty.' It is not that pride of portraiture which Ruskin condemns—'proclamations of what the person has done or supposes himself to have done, which if known it is gratuitous in the portrait to exhibit, and if unknown it is insolent in the portrait to proclaim.' It is nearer to the glorious severity of those portraits of the nobles of old days

with whom armour does not constitute the warrior, neither silk the dame. And from what feeling the dignity of that portraiture arose is best traceable at Venice, when we find their victorious doges painted neither in the toil of battle nor the triumph of return; nor set forth with thrones and curtains of state; but kneeling, always crownless.

Pride and prayer! Yes; and pride and tears are often very near in a woman's heart, for there *les extrêmes se touchent*. They are near in this portrait. Here are traces of sorrow and a peculiar pathos; and we know, as we look, that in the scant and unsympa-



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thetic notice with which the biographers of the four great men dismiss their mother only half of her story is told. There is ideality in the forehead: had she sounded the depths those touch who fall through dreams, that the mouth is so hard set in those stern lines? Family tradition says she knew many sorrows.

Family tradition also disperses, once for all, the mystery that hangs round the birthplace of her most famous son. Some accounts give as the place where Arthur Wesley was born the Earl of Mornington's town house in Merrion Street, Dublin; others the family seat, Dangan Castle; others the old town which lies on the road between the two. But my friend says: 'My mother often told me the Duke was not born at Dangan but in Lower Merrion Street, the same street in which her father's house was; and I remember my father writing to Sir Bernard Burke, the then "King at Arms," and telling him of my mother's knowledge on this subject. Dangan Castle may have sounded better when the family got grander and no longer (according to an old, unfounded gibe) "had to pick praties after the crows."'

Another portrait of interest is one of the Honourable Elizabeth Wellesley, daughter of the first Baron Mornington, sister of Garret Wesley, who was created Earl of Mornington, and aunt of the Duke of Wellington. This lady married Mr. Chichester Fortescue, of Dromisken, sometime member for the Wellesley borough of Trim. It is difficult to trace any likeness between this lady and her famous nephews; yet some of her own descendants bear many points of resemblance to them, and, by one of the strange freaks of heredity, seem to be preserving the outward appearance that was accepted as the Wellesley type when the first Duke and his brother brought the family into prominence, while the main branch of the family have lost any strong likeness. The caprice with which heredity alternately endows and disendows is one of the mysteries that confront us in a group of family portraits. The aunt and the father of the two whom we have taken as best expressing the family type in no way resemble each other, though they are brother and sister; while between their descendants it is easy to find likenesses.

We cannot gather much from the portrait of Elizabeth Wellesley's eldest son, Thomas Fortescue; but the marked chin and the fine eyes are family possessions. It was to the son of this gentleman, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, that the last Lord Clermont of the old creation, a distant cousin of this branch of the family, paid the memorable visit that resulted in the barony being revived in favour of another Thomas Fortescue. How this came about the cold genealogies of Burke give no sign; but family stories relate that Lord Clermont found himself so charmed with his cousin's household and family that he left all his property, including the beautiful

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Clermont estates of Ravensdale Park, to his cousin's eldest son, who, thus endowed with means to dignify the claim, was enabled to acquire the barony, but not to have the earldom or viscountcy of Clermont revived in his favour. His brother was Lord Carlingford, who, as Chief Secretary for Ireland during troubled times, showed himself to possess a considerable share of the Wellesley capacity for government. Both these titles lapsed with the lives of those to whom they were given. After Lord Carlingford, who succeeded his brother as Baron Clermont, there was no heir to carry on in this line either the family honours, or the family likeness which it was easy to recognise in Elizabeth Wellesley's great-grandson Lord Clermont.

Of Elizabeth Wellesley's second son, Richard, my friend has no portrait. That of the third son, Admiral Sir Chichester Fortescue, comes next. Here it is possible to find many points of resemblance between the cousins. The long nose—is it pardonable to allude to noses when they become historic?—‘the sight of which among us on a battle morning was worth forty thousand men any day of the week,’ is here. It is the nose of authority and power; one can imagine the Admiral's sailors saying of their commanding officer with the Duke's soldiers, ‘That long-nosed beggar that beats the French.’ There is also the marked and firmly chiselled chin that is supposed to have given the Duke some resemblance to the heroes of antiquity, especially to Julius Cæsar. It is a generous and philanthropic as well as strong chin. I am not surprised when my friend tells me that her grandfather, the Admiral, had to have the brass plate removed from his front door in Merrion Street, because so many old sailors and would-be old sailors found it convenient to call and recount how they had ‘served under His Honour.’ How the stories match! ‘The Duke,’ says his first chronicler, ‘never met any poor man who claimed to have served under him without giving him a sovereign. He used to laugh at himself for doing so, and acknowledged that it was ten to one against the object of his bounty deserving it; but nothing would induce him to omit the practice.’ I do not know where the quality that bespeaks the fancy possessing some of us for genealogical and heraldic research may be traced in a face; but to one who knew its outward sign it would probably be a striking feature in some of these portraits. Sir Chichester Fortescue succeeded his younger brother, Gerald, as Ulster King at Arms. The Duke's veneration for genealogical records is well known. Did not he dismiss a young officer of high rank from the Service for destroying the communal archives of an insignificant French town? With the Marquis Wellesley the taste bore fruit in the practical form of changing back to the older usage the spelling of the famous name.

It is interesting to see how in later generations of this branch the likeness is still marked. The long and well-cut nose, the firmly

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marked and chiselled chin, the large, clear, grey-blue eyes, the light brown hair, the tall, lithe figure with long limbs and well-shaped hands and feet, the long face with its grave expression in repose and the quick charm of a winning smile—these have come down to some of the descendants of Elizabeth Wellesley's sailor son. I would fain think that other points of likeness are not mere coincidence. One day, out driving in the hills with my friend, I said, 'How the mountains fascinate one! What is it that makes them so alluring?' 'I think it is because one always wants to know what is on the other side,' she answered. The Duke's words about mountains are historic; but my friend had not heard of them. He had 'passed his whole life,' he once said to Mr. Croker, 'in trying to see what was on the other side of a hill.' The musical talent, which the Duke's father, the Earl of Mornington, author of the hymns and chants that bear his name, possessed so remarkably, is shared by the descendants of Lord Mornington's sister.

A fourth son, Gerald Fortescue, is the subject of the next portrait. I have no personal details to relate of him or of his descendants; but in the portrait before us the nose, the mouth, the chin, the eyebrows, and the long oval of the face, are not unlike the Duke's.

The girlish portrait of Elizabeth Wellesley's only daughter bears little or no resemblance to the more marked features of her cousins; yet it may be that some of the same strength of purpose and independence of action lay behind the veil of the soft young face, for this was the girl who was soon to become that famous Marchioness of Lothian whose secession to the Roman Catholic Church caused breaches in her own home and between friends, while her zeal in doing penance for the sin of having been born a Protestant made her renowned at Rome. Placed side by side, how like are these portraits of mother and daughter, and how unlike are both to the figurehead of the family! It would be interesting to trace in Lady Lothian's descendants how far the characteristic Wellesley features reappear, having skipped her, and how far they are continued in the heirs of her brother, having passed his mother by.

The letters which form part of this family treasure are not less interesting than the portraits. With the exception of two or three of Lord Mornington's which I quoted in a note to the *Athenæum* of February 10 of this year, they have never been printed or quoted from before; their very existence is unknown to the many historians of the Great Duke. The scale on which the Duke's correspondence was conducted gives unusual facilities to his biographers. He rose early, and, whether at court or in camp, wrote for some hours before beginning the other duties of the day.

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After dinner he retired early, that he might keep long vigil pen in hand. In his many reports, despatches, letters, and notes, the Duke has simply, truthfully, without intention, given the world an autobiography. The mass of this correspondence is consistent from first to last. Throughout it shows the same high ideal, the same honourable goal, the same independent and capable line of thought and action, the same brilliant yet not boastful achievement of success. There is none of those surprises, those further enlightenments or bitter awakenings, which sometimes await us in a fresh budget of a great man's letters. It is true that contrasting traits in the Duke's character have given rise to such thoughts as those lately stated in the *Spectator* :

Wellington the soldier and Wellington the politician are one and the same man—masterful, uncompromising, assured. It is quite another Wellington who wrote sentimental letters to Miss J., and who took such a perverse pleasure in trivial correspondence . . . the real Wellington is the victor of Waterloo.

I venture to say that the hero of Waterloo was not by any means the whole man. The real Wellington was like every other man, especially every other great man : an embodiment of various impulses tending to, but not starting from, a mysterious unity. A great soul is a gem cut, like a diamond, in facets, each of which flashes a different hue.

I hold in my hand a budget of letters written by the young officer, Arthur Wesley, and his already influential brother, Lord Mornington. They are addressed to their cousin, Sir Chichester Fortescue. At a glance, ere even I unfold the time-stained, yellow sheets, I think I see one of those points upon which histories concerning themselves only with the iron aspect of the Duke teach us to differentiate between the two brothers. The glittering gilt edge which shines from the letters of him who was called 'that sultanised Englishman' seems absent from the letters of the brother whom we should expect to show a more simple taste in note-paper. On further investigation, however, I find that it is only those from abroad that are written on plain paper, and that in later notes, on his return, Arthur Wesley, by no means so indifferent as some would have us think to the graces of social custom, also used the tiny gold edge. The handwritings differ considerably, the small round upright hand of the Duke contrasting with the poetic and sympathetic lines of his brother's more flowing and graceful writing. These letters have an interest in that they have reposed in the privacy of the immediate family of Sir Chichester Fortescue, to whom they were written. They treat for the most part of family matters ; but writers so occupied with the high concerns of State could not but touch continually upon possibilities, projects, and proposals which were afterwards to ripen into long-remembered events. They abound also in small indications of those traits of character which made



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both men great, and especially confirm the high value that his own and succeeding generations have set upon the hero not only of a thousand valours but of a thousand virtues also.

The first of the Duke's was written while he was in the Low Countries, taking a subordinate part in that campaign the disasters of which well-nigh turned the soldier to a peaceful walk in life. It was there doubtless—though by warning rather than by example—that he began to learn the science of warfare which, when he returned to the Low Countries, reached its crowning achievement at Waterloo. 'The summer months of 1794 saw, indeed,' says Hooper, 'the downfall of Robespierre and the "glorious 1st of June"; but they saw also the English army thrust back as far as Antwerp, and the whole line of the allies repulsed everywhere from the Pyrenees to the mouth of the Scheldt.' Such was the effect on the young Colonel that he brought back his regiment, the 33rd, soon after, doubting whether, with wars so conducted as the late campaign, 'it were a wise man's part to follow the career of arms.' It was then that he wrote to Lord Camden asking, in a sentence often quoted, for a civil instead of a military appointment. 'You will be surprised at my desiring a civil instead of a military office. It certainly is a departure from the line which I prefer; but I see the manner in which military offices are filled.' Had Lord Camden, then as afterwards his obliging friend, granted this request, the letter I quote here might have been one of the last instead of one of the first he wrote from a seat of war; and who can say what might have been the fate of empires that were even then groaning beneath a tyranny it was his to break?

YZZENDON, Dec. 20th, 1794.

MY DEAR CHIT,—I have received your letter and I wish you joy of the circumstance which interrupted you at the close of it. The intelligence which you give me that Lord Headfort intends in case of his father's death to set up Clot for the county of Meath surprises me much; first because I thought him too prudent to enter into the Electioneering politicks of that county unless certain of holding the helm, and next because I could not conceive it possible that a family should have so totally thrown off one of its branches in favour of another, as it seems to be the intention of that family to do in the case of Robert and Clotworthy Taylor. However I shall certainly profit of the intelligence and shall make such arrangements with Mornington when I go to London, as shall prevent us from being taken by surprize. I have now a proposal to make to you which I beg you will take into your consideration and let me know your answer upon my arrival in London; it is to bring you into Parlt. for Trim: I should have desired it when Taylor came in only that I then imagined a seat in Parlt. was incompatible with your situation in the House of Lords, but I am now of a contrary conviction, and I am sure I need not endeavour to persuade you that if to bring you into Parlt. can turn to your advantage nothing will give Mornington more pleasure. In considering the subject first reckon the advantage of which it will be to you and your family should matters go on smoothly, next the disadvantage, of which there is only a possibility, should they be otherwise. Upon the first part of the question I need say nothing; we all know that in Ireland nothing is given for nothing; upon the second I must urge to you that even if matters should change Mornington, considering your situation,



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would not probably desire you to risk any thing. I deliver this opinion upon the present view of Irish politicks, but as circumstances may alter, it is not one upon which I should wish you to place a certain reliance, but even should Mornington desire you to go into opposition with him your office was given to you long ago, long before you became a member of Parlt. and if one may judge of the future conduct of Irish Ministers by their former your opposition will not deprive you of it. Should my reasoning upon this ground appear false you are to consider, that you will always have a power to vacate your seat, and in case you consent to be brought in I shall certainly stipulate with Mornington on your part that to vacate when he goes into opposition is not to be considered a shabby proceeding. I have written long enough upon this subject; direct your answer to Meyrick's, Derby Street.

I intend to go to England in a few days: that is to say if the French remain quiet and if the regt. is relieved from the advanced post upon the river Waal where it has been for above six weeks. At present the French keep us in a perpetual state of alarm; we turn out once, sometimes twice, every night; the officers and men are harassed to death and if we are not relieved I believe there will be very few of the latter remaining shortly. I have not had my cloathes off my back for a long time and generally spend the greatest part of the night upon the bank of the river, notwithstanding which I have entirely got rid of that disorder which was near killing me at the close of the summer campaign. Though the French annoy us much at night they are very entertaining during the day time; they are perpetually chattering with our officers and soldiers, and dance the carmagnole, etc., upon the opposite bank whenever we desire them; but occasionally the spectators on our side are interrupted in the middle of the dance by a cannon ball from theirs.

With best compts. to Lady Fortescue,

Believe me, Yours most affectionately,

A. WESLEY.

The congratulations with which this letter opens refer to the birth of Sir Chichester Fortescue's daughter, Sydney, who grew up to be a very clever woman, and died some years before him who had thus felicitated her father on her birth. She and her sister Frances often told how their nurse used to frighten them with threats of the dreaded Bonaparte, from whose oppressions their cousin was soon to deliver the whole of Europe. They used to tell, also, how their father himself came into the drawing-room one day with a newspaper only a week old, and cried, 'Listen, girls: your cousin Arthur has gained a great victory and beaten Bonaparte at a place called Waterloo!' The prudence of the next remark will commend itself to all who have been concerned in the coil within coil of family politics. It is difficult to say exactly what is meant by the allusion to these two brothers. Possibly it may be that the marriage of the younger brother to his cousin Frances Rowley, the Duke of Wellington's great niece, and niece and heiress of Viscount Langford, whose title passed to Clotworthy Taylor in that year of many favours to Irish gentlemen who voted for the Union, made it expedient that he should be the one chosen to succeed his father, Lord Headfort, in representing the family borough in Parliament. It was a comparatively unknown man who thus criticised his relations' plans; later in the family history we find the grandson and the great-grandson of Clotworthy Taylor called, after him, Wellington. The writer's anxiety to keep the seat of Trim in the family by persuading

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his cousin to take it is characteristic. This wish had evidently long been shared by Lord Mornington: one of his letters dated three years previously is entirely occupied with the same project.

WINDSOR, *June 15th, 1790.*

MY DEAR CHICHESTER,—I wish you to meet Harry Pomeroy immediately, and consider whether it may not be advisable that you should stand at Trim on occasion of the present vacancy; you will see my letter to Harry, and I know you both so well, that I am persuaded you will decide this question entirely by the consideration of what may be best for my interest, although the decision of it is so intimately connected with your own. I trust to your known honor, integrity and friendship, if you can wait for Arthur Wesley's opinion without risque, I wd. wish you not to take any decisive step before you have seen him.

Ever yours sincerely,  
M.

The borough had been held for a short time in 1790 by Arthur Wesley, then a lad of twenty-one; and, in a letter which I will give in full a little farther on, Lord Mornington touches upon his brother's care for the affairs of Trim after he had ceased to represent the borough. The next point we note in the Duke's letter is his allusion to the trials of the men under his command. Quite young himself at the time, he shows that interest in the comfort and health of his subordinates which always distinguished his generalship. 'Officers and men are harassed to death, and if we are not relieved I believe there will be very few of the latter remaining shortly.' Most characteristic, too, is the extreme vigilance expressed in the words, 'I generally spend the greatest part of the night upon the bank of the river.' Do they not foreshadow the watchful habit of him who only once confessed to having been taken by surprise? 'Duke, weren't you surprised at Waterloo?' said some blundering acquaintance to him one day. 'No,' was the answer, given with a smile; 'but I am now.'

Having returned to Ireland for a short time, the candidate for 'a civil instead of a military office' was soon once more embarked upon foreign service in the career of arms. He was sent to India with a command which gave ample scope for the exercise of great gifts. The next letter was written by the Duke in London, where he had been detained since April by a serious illness, which attacked him just as his regiment was ordered to sail. It must have been soon after the date which it bears that he started, 'following,' as we are told by Mr. Gleig, 'in a fast-sailing frigate as soon as he became convalescent, and, overtaking the battalion at the Cape of Good Hope, landed at its head in Calcutta on February 17, 1797.'

LONDON, *June 1st, 1796.*

MY DEAR CHIT,—I have received your letter of the 24th of May which I assure you is the first I ever received making any mention of Hughes' son as Bailiff; probably that in which you mentioned it went to the West Indies, but I beg you will write to me about it by return of post, and also let me know whether you have in your possession a letter containing directions respecting Trim which I wrote to you

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before I went to the Continent, and if you have I wish you would send it to me. I will return it as soon as I shall have given Mornington a copy of it.

I spoke to Lord Camden about your business when I was in Ireland, but as you was out of Town and I was not thoroughly master of the subject I could not come to any final arrangement about it, but he acknowledged that it ought to have been settled last winter and desired that you would make Crosbie put him in mind of it as soon as you came to town.

Ever yours in great haste

A. WESLEY.

Here, again, we find the same care for the home and public affairs of Trim, which, appearing again and again in these letters, point to the fact that, though, as Lord Mornington observes in another of them, 'if Arthur has good luck he will be called upon to act on a greater stage than dear Dublin,' neither brother forgot the immediate concerns of family and county in the greater affairs of State. Trim, the county town of Meath, near which their early home, Dangan Castle, now lies in ruins, was dear to the Marquis Wellesley and his brother. The mention of a letter that probably went to the West Indies refers to an accident that had befallen Sir Arthur's regiment in the preceding autumn, an accident that was fraught with great results—we will not say for Wellington, for it is not the opportunity that makes the man: it is the man that adorns the opportunity, but—for India. The following is the account of it as given by Mr. Gleig:

In October of 1795, the 33rd received orders to form part of an expedition which the Government was about to direct against certain of the French Settlements in the West Indies. Colonel Wesley embarked in the fleet of which Admiral Christian took the command. But the fleet, though it put to sea, never succeeded in beating down Channel. A violent head-wind soon freshened into a hurricane, and the ships, after having been tossed about for six weeks, returned in a disabled state to Spithead. The troops were immediately put on shore; and, the project of the West Indian expedition being abandoned, Colonel Wesley marched with his battalion to Poole. This was in January 1796. In the April following, the 33rd was directed to proceed to India. Wellesley, however (for about this time the spelling of the family name was changed), happened to labour at this moment under such severe indisposition that he found himself unable to embark.

We have already shown how he followed and caught up the regiment, and here it will not be out of place to insert the letter in which Lord Mornington informs Sir Chichester Fortescue that his brother is about to sail. In it, with a delightful touch of discretion, he begs Sir Chichester to conceal the fact that this absence bids fair to be for long, thus testifying to the immense personal influence of the man.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, *June 20th, 1796.*

MY DEAR CHIT,—You know me of old to be a very idle correspondent, but I trust you have never found me an indolent friend; and I hope you pardon my not writing in consideration of my readiness to act whenever your interest requires it. Your friend of the Navy Office has never called on me relative to the business of which you wrote to me long ago. Whatever you wish me to do in that, or any

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other affair which concerns you, you may rely upon my doing, but send me full and detailed instructions. My dear brother Arthur is now at Portsmouth waiting for a wind for India; the Station is so highly advantageous to him that I could not advise him to decline it, but I shall feel his loss in a variety of ways most bitterly, and in none more than in the management of Trim, where by his excellent judgment, amiable manners, admirable temper and firmness he has entirely restored the interest of my family. I must now hope that you will add to the obligations which I have received from you in the aid you have given to Arthur for some years past, by renewing your activity in order to supply his loss. I trust you will annually attend the two meetings and together with Crosbie and Elliott conduct all proceedings in the same good train in which Arthur has left them. Arthur tells me that he left you a paper of directions. I should be glad to have a copy of it, as soon as convenient to you. I send by this post another paper drawn by Arthur to Crosbie, which he will communicate to you, and to Elliott and to no other person living, as it contains matter of the most secret and confidential nature. I am not at all certain that I may not visit Ireland this summer myself; or if I cannot contrive it this summer, I think I shall certainly see you the next, if I live so long.

Pray remember kindly to all my friends at Trim; do not let them suppose that Arthur is not to return to them, and talk of my intentions of going to visit them.

I beg my best Compliments to Lady Fortescue. Ever, my dear Chit,

Yours most faithfully and affectionately

MORNINGTON.

Mr. Gleig's assertion that the change in the spelling of the name was decided upon about this time is interesting in connection with these particular letters, which serve to show that the change was not adopted by either brother finally until a year and a half afterwards at the earliest. 'A. Wesley' is the signature of this letter of the Duke's, dated June 1796; the next is dated nearly a year afterwards and signed 'A. Wesley.' Among Lord Mornington's letters written at the same time are several in which, making those very inquiries which led to the changes both in the spelling of the name and in the coat of arms he bore, he still speaks of 'Wesley' as the family name, though constantly referring to the fact that it had formerly been spelt differently. It may be interesting to give some of these letters here. They were written, as will be seen, while Lord Mornington stood in constant expectation of being called to high office in India; and it is obvious from their contents that his investigations into the family history were not unconnected with the desire to revive in new and greater titles all the dignities of race, should place bring the expected measure of reward. The obliging cousin to whom the letters are addressed was, as Ulster King at Arms, a competent authority on such points. The following is the first in which 'Wellesley' is given as correct, though, as will be seen, it was not yet permanently adopted.

HERTFORD ST., Nov. 30th, 1796.

MY DEAR CHIT,—I received your letters of the 25th and 26th together this morning and thank you for them. Although I think I might complain with justice, that any circumstance whatever should have raised in your mind a jealousy, which you have so long concealed from me, I will say nothing more on that subject, but content myself with the hope that what has passed will be sufficient to guard your mind against any impressions of distrust against a person who never has entertained

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any other feelings for you than those of the most cordial friendship, and who, if he had ever felt otherwise, would not have left you to draw conclusions from his silence, but would without scruple have declared the reasons of his dissatisfaction.

I shall be extremely obliged to you if you can get my pictures on board a Transport under your own authority; if you could also get my Books, Prints, Music and China embarked in the same manner I should be thankful to you; and I have desired young Page to receive your orders on that subject. It is necessary that the articles should all be insured before embarkation. The Picture you speak of I missed before in my list. I remember it well; it is painted on wood cut in the form of a lattice or Venetian blind, and as it is turned different ways, it presents different subjects, one of which is Our Saviour on the Cross. It used to hang in the front drawing-room in my Father's house in Merion Street. I cannot conceive that Mr. John Pomeroy or any other gentleman could hesitate one moment to restore it on the slightest hint being given him, that it is as much mine as the coat upon my back. If however you should think that such an hint from you would not be well received or would not be successful, I will try to find out Harry and write to him. It would certainly be better to have this picture sent to me with the others.

I would not delay this letter, but I wish to write to you, as soon as I am able, much more at large on several of the points of your letter relating to your Nephew, to Trim, and to your own views after the Peace.

I want also to apply to you in your Official Capacity of Ulster, for some information relative to the Genealogy of my family, some particular parts of which I wish to ascertain more accurately than they appear in the Peerage. I shall send you a list of questions to which I wish you to endeavour to obtain answers. There is one question which I will put to you immediately, as it may take some time to obtain an answer to it.

Walter Cowley of Kilkenny (22d Henry VIII.) Joint Clerk of the Crown in Chancery for life, Solicitor-General of Ireland 7 Sept. 1537 (29d Henry VIII.) Surveyor-General of Ireland 5 Nov. 1548 was Father to Sir Henry Colley (otherwise Cowley) of Castle Carbery.

I want to know, who was the wife of the said Walter Cowley and Mother to the said Sir Henry Colley? I have always imagined that she was of the Family of Dangan (*Wellesley, otherwise by corruption Wesley*) but this does not appear in the Peerage. Perhaps by the Marriage Register of some church in Kilkenny, or of the Church of Carbery, or of the Church of Edenderry, or of Laracor or Trim, or of some Church in Dublin, you might find this out. He was probably married between the year 1510 and 1520 if not earlier. Pray make my best Compts. to Lady Fortescue. Lady M. desires hers to you.—Ever yours most affy.

M.

I next give a letter in which 'Wellesley' and 'Wesley' appear indifferently.



HERTFORD ST., Dec. 20th, 1796.

MY DEAR CHIT,—I send you the questions which I announced to you some time ago relative to the Colley branch of my family. I have had the Pedigree drawn out by my own Clerk from my notes, and the whole seems to me sufficiently distinct. There is but one question not stated in the Pedigree, which I wish to put to you; the arms of Colley are, Or, a lion rampant Gules; my Grandfather wore his lion gorged with a ducal coronet; I do not know whether the ducal coronet round the neck was a difference introduced by him, or whether the original arms of the family were so worn. You might find out this by examining some old monuments in the Chapel at Castle Carbery. I also wish to know the original crest of the Colleys. I believe it to have been an Armed arm holding a sword, all proper: my Grandfather jumbled the Crests of *Wesley (properly Wellesley)* and Colley together, in which neither my Father nor I have imitated him! We have both worn the ancient crest of the *Wesleys*, which is an emblem of the military office of the founder of that Family—



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on a wreath proper, a Lion gules, issuing out of a ducal coronet or and holding in his paws a banner of St George proper.

My father wore his banner of St. George in the under-drawn form Viz.  with the end of the banner split; but (I am not mistaken) in all the old seals and monuments which I have seen, the Banner is worn thus  with the ends closed. I do not know whether you have studied that science (by no means useless to any man who wishes to know the history of his country accurately) enough to know that in Heraldry a *closed* banner either pointed or square is the Emblem of a Knight Baronet, which *De Wellesley* was. I wish you could ascertain for me how this Crest was worn anciently. There is an old Monument of the 16th century in the passage to the Chapel at Dangan containing the Crest and Coat of the *Wellesleys* with several quarterings. There is also a Crest of an old date which I placed over the gateway of the Fort. I suppose Burrowes would not object to drawings of these being taken for me. Perhaps something might also be found at Laracor. The drawing of the Coat of the *Wellesleys* with the quarterings will be of great assistance in the work with which I mean next to trouble you, I mean the Pedigree of that very ancient Family. I shall send you such materials as I can collect upon the subject.

In answering my questions respecting the Pedigree of the Colleys, as well as in making out the difficult parts of that of the *Wellesleys*, I wish you to employ the best assistance you can procure in Ireland. I do not know who is now Keeper of the Records in Birmingham Tower but from him you might probably obtain access to such records as may be necessary to this enquiry. I am aware that this investigation cannot be carried on without some expence, whatever it may be I will repay you with thanks.

Believe me my dear Chit,

Yours ever Affly. and forgive all this trouble,

MORNINGTON.

If you can find any trace by which you can make out when *Walter Cowley* came from England or where his parents were settled I beg you will Prefix it to whatever answers you send me.

Next I quote a letter in which, as late as February 1797, 'Wesley' is again used without apology.

HERTFORD ST., Feby. 20th, 1797.

MY DEAR CHIT,—I have sent Sir Wm. Jones's Persian Grammar according to your desire and I have received my picture very safe, for which I thank you. I am very glad to hear so good an account of your Nephew. I think he may expect to go to India in the course of the next year. His studies should be Arithmetic and the Mathematics, Persian, Arabic, and in general all the Oriental languages, and all books relating to the History, Laws and Customs of Indostan, particularly since the English East India Company have acquired the possession of Bengal.

I wish you could get the information I desired respecting my Crest and arms (*Wesley* and Colley) soon, as I may have occasion to use it. The Pedigree I know must require some time. Pray remember me to Lady Fortescue and Believe me

My dear Fortescue, Yours most Affectly

MORNINGTON.

The secret comes out in the following letter, which shows how important are the prospects in the hope of which these inquiries have been set afoot.

HERTFORD ST., May 2nd, 1797.

MY DEAR CHIT,—I am really obliged to you for the pains you have bestowed on the subject which I referred to you. You may imagine that I would not have given you so much trouble, if the circumstances were not likely to occur, which may

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render the full knowledge of that subject necessary to me. This hint I confide to your discretion, and rely on you to keep secret. I desired Crosbie to apprise you of the probability of my being called to a very brilliant situation in a short time; I mean the Government General of the British Possessions in India. My appointment is not yet made and therefore I do not acknowledge publicly my destination, but I have every reason to believe that there is no doubt of the appointment taking place, and that I shall embark for India in the course of the summer. I have not agreed to accept this situation without a full consideration of the probable effects of the Climate on my health, which from the best information I can collect, I have no reason to apprehend to be at all injurious. As to the rest, my friends, who have offered me this arduous charge, must judge whether the hands into which they mean to commit it are equal to such a weight; and on their judgment I think I can safely rely.

The first idea that may naturally occur to you will be that your Nephew should accompany me to India. That is however impossible—I mean to take nobody but my brother Henry, and not even to encumber myself with a single engagement from Europe. There is no other chance of discharging my duty honestly. Your Nephew will be appointed a writer next season, I hope to Bengal; and when he arrives in a regular manner I will give him every encouragement and assistance; and if he deserves it (not otherwise) I will take care that he shall rise as quickly as the Regulations of the Company's service, and the attention due to the merits of others, will permit; more, I will not do for my own brother; nor would I accept this high station, unless I were assured of my possessing firmness enough to govern the British Empire in India without favor or affection to a human being either in Europe or Asia. The integrity of my own character in such government is the best provision which I can make for any branch of my family; and if this were not good policy as well as morality, I have vanity enough to be resolved to sacrifice every consideration (but the public interest) to the preservation of a just and well-founded fame.

Before my departure I hope to have many opportunities of writing to you at large on the subject of my Interests in Ireland of which I must ever esteem you a principal support, in the meanwhile I enclose some hints on the points which we have lately been discussing together. I should be glad to have the statements on this question sent to me, as soon as you have brought them into any shape satisfactory to your own judgments; and be so good as to return my notes at the same time.

Pray be so kind as to send my Pictures and China by the first good ship you can find with convoy, let me also have an account of what else you have been so kind as to take charge of for me. I will in a few Posts, trouble you with my wishes respecting the Books. The Bureau belongs to Mrs. Price (I believe) so pray return it to her, and let her have the Gorget into the bargain.

Ever my dear Chit, Yours most Affectionately

M.

Pray make my best Compts. to Lady Fortescue.

In the next letter I give, Lord Mornington still uses the accustomed spelling and speaks of 'the Wesley Family' while forwarding a treasure-trove of papers which confirm the changes his own and Sir Chichester Fortescue's researches seem to have justified. We can imagine the gratification with which the stately peer, who had so polite a regard for all the dignities of style and title, must have hailed the support of his cousin's official confirmations and the testimony of family papers to the more ancient use and custom; and we can enter, with the joy that only a keen genealogist knows, into the feelings that prompted the sentence we find in a letter written only one month afterwards.

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No Marquesses being to be made at present, my claim is postponed ; if ever I should reach that rank, which I must if I live, I have determined to take the Title of Marquess Wellesley of Norragh.

Ancient Wellesleys of former times had been feudal barons of Norragh until the last Baron, James Wellesley, forfeited lands and title in the struggles of 1641. How happy must have been their proud descendant as he penned these words on the sheet I hold in my hand ! It is noticeable that another kindred name, whose owner has passed through like though lesser glories, has undergone much the same vicissitudes. 'Wolesley' was not many generations ago 'Wolsey,' or 'Wosley' ; and the present spelling is a revival of an older form, which may probably have originated, like 'Wellesley,' in 'Wolf-slayer.'

The next of the Duke's letters is written exactly at that period to which Mr. Gleig refers when he says, 'His correspondence, happily preserved, becomes . . . interesting and instructive.'

From the day when he landed in Calcutta [says Mr. Gleig] a great change appears to have taken place both in the moral and intellectual nature of the man. The habits of quiet observation to which he had long been addicted expanded into reasoning. The experience of war and its requirements which he had accumulated in the Low Countries seemed to act upon him with the force of inspiration.

It is more probable, however, that the change observable in the Duke's demeanour at this time betokened no change in the man who knew so well how to fill any of the varied situations of his long life in a becoming manner, but rather that his new office demanded new energies and brought into play faculties which had been held in reserve. He, who had known how to be abased when a subordinate position demanded a modest behaviour, now, in his first important command, knew how to be exalted. It was fitting that he should assert that masterful independence of spirit and of action which from this time forth—partly as the cause and partly as the effect of his successes—distinguished his career. It is here also that Mr. Gleig pauses to add, 'Meanwhile, his more private communications, whether to personal friends, or to members of the Government, abound in proofs, not only of the good sense, but of the excellent feeling, of the writer.' The letter I hold open now is full of evidence of the kindly interest which the Duke always felt, and spared no pains in exercising, in behalf of his friends :

FORT WILLIAM, *April 30th, 1797.*

MY DEAR CHIT,—I have received your letter of July for which I am much obliged to you. I am sorry that Lord Camden should not have carried into execution what was settled between him and me before I left Ireland last should be done for you ; but I have written to Crosbie by this post and I have desired him to learn from you all the particulars and to state to Lord Camden my most anxious wish that your business should be settled as soon as possible. I forgot to mention to Crosbie one of the things about which I wanted most to write to him and as I have closed my letter to him I mention it to you and beg you will make him acquainted with

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my wishes. Finlay has written to me to desire that a lot of commons which it was likely at that time (the beginning of July) would become vacant by the death of Carthy Vizer should be given to Mr. Hales the clergyman—I forgot whether I mentioned that gentleman's name in my Instructions, if I did not I should be glad that he were served and if without infringement of my engagement to the people that lot of commons can be given to him I shall be glad. I believe it is a freeman's lot and it is one of the best in the Corporation but remember that a man must never be promoted from one freeman's lot to another and I mention this at present because it strikes me at this moment that Hales has already got a lot of commons.

We are preparing here for an expedition to Manilla. I am to be upon it but I am afraid that we can't expect the prize money will be great as the last ransom was.

My health continues perfectly good although the weather is broiling indeed—I attribute that almost entirely to my taking much exercise in the mornings and at nights and to my not adopting all the Luxurious habits of the Europeans long settled in this country. God bless you my dear Chit.

Believe me ever yours most affectionately

A. WESLEY.

Colonel Wesley had been offered the command of the expedition to which he refers ; and, after having stipulated that it should first be offered to one who, he thought, had a prior claim, accepted it on its being refused. The Governor-General, however, changed his mind. The expedition was recalled when it reached Penang ; and it was during a short sojourn there, ere retracing his steps, that the Colonel wrote his famous despatch on the advantages of a British occupation of the island. It was while preparing for this expedition that the young commander first had the power of exercising that care in making provision for the health of his men which was ever for him a first consideration, and it is particularly interesting to find his allusion to it immediately followed by one of those favourite sentiments of his which have become as household words on the subject of health. The sanitary arrangements of Fort William were such as to call forth the irony of the Duke on many a subsequent occasion, and we can imagine that it was with no little exultation that he recorded in these brief words the triumph of maintaining his health amid such adverse circumstances. His appreciation of health and of the necessity of observing its laws was constant, both in the regulation of his own manner of life and in his care for others. Writing on board ship on his way to Fort St. George, he says, 'Tell that I conceive it to be very inconsistent with the principles of the Christian religion to give people bad water.' Again, writing from Madras to the Adjutant-general at Calcutta about the recruits he had left behind at Fort William, he says : 'I am well acquainted with the manner in which recruits are looked after and taken care of in Fort William and I shall therefore be obliged to you if you will take measures to send them to me as soon as possible. . . . Warn the store-keeper not to send bad water with these recruits.'

One of his orders especially directs that the men should be provided with vegetables ; and—dare we say it ?—it was probably

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owing to his conviction that smoking was injurious to the health that the famous order on smoking, which now invites such scornful comments at the hands of all and sundry, was issued. In urging Lord Mornington to accept the Governor-Generalship of that land of many agues and fevers, he says, 'I am convinced that you will retain your health ; nay, it is possible that its general state may be improved.'

I do not know whether by some accident Sir Chichester Fortescue's letters from his two famous cousins, from this date to the time when they returned to England, were destroyed, or whether the friendship between them was weakened by the severance with which distance, strengthener of the strongest ties, loosens lesser bonds. Be this as it may, there is a gap of many years after the letters of 1797. The next in the budget bear the dates December 1805 and February 1806. Probably, alas for the frailty of the means of human intercourse ! distance had something to say to this lapse ; for the Duke, then still Sir Arthur, but 'Wellesley,' not 'Wesley,' welcomes with a charming grace the letter he is answering, saying, 'So many years have elapsed since I have had any communication, that I should be quite ashamed of myself if I did not take the first moment which I could spare to write to you.' Friendship lasts, though fellowship is broken, and we find the old familiar thread taken up by both brothers on their return from India, with a note of regret in each that there has been an interval of silence. These intervening years had been a time of grave responsibility to both ; and the services so ably rendered, though recognised later, had not yet received their just meed of praise. The honour of the Bath for the soldier, and promotion to the rank of Marquess Wellesley for the statesman who in the letter already quoted had so long before named this reward, had, it is true, been bestowed on the two who rank now among the makers of India. A divided Government and a discontented people awaited them, as they well knew, at home ; and it was to answer grave, though unfounded, charges from particular persons, and to satisfy an unreasoning and insatiable general public, that the conquerors returned from the scene of their triumph. Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived in England on September 10, 1805. Soon afterwards he received from the Duke of York the somewhat disappointing office of Major-General on the Home Staff, and towards the end of the year was posted to a brigade of infantry and ordered to go with General Don to Hanover. With the exception of this short interval—spent by Wellington in the fruitless expedition which he calls the 'unfortunate attempt to reach the Weser,' just when, in striking contrast, Nelson was achieving his crowning triumph at Trafalgar—he now devoted himself to the task of reconciling the Minister whose mind had been poisoned against his brother by mischievous persons. Immediately on his arrival from India he had



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sought an interview with Lord Castlereagh in order to enter into an explanation of the whole policy and conduct of Lord Wellesley's Indian administration; nor did he rest until, in the spring of 1806, he took his seat in the House of Commons in order to support his brother's cause in the inquiry which was intended to condemn but ended in clearing him completely. I have dwelt on this point because perhaps the most interesting part of the letter I give next is one short sentence which shows how carefully, even in the smallest details, Sir Arthur was clearing the way for his much-tried though much-honoured brother.

BREMERLEE, *Dec. 30th, 1805.*

MY DEAR CHIT,—I received from George Pomeroy your letter of the 15th Nov. shortly after you had written it, but I was so much hurried previously to my departure from England that I had not leisure to acknowledge and thank you for it. Indeed I might perhaps at this moment urge a similar excuse for a further delay, but it has lain by me for such a length of time, and so many years have elapsed since I have had any communication, that I should be quite ashamed of myself if I did not take the first moment which I could spare to write to you.

I am very much obliged to you for the care you have taken of my goods; and as I am embarked again in a new scene of Service the result of which I cannot foresee I shall be obliged to you if you will take care of them for some time longer. You have not told me how you fare in the world at present. I hope that you took care of yourself, or had somebody to take care of you, at the period of the Union; which event must have made a material alteration in the nature of your situation.

Our old friends at Trim have imagined I fancy that the dissolution of their Corporation ought to dissolve all connection between them and our family. Not a man of them (not even Elliott) has written me a line since I returned to England; and I know no more about my old acquaintances in that part of the world, than if they were at Japan.

I expect that Lord Wellesley will have arrived in England about Christmas. I know that you will write to him upon his arrival; but least you should forget or omit to do so I mention that he will be much annoyed if he should not hear from you.

God bless you my dear Chit

Believe me Ever yours most affectionately,

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

The small town Bremerlehe, on the mouth of the Weser, from which this letter was sent, was to play a not unimportant part in the later struggles of 1813. Beyond the mere allusion to the 'new scene of service,' however, the result of which he confesses himself unable to foresee, the letter is occupied with matters more personal than the details of that unfortunate expedition. Again there are the same grateful acknowledgments of Sir Chichester Fortescue's many services in which the letters of both brothers abound. Again there is the same personal interest in his cousin's affairs. 'I hope you took care of yourself, or had somebody to take care of you, at the time of the Union'—a period during which, the friend who has lent me these letters says, her grandfather had indeed faced troublous times. One incident alone will illustrate the dangers to which the Duke's inquiries refer. As a member of the Irish



Portrait of George Washington  
Painted by Gilbert Stuart  
in 1796  
The original is in the  
National Portrait Gallery  
in London

## SOME LETTERS OF THE WELLESLEYS

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I expect that Lord Wellesley will have arrived in England about Christmas. I know that you will write to him upon his arrival, but I should forget or omit to do so I mention that he will be great-grandfather should not hear from you.

God bless you my dear Chit

Believe me Ever yours most affectionately,

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

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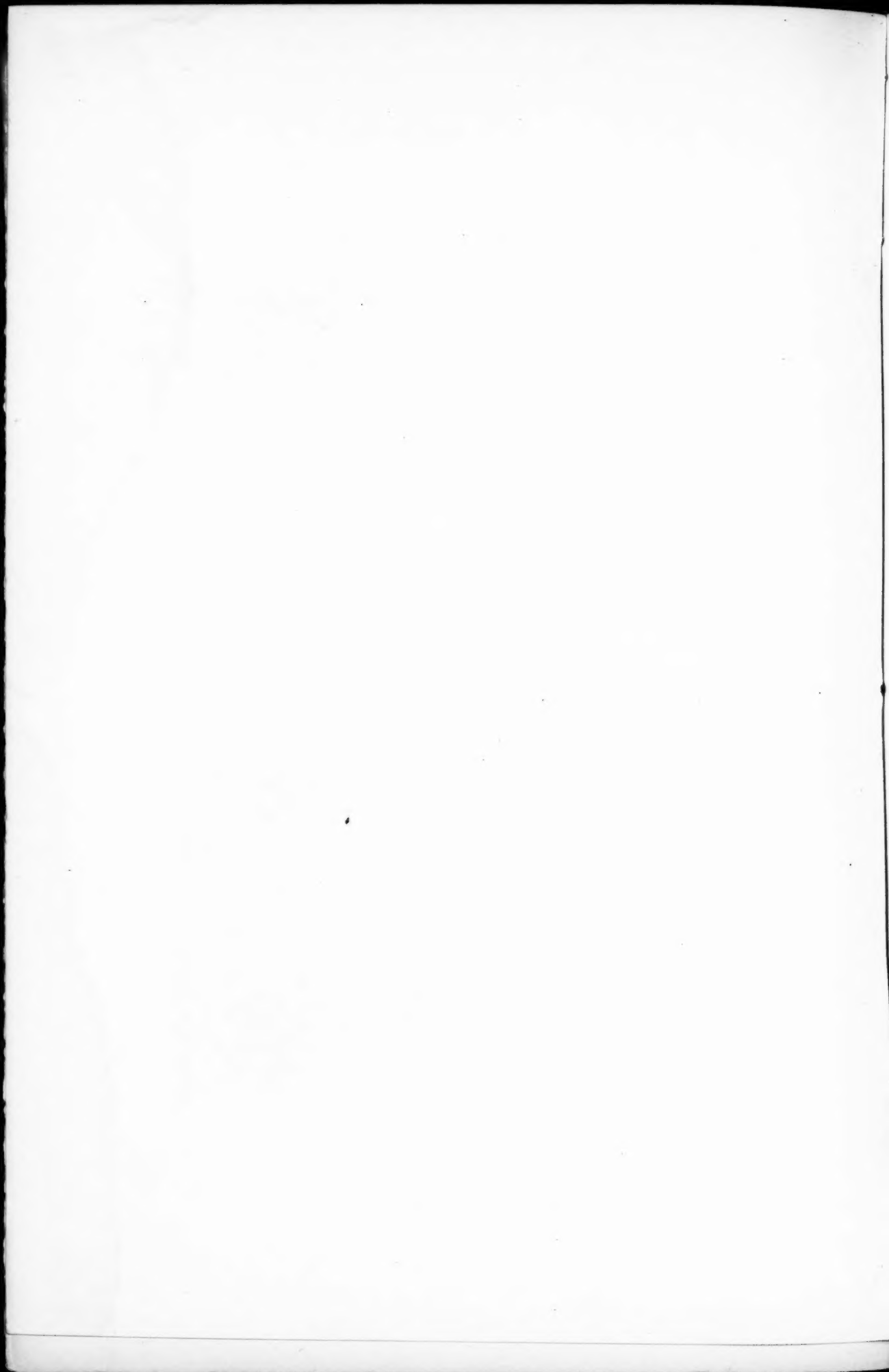
*Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.*

*Drawn in Spain by Francisco Goya.*

*From the original drawing in the British Museum.*

*Joan Electric Engraving Co.*







## FLORENCE ANNA FULCHER

Parliament, Sir Chichester Fortescue had fled to the House of Parliament in College Green during the night of the rebellion in 1798, taking with him his wife and children. Even there they had not been altogether safe. A stray shot had pierced the hood of the girl's cradle. Again the old affectionate regard for his friend's concerns, and the same interest in the affairs of Trim, are apparent, this time touched with that sad confession of intercourse lapsed during a long absence, 'I know no more about my old acquaintance in that part of the world than if they were in Japan.' The chief point of the letter concerns the matter with which his mind was so fully occupied at this time—his brother's reception on his return from India. It is but a small matter to which he alludes, the common courtesy of a note of welcome; but such things carry the earnest of an intention far greater than the outward semblance of the act. It is notable in the lives of both these brothers who won a way in paths of greatness, not only for themselves but also for the country whose honour they represented, that they attached due importance to all the rites of social intercourse. It has been too much the custom of biographers of the Duke, who for the most part have drawn the picture of his life through a pair of military field-glasses, to point a marked contrast between the ceremonial observed on all occasions by the Marquess Wellesley and the more simple mode of the Duke, and to imply, if not actually to state, that this betokened a small regard for the outward observances of social amenities. Such sentiments as the expression which closes this letter occur frequently enough to show that this was by no means the case, and in the letters to his brothers in India he constantly reminds them of the importance of social duties. Writing to the younger, Henry, he hopes that 'Mornington has been introduced to the ladies of Calcutta, and that you give dinners frequently.' He himself, even during his most arduous campaigns, seldom dined alone; and none will need to be reminded of the splendour of the constant balls with which his name is so intimately associated, from that brilliant gathering given under such difficulties in the half-wrecked city of Ciudad-Rodrigo, on the investiture of General Cole with the insignia of the Bath, to the ball from which the Duke slipped away so cautiously to lead his men out under cover of the night to Quatre Bras, and that other which he gave the very day he entered Toulouse bearing the long-expected peace. It was noticeable that he always chose for the members of his personal staff men of good family, who, as Mr. Gleig says, 'whatever their merits as soldiers might have been, . . . lived with one another on the most affectionate terms, and were well-bred and kind to all who approached them.' From such a man at such a time this trivial sentence, 'I know that you will write to him on his arrival,' has a world of meaning. Harassed beyond measure, threatened with false accusations from without, and taunted by

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opposition from within, the very Government he served, the Marquess Wellesley's reception was a matter of anxious concern to Sir Arthur ; and this is but a stray example of the thousand and one ways in which—from interviews with Lord Castlereagh, Lord Bathurst, and all the chiefs of both parties, down to such hints as this to a near relation—he was labouring to smooth his brother's path. Long afterwards, as time is measured by events,—after Torres Vedras, after Ciudad-Rodrigo, after Salamanca and Vittoria, even after Waterloo—the Duke, though then the Great Duke, had himself to undergo the ordeal of madness with which the people sometimes turn upon their deliverers. His very life was attempted in both the countries he had served so well, and insults were heaped upon him.

We cannot fold these tokens and lay them aside without a passing tribute to the beautiful farewell that closes so many of the Duke's private letters. It is a good wish straight from the heart, and in keeping with the God-fearingness which the Duke was never ashamed to avow. He, who knew how to direct princes, knew also how to acknowledge the only Ruler of princes, and it is pleasant to find that the hero who thanked God for his many and wonderful escapes in the clash of battle was not afraid as a young man to say,

‘God bless you, my dear Chit,  
‘Yours affly,  
‘A. WESLEY.’

## CERTAIN DRAWBACKS OF CERTAIN GAMES. BY ANDREW LANG



THE social historian will not overlook the vast development of interest in games and sports. The same phenomenon attended the decadence of Greece, and the philosophers naturally denounced the inordinate popularity of the athlete. I would not go all lengths with the Greek philosophers. Whatever takes urban populations into the open air, even if merely as spectators, is, so far, good; and one does not see intoxicated men at Lord's or at the Oval. Again, golf (though talking and writing about it are terribly overdone) does give healthy exercise to women, and to men who a hundred years ago would have been steadily accumulating the elements of gout. Football and baseball imply fair physical training and soundness of limb and wind, only a small percentage of limbs being broken. As much may be said for purely amateur athletic sports and rowing: by these, the physical standard of excellence must be improved, if unsystematically, in the rage for physical exertion. This is all on the side of profit, in an age of 'that stuffy business, living in houses.' Moreover, in contradistinction to the manners of the last century, there is almost no betting on cricket, nor much, I think, on football; while as to golf, 'the statutory half-crown on the round' is the rule, one or two clubs keeping heavy wagers for their private delectation.

In spite of this optimism, many games have their drawbacks, both for players and for the general mass of mankind. Tip-cat in the street, though consecrated by the example of Bunyan, usually lands the cat in the eye of the elderly wayfarer. Dr. Johnson indicates the inconveniences of being driven into by a cricket ball; but nobody is compelled to go within range of a cricket ball. Cricket itself, ideally considered, is a game entirely without drawbacks. The solitary objection is the length of time consumed in first-class matches. But the players are either professionals engaged in their summer occupation, or amateurs in the possession of opulence and leisure, who are better employed than in the mischief which Satan finds for idle hands. The semi-professionals are scarcely more numerous than Kings and Emperors, and ought to be thinned by a judicious and pacific employment of Anarchist principles. They are, in fact, young men who are foolishly laying up trouble for their suffering relations, by selecting a line of life which leads rapidly to destitution, under the flimsy pretence of being sub-secretaries of clubs. Even they must perforce keep temperate and in good training. As for the spectators, they prove that we have a large 'leisured class' in all ranks, who can give their time to the most innocent of pleasures. They are in no hurry. They smoke their pipes, criticise, applaud, or occasionally, by a long-drawn moan,

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deplore the missing of a catch. These deliberate delights are congenial to the English people—I say ‘English’ advisedly, for cricket is not an Irish game, and in Scotland (though well-meaning) ‘’tis wind and weet, and snaw and sleet,’ through the months of summer. In America, we are informed, an energetic population cannot afford three days to look at a cricket match, which is felt to be a slow and processional proceeding. The brief but vivid joys of baseball are more congenial, as the game is fast and soon over. Now, we do not want cricket to be soon over: we want the winning run to be made in the last five minutes.

The real drawback of cricket is, of course, that so many matches are never finished: the winning run is never made. The Australians appear to obviate this inconclusive result by encroaching (as it were) on eternity, and ‘playing to a finish,’ however long the process may take. We cannot do this, because of the multiplicity of fixtures. The want of conclusiveness is not due to the nature of cricket, which appears in itself to be a thing of more than mortal perfection. In vain people may say that fielding is tedious; that only proves that they do not understand the game. It is also urged that the time after you are out, or before you go in, is wearisome. Personally I always regarded these hours of contemplation as worthy to be tasted by Izaak Walton himself. Thus considered, cricket is indeed ‘the contemplative man’s recreation’: there is a space for reflection and the intercourse of souls. But, thanks to new-fangled methods of preparing the pitch, so that it is like a billiard-table, and thanks to the inhuman slowness of ‘the off system,’ and of leaving off-balls alone,—also the use of the legs, or *coup de botte*, to guard the wicket,—modern mankind has perverted a game naturally incapable of improvement. These are the real drawbacks of cricket,—these and boundary hits, not run out. The wit of man has hitherto failed to deal with boundary hits; the scheme which was made matter of experiment at Lord’s produced ridiculous results which might have been foreseen by the mathematician and metaphysician—by Sir Isaac Newton, had he been on the Committee of the M.C.C. In my opinion the Committee ought to consult the Royal Society as to boundary hits.

Concerning the deplorable and unsportsmanlike habit of defending the wicket by the legs, the only remedy is to let the umpire say ‘Leg before’ if in his opinion the ball, but for the legs, would have hit the stumps. ‘The natural tendency of the umpire,’ says Aristotle, ‘is to be Living Justice’ (Ethics V. iv. 7), and the British umpire lives up to this ideal in first-class cricket, while in country matches no new rule could add to his delightful incongruities. ‘Fair play,’ as the same philosopher urges, ‘is the common interest’ (Ethics VIII. ix. 4). Now, to shorten inningses is ‘the common interest;’ therefore more power as to l.b.w. ought to be given to the

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umpire. Already, I think, his benevolent despotism extends to the bowler. The umpire may no-ball him if he doubts the fairness of his delivery. 'The benefit of the doubt' is not extended to the bowler, as it is to the burglar, the murderer, and generally to the criminal in the dock of British Themis. Why should the batsman who at present has the advantage of grounds on which there are no shooters and a ball can hardly break—why should the batsman be more favoured than the bowler? Why should not the umpire give the batsman out if, in his opinion, he would have been bowled but for the use of his legs! Let the umpire do this, and matches will be duly finished. Then as to boundary hits: why not make the batsmen run the four runs, though the ball *has* reached the boundary? Exercise will do them good, and unsettle them as they would be unsettled if they had to run for their score. To be sure, I do not see how they are to be made to run *fast*. A given number of seconds might be allotted. If they exceed these, the umpire calls 'Four short.' *That* would 'larn them to be toads.' Things being thus made lively, we should have no intervals for loving cups and other refreshments.

Cricket, then, is perfect in itself, and, as played in half-day matches in the country, is not slow and slack. But the corrupt nature of man, and the soul-destroying device of 'playing for a draw,' with the 'off system,' the *coup de botte*, the unnatural perfection of grounds, and other innovations, demand a remedy. Chemical dodges for preparing the ground to an enamel surface (a crime incident to a scientific age) ought to be forbidden. With the other devices which I have suggested, all would be well, and mankind would not be tempted to tamper with the height of the wickets or the width of the bat, things of which 'Olympus only was the father,' as Sophocles says of the Eternal Laws of Morality.

Perhaps golf, like cricket, is, of its ideal nature, perfect; but man again has rashly interfered. Cricket is, at all events, harmless to the general public. They need never, and must never, walk across a pitch during the game, and they lose nothing by going round. But golf, to non-players, is a formidable nuisance. Thus, the links at St. Andrews have from time immemorial been consecrated to the pleasure of the general public, thereon to walk and view the splendour of ocean and the melancholy ruins of ecclesiastical magnificence. But now the general public cannot indulge in these innocent recreations, so that the æsthetic, moral, and intellectual tones of the City and University are sensibly ruined. As every one who knows St. Andrews knows, there is no place but the links whereon to walk. The roads, in winter, are muddy to the knee, and they traverse a landscape of mud-fields, dingy and degrading. Yet the links, especially since the New Links and the Duffers' Links were made, are nearly as dangerous as the battlefield. You are not



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hit so hard ; but you are just as likely to be hit. The philosopher himself, while in a ravine of the sixth hole, musing on transcendental matters, heard a rushing noise, and was smitten violently on the haunch, no man being within sight. After climbing in agony to an adjacent eminence, the sage descried his own familiar friend, the philologist of the game and the demonstrator of its Batavian origin, wielding the club which dealt the fatal blow. As one result of these perils, the metaphysical genius of the professors of metaphysics must dwindle for lack of a place of peripatetic meditation, and, as far as St. Andrews goes, the chances of tackling the Nature of the Absolute are practically lost.

Where would the Platonic philosophy be, if the Garden of Plato had been eternally disturbed by cries of 'Fore!' or 'Εμπροσθεν? There would have been no Stoicism if Athenians had been allowed to regard the Porch as a hazard. The metaphysicians and other serious thinkers are now compelled to limit their walks to the station-master's garden, which, indeed, is holy ground, but confined in extent, and far from elegant in the eyes of the horticulturist.

The wise man, to be sure, may seek safety by walking round with the players. But, first, the players are absolutely averse from the exercise of dialectic, or even of mundane conversation, as I myself have shown in the dialogue of 'Socrates, or the Golfers.' When the sage naturally asked 'whether we must agree with Hesiod in regarding the Half as better than the Hole' (πλέον ἡμῶν παντός), with a stream of similar inquiries, he was severely told 'not to speak to a man on his stroke,' and was finally ducked in the Swilcan burn. Bereft of society, the thinker is attended by the friend of man, the dog. But the dog, in his friendliness, will persist in recognising his acquaintances by sniffing at their heels when they are putting, and to a revenge taken for that habit, not sufficiently checked in early life, I, for one, attribute the assassination of an attached and faithful Dandie Dinmont terrier. Many a hole had that dog lost to Mr. —, with whom I have forborne to discuss the mysterious circumstances attending his regretted demise. The man who (as is credibly reported) offered half a sovereign for the head of any school-boy (merely because boys *will* play in squads or batches all over the green) is one to whom suspicion is naturally directed. A certain resource, the layman, the non-golfer, has: he may walk on the links if he walks with a party, under difficulties already indicated. There is another. So slowly do some play the game, thereby 'keeping back the green,' that the looker-on may be frost-bitten, and is sure to catch cold.

Now, here, even for the players, is the great drawback of golf. Professionals, like Andrew Kirkcaldy and W. Auchterlony, play fast. But many amateurs play with melancholy slowness. They squat, surveying their putts, and presenting to the players behind a

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series of spherical bodies which the natural man longs to kick into animated life. They 'waggle,' as they address their balls, for thirty seconds (timed), or they stand motionless, merely gazing at the ball, till they fall into the hypnotic trance. Players all the way behind cannot get on till these fossils awake and 'foozle.' It is not the fault of ladies. They do not keep back the green nearly so much as these stolid male amateurs. Ladies may even be seen to run after their balls, like the daughters of Celeus, with a becoming impetuosity. Everybody knows that after waiting, waiting, and shivering while Dr. Heavysterne contemplates his putt, or executes his rhythmic and interminable waggle, it is nearly impossible to make a good stroke. The nerves are irritated, the sinews grow stiff, and St. Andrews (as in the days of the Covenanters) becomes profane in its language. This leaden-footed tardiness is the curse of golf; nor can I, as in the case of cricket, suggest legislative remedies. We cannot have umpires with every party, to time them and disqualify the laggards.

Probably the Americans, being an eager and rapid race, do not suffer from this inconvenience. The English are the worst offenders. The greater the duffer, the more he cherishes a note-book in which he records his score. As he takes a dozen to the short hole, he has to wrestle with arithmetical problems, and with an over-burdened memory. So there he stands beside the hole, he and his note-book, compiling his record of 130 or so for the round.

The game, in itself, has no other drawbacks for those who can play. For persons like myself it appears one long and infinitely varied series of crosses and trials. We slice, we hook, we foozle, we top, we sclaff, we miss the globe, we lose the ball in whins, we putt execrably; but for all these things we, not the game, are responsible. But somebody *is* responsible for permitting four-ball games, which retard the progress of the whole green. Why these games are so endeared to certain players cannot be accounted for, except on the hypothesis of Original Sin. The players are of the kind addressed by Burns in an unpublished stanza of 'Scots wha hae.'

Scots wha tread in Freedom's track,  
Scots wha whistle as ye whack,  
Wull ye pit your divots back?  
Never you or me!

A *divot* (*davoch*?) is the portion of turf cut up by the enthusiastic wielder of the iron. This he is requested to restore to its original position; but, if a son of freedom, he does not comply with the base interfering suggestion. This also reminds me of another drawback. Not everybody can play iron or mashie approach shots; but everybody tries to do so, and, 'at least, cuts his divot,' as one has been heard to boast, whatever else he fails to do. Now, the old

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approach with a short spoon, or with the baffy spoon, does not cut the turf, and is much less difficult of execution than the approach with an iron. But the multitudinous duffers use, or rather abuse, the mischievous iron, because it is fashionable. The same class invests in absurd new patent clubs, queer things such as you see among the weapons of the Maori and other savage races. We see heads of aluminium, heads of compressed sea-weed, heads like potatoes stuck on sticks, cleek heads like cork-screws, or like tomahawks. Nobody plays cricket with an eccentric bat (say with a cross-piece at the end to stop shooters), though I doubt if anything in the rules is against it. The bat may not exceed a certain width; but you might legally dispose a piece of wood of that width at right angles, or, at least, the point might be argued. But the cricketer (having learned that to bowl a dozen wides on purpose does not pay) is not a quibbler. Many golfers are; their joy is in wrangling over the metaphysics of the rules. These, by strenuous exertions, have even been reduced to conformity with grammar, but are inevitably subject to quibbles by the school of 'argufiers'; the word may not be English, but is consecrated by the example of Professor Huxley.

The drawbacks to football of old were the breaking of limbs: hence the suppression of this pastime by the Scottish Legislature. I lately read, by the way, that golf in a town was forbidden by a colonial decree in America in 1659. Hence it was argued that golf is as old in America as in Scotland. But golf in Scotland was so popular as to demand legislative prohibition in 1457, many years before America was even discovered. American archæological periodicals 'will please copy.' This is a digression. At present professionalism in football appears to be a drawback; but I am unacquainted with the rights and wrongs of the subject. As long as professionals do not pretend to be amateurs, as long as clubs do not tempt them to shoot madly from their spheres, there seems no harm in it.

The Rugby game has, it seems, been made more scientific in this generation. This means that passing the ball is permitted, and the result is that you do not often see the long runs by an individual hero which used to be so exciting. Probably the course is narrowed, though I am not sure about that. In any case the game proceeds thus: somebody purposefully kicks into touch, the sides range up, the ball is thrown out, many minutes go by in a mere hustle of clumped-up young men; the ball goes into touch again, another hustle; and so on *ad infinitum*. Of old we did not aim at getting the ball into touch, and play was faster and more exhilarating; picking up was not allowed; there were beautiful long drop-kicks. Times are altered; science has crept in; and amusement, as far as a veteran sees, has gone out. American football seems to be much

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more scientific, and to be played in plate armour; but I have not seen it, and may have received false impressions. The English habit of sacrificing the referee, at the end of the game, is interesting to Mr. J. G. Frazer, and other students of primitive man, but appears to be an excrescence on the pastime.

As to lawn tennis, I would deprecate the rule of always beginning the service by a fault. That fault might be "taken as read": service should pass after a fault. The present habit is a mere superstition. Why knock the ball into the net, except as a piece of ritual observance, really frivolous, and a superfluous waste of time and energy? As to croquet I cannot speak in a judicial temper. In the old days it was merely an excuse for flirtation, a game which needs none, though the rules require codification. Modern croquet is excessively tedious and scientific; but as King James VI. objected to chess, because 'such toys' demand the full strain of the concentrated intellect, so he would have objected to croquet. On wet greens it reduces the population by chills, and is a dreary, dawdling, and irritating method of wasting time, eminently unathletic, and far from productive, as archery is, of graceful attitudes. To be sure, golf, as played by ladies, also is ungraceful, 'the tempestuous petticoat' flying forward after the drive in a manner that grieves the lover of the beautiful. With hockey and skittles I must profess myself unfamiliar. On the whole, for mere human institutions, games are less liable to objection than might be expected. I have played to the best of my power the part of *advocatus diaboli*: acknowledging that most games are good in themselves, however corrupted by mankind, which 'has sought out many inventions.'

## THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN MUSEUM BY SIR VINCENT CAILLARD



THE splendid treasures of the Imperial Museum at Constantinople are already well known to most lovers of art and archæology. It is far from the writer of this article to imagine that he could throw fresh light on subjects so special and so well discussed. He has, moreover, no intention of attempting to give a scientific description of the wonderful artistic achievements of the human race in past ages which have been gathered together in that Museum. The entire space at the disposal of the Editor of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* would not suffice for such a task. His object is to give some idea of how this collection was formed; how order was raised from chaos; how the Museum was conceived, and has attained distinguished renown throughout the archæological world, by the enthusiasm, the untiring energy, the admirable perseverance of one man, working under the greatest difficulty and discouragement, and in spite of the most irksome of all kinds of opposition, contempt born of ignorance. The depth of that ignorance is well illustrated by the following fact. The eminent Director of the Museum, to whom I have just alluded, had, some years ago, induced one of the most distinguished Ministers of the Sublime Porte—and no little inducement was needed—to come and view that most beautiful and precious of all the precious and beautiful treasures of the collection, the ‘Great Sarcophagus.’ The Minister, to the dismay of his enthusiastic cicerone, began to finger, with his spotless white kid gloves, some of the exquisitely tinted figures on which such encomiums were being lavished. ‘For God’s sake,’ cried the poor Director, ‘forbear to touch!’ And then, in response to the somewhat haughty raising of the Minister’s eyebrows at so peremptory an interruption, he added, ‘Your Excellency will observe that the figures are coloured.’ ‘Allah! Allah!’ ejaculated His Excellency, starting back; and hastily rubbing his gloves, he examined them to see that they had not been stained by the ill-advised contact. His Excellency thought that the lovely polychromatic treatment before his eyes was paint recently laid on by the Director’s orders to improve the monument. Instances of the kind might be multiplied; but that anecdote alone suffices to show in what kind of atmosphere the creator of the Museum had to struggle towards the accomplishment which, almost single-handed, he has attained.

Just fifty years ago, in the year 1266 of the Hegira, Fethi-Ahmed Pasha, Grand Master of Artillery and a well-known personage of the time, who had married a daughter of Sultan Mahmoud, was the first to have the idea of collecting together in one of the courtyards of the Church of Saint Irene such objects



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of antiquity as might by chance be discovered and conveyed to Constantinople from the different parts of the Empire. Nothing like arrangement was attempted ; all kinds of specimens of all kinds of periods were heaped together in disorder in the open air. For several years after his death no one thought of carrying on even that embryonic method of collection, and it was only in 1869, during the Grand-Vizierate of Ali Pasha, that the idea of founding a Museum of Antiquities penetrated into the spirit of Turkish statesmen. Apparently the honour of instilling this notion into minds generally recalcitrant to most ideas of art or culture should be ascribed to Sir Henry Elliot, for it was at the recommendation of the English Embassy that a certain Mr. Goold, an English schoolmaster, was entrusted with the task of classifying the antiquities in the courtyard of Saint Irene. Little public notice was directed upon that collection. In 1868, M. Dumont, a member of the Institute of France, published a short treatise about it ; and in 1871 Mr. Goold produced a very summary catalogue, illustrated by a few inferior lithographs executed in Constantinople. Three years afterwards Herr Prockesch-Osten, the Austrian Ambassador, who had occupied himself with archæology in his leisure moments, and had gathered together a collection of antique coins of some value, induced the Porte to supersede Mr. Goold by a certain M. Ferinzio, the son of the Agent-General of the Austrian-Lloyd at Constantinople. This gentleman had been through a course of painting at Munich, but had not the slightest knowledge of archæological matters. During one entire year Ferinzio remained at Saint Irene, and his studious Ambassador was able to examine at his leisure the thousands of antique coins which had never even been removed from the innumerable little bags in which they had arrived from the provinces.

Seemingly a change of nationality in the person of the Director had become necessary to the existence of the unhappy Museum for now a German, a certain M. Dethier, endowed more richly with imagination than scientific knowledge, superseded the Austrian. M. Dethier, in the manner of his predecessors, pretended to occupy himself with what still remained at Saint Irene, and published a few short pamphlets, for the composition of which he appears to have drawn entirely upon his own fancy. It was, for example, sufficient for him to examine minutely under a magnifying glass the reverse side of an old coat-button found in the street, to discover under the oxidation some strange characters which enabled him to construct a whole triumphal arch on the forum of Constantine.

The Museum had meanwhile been placed under the authority of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and in 1875 better times seemed to be dawning. Soubhi Pasha, a man of considerable instruction and a really distinguished numismatologist, having been named

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Minister of Public Instruction, determined to find some more suitable repository for valuable antiquities than the courtyard of Saint Irene, and his choice fell upon the famous Tchinali Kiosk—the Tile Kiosk. This edifice, the first constructed by the Turks in Constantinople, was built by Mehemet the Second immediately after the conquest. The illustrious architect Kemal-ed-din, whom the conqueror brought from Broussa in his suite, devoted his whole talent and art to erecting a monument, in Tchinali Kiosk, of admirable proportions and solidity. In its original state it was, as were certain monuments at Broussa, covered, both within and without, with enamelled bricks enriched by exquisite designs and brilliant but harmonious colours. If we may judge by what remains of it, Tchinali Kiosk was certainly one of the most beautiful examples of Seljuk architecture. Its dimensions, indeed, are not imposing, since it is only thirty-four metres by thirty-two metres in plan; but its minute size is more than made up for by beauty of design. A very small flight of steps gives access to a peristyle of lofty and slender octagonal columns surmounted by graceful capitols, such as may be found in certain Persian monuments. This colonnade stretches from one end to the other of the front of the building. In the centre, under a large ogival archway covered with enamelled bricks, there opens a small rectangular door, of which the pilasters in coloured marble must have been taken (to judge from their mouldings) from a Byzantine construction. Above and on both sides of this door there runs a broad line of enamelled bricks bearing an inscription in Arabic and Persian which tells us that the monument was completed in the year 870 of the Hegira. Murad the Third, who was very fond of this Kiosk, had it repaired and beautified in A.H. 998, a fact recorded by the celebrated poet Assari in verses which were engraved in letters of gold on both sides of a fine fountain placed by Murad the Third in one of the apartments of the Kiosk. Situated on an artificial terrace at the foot of the Acropolis of pagan Byzantium, Tchinali Kiosk looks over the Golden Horn towards the setting of the sun; no more beautiful site can be imagined. But the Museum had not yet had its full share of misfortune. Safvet Pasha, the successor of Soubhi at the Ministry of Public Instruction, sent for the Roumanian architect Montéréano, who, in gross ignorance, and under pretext of thoroughly restoring the Kiosk, defaced it from roof to foundation by insensate modifications of the interior plan, and by covering with coatings of plaster most of the enamelled bricks with which the walls were lined. There used to be (traces can still be seen of them) broad lines of admirable golden scripts on turquoise blue enamel—texts from the Koran—which have disappeared for ever under the ill-usage of this iconoclast.

The Kiosk having now been effectively spoilt, M. Dethier brought the antiquities of Saint Irene to its shelter; there, knowledge

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failing him, he considered his duties ended, and so far as scientific arrangement was concerned, Tchinili Kiosk was no improvement on Saint Irene. During this time the Government had been preparing, and finally in the year 1875 it promulgated, a law in thirty-six articles on antiquities found within the borders of the Turkish Empire. The general effect of this law was that antiquities discovered by excavation should be divided into three parts, one going to the excavator, one to the proprietor of the land on which the excavation had been made, and the third to the Imperial Museum. Meanwhile the famous Humann, who had obtained a firman authorising him to excavate at Pergamos, had completed his second campaign and had had the good luck (and the talent) to discover the celebrated Gigantomachy, which was still lying in fragments on the ground, awaiting the arrival of the officials of the Ministry to proceed to the partition. Since the Acropolis of Pergamos belonged entirely to the State, the Imperial Museum had the right, according to the terms of the new law, to two-thirds of the discovery. Clearly M. Dethier was the proper person to be entrusted with the mission of claiming this fine share of the spoils. Great was the surprise of some people when that eminent Director returned from Pergamos with empty hands. The language which he held to the Imperial Ministry was in effect what follows, and no doubt it elicited the admiring approval of those whom he addressed :

Hundreds of pounds would be necessary to transport to Constantinople the share of the Imperial Museum, which unhappily is the larger. Those fools of madmen, the Germans, propose to us to buy our share for one thousand napoleons ! Can you conceive giving so much money for dirty, broken, misshapen pieces of marble ? There are, God be thanked, in the Ottoman Empire numberless marble quarries from which we can, if we want them, extract clean blocks of marble at a much cheaper price. Let us, then, accept the German money and congratulate ourselves on a good riddance.

The Ministerial officials judged the words of the Director to be pearls of wisdom dropping from the mouth of a sage ; and the Gigantomachy, to the present inconsolable regret of the eminent man who is now Director of the Museum, took the road of Berlin instead of that of Tchinili Kiosk. In 1880 the Director responsible for this irreparable loss died, much for the good of the Ottoman Museum. But the fashion at that time was altogether in favour of German men and things. The Minister of Public Instruction wrote immediately to Saadoullah Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador at Berlin, begging him to send him a director of a museum, as if that were an ordinary purchasable article to be readily found at any time in the Berlin market. Then, at last, the Sultan got wind of the matter, and wisely decided to appoint a Turkish Director—he, at any rate, could be no worse than his predecessors. His Imperial Majesty took into his confidence his Grand-Master of Ceremonies, Munir Pasha, a man of liberal education and independent ideas. This functionary

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strongly recommended the appointment of one of his former school companions, Hamdy Bey, a pupil of the French painter Boulanger. Hamdy Bey had at that time withdrawn from the service of the Government (which had employed him in an extraordinary variety of official duties) in order to return to the camels'-hair brushes and cobalt which he loved so well. The offer of the Directorship of the Museum came upon him as a complete surprise. He began by refusing it with the excuse that he had no archæological knowledge. Munir Pasha, however, pressed the post upon him with so much insistence that, the good spirit of the Museum prevailing at last over the bad, he ended by accepting it.

It was then currently conjectured in Constantinople that the unfortunate Museum would be lost for ever, since it would be entrusted to the hands of a Director who was not only a painter but at the same time a Turk. It must, indeed, be confessed that the task which the devoted Bey had undertaken was extremely difficult. On the one hand, he had no special knowledge in the matter; and, on the other, he found himself, without any personal authority, pitted against the ignorance, the prejudices, and the ill-will of the whole Government, more especially of those of the Ministry of Public Instruction, under the auspices of which he was to work. From the moment of his appointment, and for many years in succession, he deluged his own Ministry, the Grand Vizier, and even H.I.M. the Sultan, with reports and letters. From one to the other he went, endeavouring with all his might to get some influential personage in authority to understand that archæology had really become a useful science, that antiquities were objects of immense material and educational value, and that museums were not simply dépôts for old stones. By strenuous and unrelenting effort he bothered everybody so well that, if only to get rid of him, His Majesty the Sultan lent him a favourable ear, and by Imperial order the Ministry sometimes granted him what he begged for. He was, further, clever enough to take adroit advantage of the position of his father, Edhem Pasha, then Minister of the Interior, and to interest in his cause the provincial authorities with whom he kept up a voluminous correspondence.

Meanwhile the antiquities which had already been collected together in Tchinili Kiosk had to be put into some kind of order. The state in which M. Dethier had left them would have been the despair of any antiquary. Side by side with a Greek sculpture of the fourth century B.C. might be seen a stone bearing the arms of a Knight of Rhodes, or on a Phœnician stela a Good-Shepherd of the early Christian era. Fortunately for Hamdy Bey, he found a good friend in M. Tissot, who was then French Ambassador at Constantinople. Acceding to the urgent request of the Bey, M. Tissot induced M. Salomon Reinach, who was then at the



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school at Athens, to come to Constantinople. This great scholar placed himself with exceeding kindness and good-will at the disposal of the Director, for the purpose not only of remedying the deficient arrangement of the Museum, but also of drawing up a summary catalogue (published in 1882) of the whole collection. The ability of Hamdy Bey, and the conscientious manner in which he determined to fulfil the duties imposed upon him, were conspicuously shown by the ready way in which he listened to and learnt from M. Salomon Reinach. He has often spoken to me of the deep gratitude which he never ceases to feel towards his first coadjutor. More, however, than profound instruction and convinced enthusiasm were necessary for the prosperity of the Museum. The law which governed archæological excavations was far from sufficient to secure a prosperous future for that institution, and in many respects it was even extremely hurtful. It needed to be thoroughly remodelled, and above all to be relieved of the section which imposed a division into three parts of the antiquities discovered. To this task also Hamdy Bey set himself; and in 1883, with the support of Munir Pasha, he obtained the promulgation of a new law which he himself had drawn up.

This law was at the outset sharply criticised in Europe, as might indeed be expected, since foreign explorers could no longer take any share in the discoveries which their industry brought to light. I believe, however, that this spirit of dissatisfaction has now almost altogether disappeared; for the pleasure of adding incomplete specimens to European collections is relatively of no importance. Constantinople has become easily accessible, and it is far more advantageous for European *savants* to go thither and study antiquities coming from one origin, in their entirety, than to be compelled to piece them together (as it were) by journeying from one country to another. Under the old system of dividing everything found into three parts, a perfect collection of specimens taken from one place might easily have been scattered in three different parts of Europe, or even of the world, if, for example, the explorers had been of American or Australian origin.

Although the antiquities unearthed by chance were many, they were certainly not sufficient to provide Constantinople with a Museum worthy of a country so great in extent and so rich in relics of ancient civilisations as Turkey. Thus Hamdy Bey very soon perceived the necessity of undertaking excavations himself in behalf of his Museum; unfortunately, he had no funds, and the Ministry peremptorily declined to furnish him with any. Edhem Pasha, who was a man of considerable instruction and culture, seeing the painful difficulties in which his son was placed, came to the rescue and opened a subscription in his favour. The result was not particularly brilliant; nevertheless, the small sum obtained enabled Hamdy Bey



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to excavate the Necropoles of a few of the Aeolian Towns. This first attempt was looked upon as mere madness ; but, although the discoveries made were not very startling, they sufficiently impressed the Ministerial Department to induce it to spare a few pounds every year to the unhappy Director of the Museum.

At last Hamdy Bey was able to undertake those excavations at Saida (Sidon) which lasted through 1887 and 1888, and resulted in the discovery of the unique collection of funeral monuments which have since become the delight of antiquaries, and definitely made the reputation of the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. Even these were at first a white elephant to him, for he had nowhere to put them. Tchিনিli Kiosk was far too small to form the repository of these marvellous Sarcophagi—most of them, indeed, could not even have been got through its door. During one whole year they remained packed in the wooden cases in which Hamdy Bey had conveyed them to Constantinople, the Ministry turning a deaf ear to all his entreaties. In the end it was again the Sultan who put an end to his sufferings ; appreciating the importance of the discovery, His Majesty authorised him to construct a new building. Armed with the Imperial order, the Bey repaired to his Ministry, which, after having allowed a decent time to elapse, opened him a credit. But now a new difficulty arose ; for, instead of honouring the credit opened by payments in cash, the Ministerial Department handed over to the Director a few delegations on the provincial treasuries which it would have been about as possible for him to encash as to raise a new monument from the ground by some Arabian Nights enchantment. Hamdy Bey, I am glad to say, then had the kind and happy idea of turning to me, whom he did the honour of counting among his personal friends. I had conceived a very strong friendship and a very deep admiration and respect for a man who, in spite of every kind of difficulty thrown in his way and an environment altogether uncongenial, had thrown his whole life and energy into carrying through what was really a self-appointed task in the cause of art and archæology, and I cannot recollect anything during my career at Constantinople which gave me keener pleasure than to render him such assistance as was in my power. All the Ministerial delegations were converted into cash by the Ottoman Public Debt Administration, of which I was then President, without any risk to itself, since it had the means of getting them honoured as they fell due. Hamdy Bey was thus able to set about the construction of his Museum without any delay, and it was rapidly completed. The new edifice, which is situated opposite to Tchিনিli Kiosk and on the same axis, was designed and built by the architect Vallauri, a man of great artistic taste, who placed his services at the disposal of Hamdy Bey in the most generous and disinterested manner. It is Greek in style. The entrance, approached

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by a broad marble stairway, is of monumental proportions and surmounted by a pediment supported by four columns. On each side of this entrance is a row of Ionic columns and pilasters. The frontage of the whole building, which is two stories in height, measures sixty-six metres; the depth is fifteen metres. The entrance gives directly on a lofty hall from which, on the right and the left, open two fine doors, each giving access to well-proportioned and well-lighted rooms twenty-seven metres in length by fourteen metres in width. In these two rooms are arranged the magnificent collection of funeral monuments, one hundred and thirty-six in number, which fill all those who have the good fortune to visit them with the profoundest admiration; nothing at all equal to them is to be seen in any other Museum in the world. The upper story is for the present devoted to the library of the Museum, the administrative offices, the collections of objects of Islamic art and industry, and the collections of Chaldean monuments and relics.

Before proceeding further with this general survey of the results of the splendid energy and industry of Hamdy Bey, I could wish that space would allow me to find some place for a more special mention of the collection of sarcophagi which occupies the whole of the ground-floor of the new Museum. But this, if at all adequate, would fill several volumes, and I must content myself with giving a short description of three of these marvellous examples of antique art—namely, those known as 'Les Pleureuses,' the 'Lycian Sarcophagus,' and the 'Great Sarcophagus,' supposed on its discovery to have been that of Alexander the Great. The chest of 'Les Pleureuses,' measures at the base 2.68m. by 1.38m. On the socle, forty centimetres in height, is sculptured in bas-relief a series of hunting episodes continued without interruption round all four sides. On the four corners of the socle are raised four pilasters between which, on each of the long sides of the sarcophagus, are placed at equal distances five eight-fluted columns of the Ionic order, and on each of the short sides two. Between the columns, seated on or standing by a rail which runs round all four sides of the monument, is the draped figure of a woman; each figure is posed in a different attitude of weeping or mourning. It is from these figures that the sarcophagus takes its name, and certainly they produce an impression of overwhelming grief. The epoch is not that of the very best Greek art, and the work is probably not from the hand of a great Greek Master of the period. Nevertheless, all the intention is there, and the execution is such that in contemplation of this record of past sorrow the emotions are deeply stirred. The cover of the sarcophagus is remarkable for distinct traces of painting of ova on the cymatium, for the nine equidistant and finely sculptured lions' heads set on the doucine of each of the two long sides, and for the polychromatic sculptures representing a funeral train, on a parapet

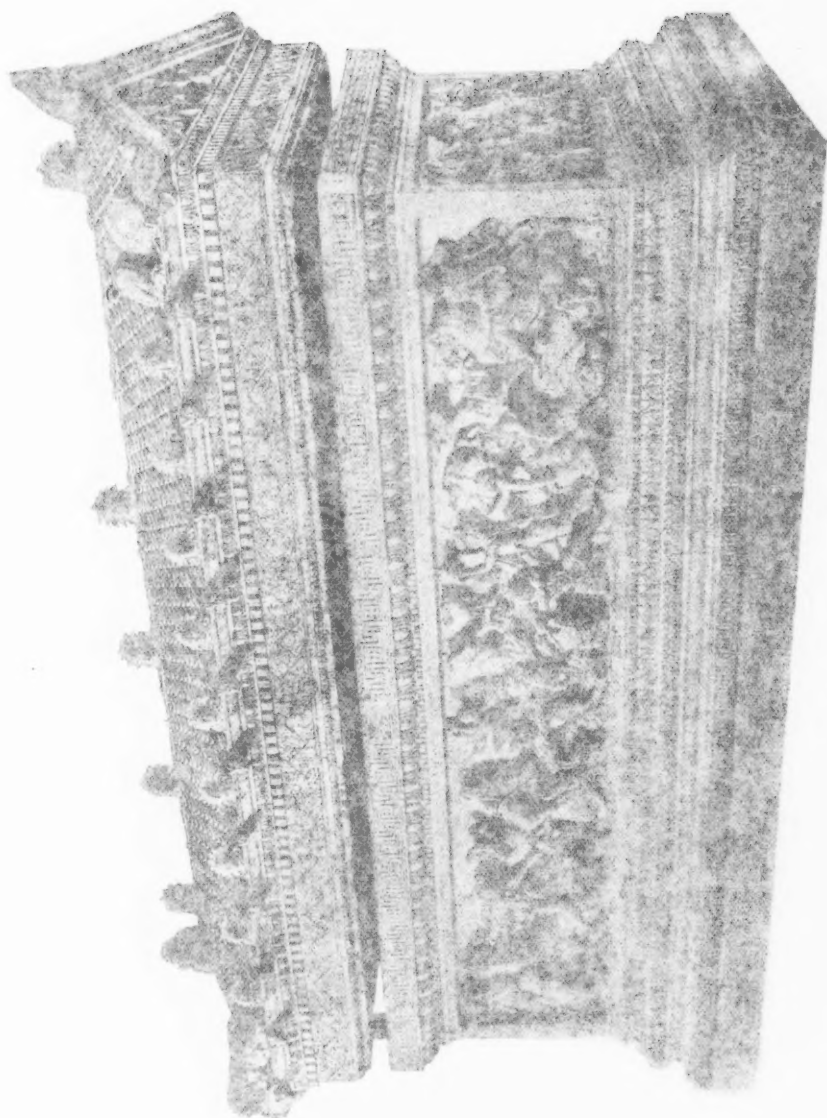
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about thirty centimetres high running round all four sides. The colours remaining are yellow, pink, and red; there are traces of blue, but this colour has been almost all washed out by the age-long action of damp. Thus all the capitols of the columns were painted blue, as also all the rows of ova; no more than a trace of these pigments remains. Three figures of women on the tympanum of the pediment are, however, almost intact as to colour.

The 'Lycian Sarcophagus,' executed in Parian marble—and so called owing to the height of its walls, the ogival form of the cover in cross-section, and the projecting handles on the long sides, a form to be found almost exclusively in Lycia—is of the best period, and the magnificent sculptures with which the sides are adorned strongly recall the sculptures of the Parthenon. The chest is 1.37m. by 2.55m., and 1.34m. in height; the cover in the central section is also 1.34m. high. The subjects depicted on the long sides of the chest are both of the chase—a bear-hunt and a lion-hunt. It is impossible to say which is the more beautiful in proportion, the more instinct with life, vigour, and truth, and the more splendid in outline. Fortunately, both have been left intact by violators, and the lover of Greek art can examine in all its perfection of detail one of the most beautiful specimens of that art, at its finest period, which has yet been discovered. The two short sides of the chest are adorned with sculptures of which the subject is identical, although differently treated,—namely, a fight between two centaurs. That on the side called 'north' in Hamdy Bey's monograph is rather more elaborate than on the other, an interfering human warrior having, apparently, been battered to the ground between the two combatants<sup>1</sup>; this side has been greatly damaged by violators. The cover is, on the long sides, perfectly plain except for the four projecting handles before mentioned, which have the form of the recumbent head and fore-paws of a lion. The short sides are, however, adorned with sculptures; both are symmetrically divided by a vertical platband, on each side of which there is, on the 'north' side, a rampant Griffin, on the 'south' side a winged Sphinx sitting. From the traces of colour remaining on the small unmutated side, and the two ogival faces of the cover, Hamdy Bey believes that this magnificent monument was originally covered with brilliant painting; the whole ground must, he considers, have been painted blue, and the borders, as also the platband dividing the ogee in two, were adorned with a roughly-traced sinuous red line.

The crowning gem of the Museum is the 'Great Sarcophagus,' which is quite unique in exquisite conception and elaboration of

<sup>1</sup> This, says M. Reinach, represents the death of the Lapith Kaineus, King of Gyrtone. The Centaurs, unable to kill him, buried him under a heap of trees torn up by the roots. 'Struck by the green pines,' says Pindar in magnificent language, 'Kaineus splits the ground and sinks downwards, erect upon his feet.'



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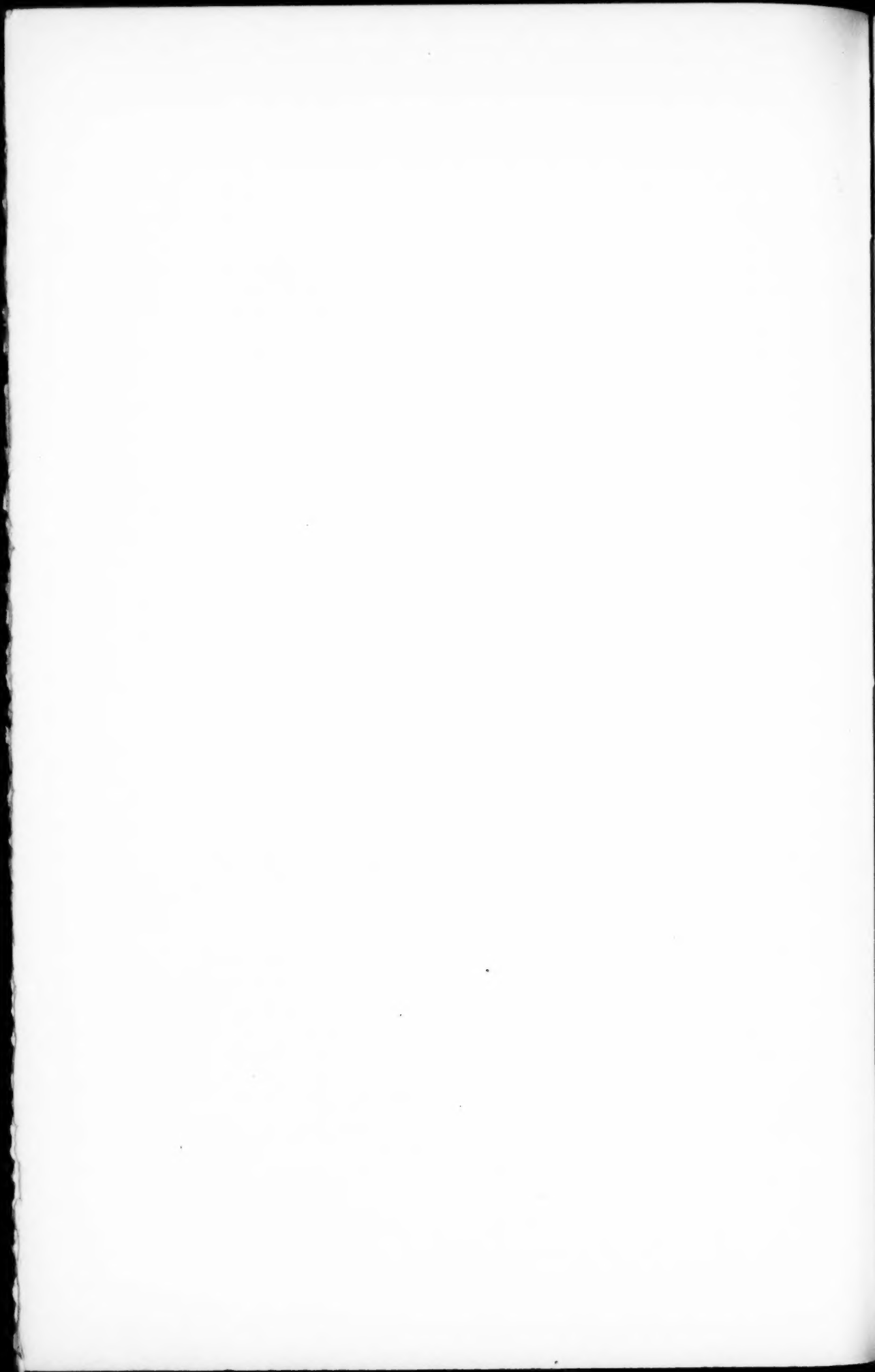
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design, in perfection of execution, and in the wonderful freshness which has been preserved to the polychromatic treatment. When the curtains are withdrawn—for Hamdy Bey wisely keeps this priceless treasure under a special construction of plate-glass designed and executed for him by the British Museum, and exposes it as little as possible to the light—the visitor is literally struck dumb with the beauties revealed to him. Hamdy Bey has often told me how, when he first came upon this greatest discovery of his, he stood trembling and unable to move, so great was his emotion, while the tears literally rolled down his cheeks. Even then in the cramped space lighted by a candle held in his hand, he had no notion of the extraordinary beauty and value of what stood before him. It is useless to attempt anything like a description, except in quite general terms, of this supreme work of art, in a paper of this length and nature. I would refer those who, not having seen it, desire to study it more closely, to the finely illustrated monograph by Hamdy Bey and M. Théodore Reinach entitled '*Une Nécropole Royale à Sidon*,' published by Ernest Leroux, 1893, and treating of the excavations and discoveries of Hamdy Bey at Sidon in 1887 and 1888. The monograph is more than well worth reading, not only for the information it contains, but also as a record of the perfect modesty and of the inexhaustible energy, resource, patience, and ingenuity of the explorer. The Great Sarcophagus is hewn from two blocks of Pentelic marble. The lid weighs 10 tons; the chest, 15 tons. The height of the whole from the base to the acroterium surmounting the pediment of the lid is just under two metres (exactly 1.95m.); the height of the acroterium is 0.17m. The chest measures 1.67m. by 3.18m. at the base, and 1.51m. by 3.02m. at the top; its height is 1.26m. The ornamentation of the whole from the ridge of the roof, itself a perfect model of a temple roof, to the base of the socle is marvellously rich in detail. Where all is so beautiful it is difficult to single out any one thing more worthy of remark than another. I might, however, cite the exquisite vine-ornamentation in bas-relief sculptured on the first platband of the roof, and the four lions crouching one at each corner of the roof itself. The heads of the animals project, up to the ears, beyond the cymatium: 'with their ferocious expression, their open jaws, and their threatening teeth, they seem to defend the approach to the monument placed under their guard.' Of the sculptures on the two long sides of the sarcophagus, that on the eastern side represents a battle which Hamdy Bey believes he has identified as the battle of Arbela; that on the western side, a lion-hunt: in both Alexander the Great appears as a leading figure. In all the apparently life-like confusion and scrimmage of these two scenes, the artist, as Hamdy Bey observes, has preserved an absolute symmetry of design. At the centre of the battle-piece we find a Greek horseman; on his left is

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a Persian archer drawing his bow towards the left; on his right another Persian soldier, on his knees, is demanding quarter. Above the latter arises, in the background, a Persian archer standing and shooting to the right, and at the same elevation a Persian horseman, facing to the left, is fighting a nude Greek warrior on foot, facing to the right and seizing the Persian's horse by the bridle. Then comes a Persian foot-soldier, into whose arms a dying Persian is falling from his horse. In the same position on the other side of the composition, there are also two warriors fighting on foot, the one Greek, facing to the right, the other Persian, to the left. At the left extremity is Alexander the Great, at the right some other Greek magnate, a *ῥαῖπος*, both overthrowing Persian horsemen with their lances. On the ground are stretched five slain men; one in the middle, under the hoofs of the Greek horseman; the others in the same symmetrical manner, two on the right, and two on the left. Not only is the alternation of soldiers on horse and foot exact, but Greeks and Persians are arranged with equal symmetry, the warriors of the two nationalities being placed alternately right up to the borders of the composition. In the lion-hunt, on the west side, the same life-like confusion, the hurry and scurry of a critically dangerous moment, the strenuousness of effort, the intense energy and *abandon* of movement in supreme excitement of contest for life, are to be seen combined with the same completeness of symmetrical precision. In the middle is the lion, a formidable beast with huge limbs, tearing with claws and teeth at the horse of a Persian potentate, to the rescue of whom are rushing from right and left two Greek horsemen, the one Alexander the Great, the other the same Greek who formed *pendant* to Alexander in the battle-scene; and while the numbers engaged in the hunt balance exactly on each side of the composition, Greeks and Persians succeed one another in symmetrical order. In both compositions prominent importance is given to two figures—namely, those of Alexander the Great, and of the other Greek, who must have been a man of immense importance and power to have been given so honourable a place in such a work representing such scenes. In the lion-hunt the principal Persian figure is seated on the horse which is being so mercilessly torn by the lion, and that same Persian figure is repeated, but dismounted from his horse, which is being held with great difficulty by an attendant, on the smaller southern side of the monument: here all the five men represented are Persians engaged in slaying a panther, the chief,<sup>1</sup> who is placed in a pose of splendid

<sup>1</sup> Is this 'that same Persian figure'? Since Alexander, after the battle of Arbela, assumed Persian customs and manners in order to conciliate the Persians, is it not conceivable that it may be, perhaps not the conqueror himself, but some Greek magnate—lower down I suppose Clitus—disguised in Persian attire? It is difficult to trace any likeness, the lower part of the face being swathed after the ancient Persian manner. I am aware that here, in common with M. Judeich, I fall under the lash of M. Reinach. 'Malheureusement un texte cité par

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energy, being about to deliver a terrific blow on the animal with an axe. On the tympanum of the pediment of the southern side the sculptured scene represents Alexander on foot fighting a Persian horseman. This Hamdy Bey does not hesitate, owing to the white-plumed helmet and the broken lance, both painted on the marble background, to identify as one of the exciting episodes of the battle of the Granicus, in which Alexander sustained personal combats with several Persian chiefs. On the northern side the main scene again shows a mounted Persian endeavouring to overcome a dismounted Greek; the mounted Persian being now apparently again that same chief who has already appeared twice, once, indeed, in the honourable place of the hunting companion of Alexander. The Greek—to judge from the same white-plumed helmet and the same broken lance—can be none other than Alexander: and it is conjectured that this is only a repetition of the same episode at the battle of the Granicus as that already depicted in much less detail on the southern side: the different personality of the Persian being merely an artist's licence, the artist not wishing to show Alexander twice in the same position against the same enemy. In this scene there is a figure which seems to me, for beauty of proportion, life, vigour of movement, 'realism'—as the modern expression is—to be one of the most remarkable in the whole work. It is that of a nude Greek soldier striding forward over the body of a slain comrade, his sword already thrust by a downward stroke through the shoulder and heart of a kneeling foe. One can almost see the quiver of the tense muscles, the hot excited beat of the blood rushing through the veins; it is a wonder of artistic achievement. On the tympanum of the pediment of this side is represented the assassination of an illustrious personage, clothed in a purple mantle.

This, no doubt, is the key of the whole work, and from it the artist expected observers to recognise at once for whom his glorious production was intended. From the fact that the scenes chosen to adorn the sarcophagus represent some of the chief episodes in the Asiatic campaigns of Alexander, who appears three times on the walls of the sarcophagus and once on the lid, and further that the lid had once been adorned by royal (?) eagles, of which the claws alone remain, Hamdy Bey concluded at first that it must have been intended for the remains of Alexander himself—indeed, that it had contained them. There being no contemporary record of the remains ever having reached Alexandria, he argued that they may very well have been stopped at Sidon to await, possibly, some great ceremony

M. Judeich lui-même (Arrian VI. 30) atteste que seul des lieutenants d'Alexandre . . . Peuceste, Satrape de Perse, adopta le costume médique' (Une Néc. Roy. à Sid. p. 314). But this is scarcely the last word, and it seems no more unreasonable to admit M. Judeich's assumption than to set entirely on one side the murder-scene, described later on, as does M. Reinach, because it does not fit in with his theory that the sarcophagus was intended for a Persian satrap, probably Mazaois.



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on their leaving the shores of the Asiatic Empire, which Alexander had built up. But, in the disorder which followed his death, this ceremony never happened; and, meanwhile, the sarcophagus and its precious contents were temporarily buried in great security at Sidon. Further examination led him to the hypothesis that, while most probably the sarcophagus had been ordered for Alexander, it had been detained at Sidon by Perdiccas, who was opposed to the interment of Alexander in Egypt, and that it was used for Perdiccas himself after his assassination. In his opinion the fact that the remains found in the sarcophagus were mummified supports this hypothesis, Perdiccas having met his death in Egypt; and he cites the fact that the royal eagles were evidently very carefully removed by a worker in marble, and not by violators, as favouring it further. The murder scene on the northern pediment, he thinks, may represent the execution of Arrhabæos or Heromenus, who had plotted against Philip of Macedon, and were put to death by Alexander on the day of his father's funeral obsequies.

Another hypothesis put forward is that the sarcophagus was made in the first instance for Perdiccas, and that it is his assassination which, as being the last of the great episodes of his life, is represented on the northern pediment. The fact that three smaller sarcophagi of the same form, made of the same marble, and adorned with the same vine-tracery as the great one, were interred with it in the same vault, will fit in with either of these hypotheses, it being suggested, in regard to the first, that, when Perdiccas took possession of the sarcophagus previously destined for Alexander, his nearest family relations—wife, son, daughter—ordered from the same workshop, from the hand of the same artist, sarcophagi for themselves of the same style and marble, to be buried in the same vault as that of their family chief; and, in regard to the second, that Alcetas, the brother, and Atalante, the sister, of Perdiccas, were condemned to death a few days after his assassination, and may very well have been interred with him. That there are breaks in the chain of reasoning, whichever of these two hypotheses be preferred, is clear; Hamdy Bey himself insists on neither of them, but, with his usual modesty and carefulness, puts them forward 'timidly' for consideration. For whom the incomparable monument was ordered in the first place, and the remains of whom ultimately rested in it, will probably never be definitely discovered. This much seems certain—that, if not first intended for Alexander himself, it was meant for one of the most prominent men who accompanied him on his Persian campaigns: the rest must be left to conjecture. An idea has occurred to me, which I venture to submit with very great diffidence, that for the mortal remains of neither Perdiccas nor Parmenio, nor of a Persian satrap, nor of Alexander himself, was this superlative work of art conceived and executed. It need not

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even necessarily have been for a general; but it is bound to have been for some very prominent man very high in the favour of Alexander, his constant companion both on the battlefield and in the chase—for some one, especially, who was with him in the battles of Arbela and of the Granicus, and finally met with a violent death. Who is there who pre-eminently fulfils these conditions? None so well, it seems to me, as Clitus, that most dear and intimate friend and foster-brother, to whom the great conqueror owed his life at the battle of the Granicus, and who was his constant and inevitable companion everywhere—in battle, in the hunt, or at the table—until came that fatal drinking bout when he met his death at his great patron's own hands. The fact that the same incident at the battle of the Granicus is twice represented on the monument, and that that incident is the very one which afforded Clitus the opportunity of saving his great chief's life, strikes me as significant. It will be remembered (*vide* Plutarch) how, after pressing across the river, Alexander found himself in desperate hand-to-hand conflict with Persians.

And Rhoesaces and Spithridates, two Persian commanders, falling upon him at once, he avoided one of them and struck at Rhoesaces, who had a good cuirass on, with such force that, his spear breaking in his hand, he was glad to betake himself to his dagger. While they were thus engaged Spithridates came up on one side of him, and, raising himself upon his horse, gave him such a blow with his battle-axe on the helmet that he cut off the crest of it with one of his plumes, and the helmet was only just so far strong enough to save him, that the edge of the weapon touched the hair of his head. But as he was about to repeat his stroke Clitus, called the Black Clitus, prevented him by running him through the body with his spear. At the same time Alexander despatched Rhoesaces with his sword.

Alexander, it will be recollected, was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his friend owing to his own mad passion. Is it not possible that he may have determined to do him the utmost honour in death? And may he not himself have ordered the most splendid work from the hand of the very finest artist of the age to do him that honour? If that be so, the subjects chosen to adorn the monument could not have been more apposite; even the much discussed 'murder-scene' falls into place; for, while it is almost inconceivable that Alexander would have had himself depicted as killing his own friend, it is probable that he would have ordered the representation of his death in a brawl, which is precisely what the northern pediment shows. It seems, also, peculiarly fit that the subject chosen for the southern pediment to balance that at the opposite end should be the deadly peril from which Clitus saved Alexander in battle. One side recalls the fact that the life of Alexander was saved by Clitus; the other, that the life of Clitus was taken by Alexander. That is the bitter remorse of the Conqueror carved into the very marble itself. Even the tracery, the twisting vines and grapes, might be an indication of

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those libations with his friend of which Alexander was so fond, and which led at last to the disaster of that friend's death.<sup>1</sup> The three smaller sarcophagi may be accounted for by the same hypothesis in regard to the family of Clitus, as Hamdy Bey propounded for that of Perdikkas; and there is nothing improbable in the supposition that Alexander would have had his friend's body embalmed and conveyed to Sidon, to be placed in the sarcophagus when it arrived, and be there interred.

The only unexplained detail remaining is the existence in the original work, and the subsequent removal, of the eagles. Might it not be possible that Alexander had originally the idea of doing highest honour to his murdered foster-brother, and had thus given authority for the eagles to surmount the monument<sup>2</sup>; and that subsequently either, his grief and remorse having calmed with time and the consolations of such flatterers as Anaxarchus, he ordered their removal before the body was interred, or else that they were removed at Sidon without his knowledge by those thinking that too much honour was being done to the dead man? Space obliges me to leave this subject now; I can but express the hope that I may not have propounded one of those theories which Hamdy Bey dismisses as ridiculous. However this may be, I feel that no words of mine can convey to the reader who has not seen this wonder of Greek art at its apogee the exquisite and almost endless beauties in which it abounds. Perfect in proportion, perfect in finished beauty down to the very smallest detail, perfect in general design, so that in spite of all the minute intricacy of detail the eye is never worried or annoyed by confusion of effect, it must make the heart of any living sculptor sink within him that his art had reached, more than 2200 years ago, a sublime height of accomplishment from which it is still far removed now. And the brush was used with as much skill as was the chisel. In many places can be seen sculptured drapery continued on the flat marble background by painting, or a helmet, or the stem of a lance. The economy of means, too, employed to produce the delightfully harmonious yet varied scheme of colour fills one with appreciative astonishment. 'Rien,' to quote Hamdy Bey again, 'n'est plus charmant que ces tons effacés dont les teintes bleue, rouge, jaune, ou violette s'harmonisent si doucement avec le blanc transparent du marbre.'

Before leaving the fascinating subject of the Great Sarcophagus, one word must be said in regard to the infinite pains devoted to

<sup>1</sup> The vine-tracery, however, as M. Reinach points out, was not unknown in funeral monuments.

<sup>2</sup> The eagle was the symbol of courage, and did not necessarily predicate royal rank for the occupant of a tomb ('Une Néc. Roy. à Sid.' p. 275). Such an emblem would have been distinctly applicable to Clitus in the episodes concerning him which I suppose recorded on the sarcophagus.

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repairing the injured portions so far as they could be repaired. Every fragment, even to the smallest splinter, was carefully collected and kept by Hamdy Bey when he opened the tomb in which the sarcophagus was found. In all they amounted to upwards of four hundred pieces. The damage had been done, probably, before the tomb was closed, by violators who, with the sole idea of grasping the treasures which they believed, no doubt rightly, the sarcophagus to contain, had been merciless as to the means they employed to get at them. Fortunately, there was at Constantinople an Armenian sculptor of uncommon talent, a personal friend of Hamdy Bey, Osgan Effendi, who undertook the arduous task of restoring the monument as far as possible. By means of unflagging industry and adroitness he managed to find the right place for every fragment, however small, which Hamdy Bey had preserved, so that at the present moment scarcely any trace of the mutilation is to be seen. This result was obtained without the insertion of the smallest piece of marble which did not originally belong to the monument; only a very small portion of the inclined moulding, and of the tympanum, of one of the pediments had to be completed in stucco.

Space fails me to give any description of the other monuments in the Museum, even the most important. I will, therefore, confine myself to giving a rapid survey of some of the most remarkable among them. Among the sculptured marble monuments which are valuable specimens of almost all periods of art, although their actual number is not very great, (the special catalogue of 1893 shows two hundred and twenty,) may be remarked the statue of Alexander the Great, the Apollo of Trallis, the Hermaphrodite of Pergamos, the Athene of Leptis Magna, the Marsyas of Tarsus, the 'Danseuse' of Pergamos, and the 'Girl playing on the Lyre,' recently discovered at Erdek. The last two are so wonderfully beautiful that perhaps some special reference to them may still be permitted. The Dancing Girl has formed part of the bas-relief at the base, probably, of a rounded or a circular monument of which two fragments exist in the Berlin Museum. She is clothed in light and flowing drapery, under which every line of the form can be divined, leaving a part of the side under the left arm bare. This arm is slightly thrown forward, the hand, which is unfortunately damaged, gracefully drooping, and the fingers picking up the drapery in the most dainty way imaginable, so that the little naked feet on which she is airily tripping forward are left uncovered. Nothing could be more suggestive of harmonious beauty of movement, and of lithe girlish grace. There is scarcely a trace of the right arm remaining; but such indications as there are rather lead one to imagine that it was rounded above her head. She may probably have formed part of a ring of dancing girls sculptured all round the monument. Her left arm is adorned with a bracelet, which is pressed lightly



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into the flesh, a fact which, says M. Conze of Berlin, recalls the character of the art of Cephisodotes, who, according to Pliny, inherited the talent of his father Praxiteles, and of whom 'Pergamos possessed a renowned group of wrestlers, a fine work in which the figures are seen rather to impress themselves upon real flesh than upon marble.'

The 'Girl playing on the Lyre' is a bas-relief in much the same style, discovered on February 20, 1899, in Lycia. The figure is moving to the right in a graceful walk, the lyre being carried on the left side with its base at the level of the waist; the hands are in the position of playing. The whole work is in a state of faultless preservation; the only parts actually lacking are the strings of the lyre, which were probably painted. An interesting notice of this figure is given by M. Salomon Reinach in the *Revue des Etudes Grecques* (No. 51, January-April, 1900). He points out in a brief but learned disquisition that this figure is similar to other known figures of the same style, about which there has been a good deal of discussion as to whether they represented a girl or an Apollo. M. Reinach leans to the opinion that it is a girl; Hamdy Bey has no doubt whatever on the matter, nor, I think, would ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who had the privilege of seeing it at Constantinople.

The collection of bronzes, although still small, contains many valuable specimens, such as two life-size statues of athletes found at Tarsus which are unrivalled in beauty, a fine Hercules in the attitude of walking, a Jupiter in which the eyes of precious stones are preserved intact, and a lovely chiselled mirror. A whole room is given up to a very fine collection of Cypriot sculptures, pottery, and other objects of all periods, while the collection of Himyarite inscriptions and monuments is absolutely unique. Palmyrene and Hittite monuments, inscriptions, and sculptures are well represented. The Reverend Father Scheil and Professor Hilprecht have been occupied for four years in classifying the Chaldæan and Assyrian monuments and scripts. Although those dealt with already fill one large room, there are still 20,000 tablets unpacked in the dépôts of the Museum, awaiting their turn to be studied. Asia Minor, as is well known, has proved to contain rich storehouses of antique terra-cotta statuettes, whether of archaic ugliness, or of striking beauty and refinement such as those found at Myrina; with these the Imperial Museum is well stocked, and many exquisite figurines may be seen on its shelves. The numismatic collections are abundant and complete; three numismatologists are permanently employed in classifying them and in drawing up catalogues. The collection of specimens of Islamic art and industry becomes daily greater, and already contains bronzes, carpets, bindings, manuscripts, tiles, and woodwork, worthy of the greatest



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museums of Europe. There is also a fine collection of antique jewellery and gems.

The Museum library, founded by Hamdy Bey in 1893 by the presentation of his own valuable collection of archæological works, now possesses more than eight thousand rare and choice volumes treating of the fine arts, archæology, history, philology, numismatology, and kindred subjects. It comprises also complete collections of all the French, English, and German periodicals worthy of mention on these special subjects.

The possessions of the Museum have already far outgrown the space which it can afford. Thus Hamdy Bey some years ago carried out excavations at Lagina, in Caria, on the site of a small temple dedicated to Hecate. He had the good fortune to find the whole of the frieze of that temple and to convey it safely to Constantinople; but those precious marbles, and many other objects of at least equal importance, such as a large portion of the frieze of the Temple of Diana Loecophryene of Magnesia *pros Meandrum*, have perforce remained hidden away in their packing-cases, owing to want of room. I have, however, recently received a letter from Hamdy Bey containing the good news that last spring a new building was begun in enlargement of the present Museum. This will be three times the size of the building described in this article, and will form a right-angle with it in the direction of the terrace, on the same level as Tchিনিli Kiosk. It will be finished in one year if the means be forthcoming. I venture to express the hope that the Ottoman Public Administration will follow its own precedent and again extend help to the Director of the Museum.

Meanwhile the classification of the many monuments and objects which the provinces continually send to Constantinople for the benefit of the Museum is being regularly proceeded with, and one catalogue follows another for the edification and instruction of visitors and students. Eight, most of them in French and Turkish editions, have been published, dealing with the coins of the Turcomans and the various Khalifates; with funeral monuments; with Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Frank sculptures; with Palmyrene and Himyarite monuments; with bronzes and gems; while one dealing with Tartar coins is on the point of issue, and four more, of which three concern Byzantine, Seljuk, and Ottoman coins, and one vases of various epochs, terra-cottas, and antique glass-work, are under preparation.

In very general and sketchy terms I have endeavoured to give some idea of how the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople has grown into being, of what it contains, and of the invaluable work which has been, and is being, done there under the Directorship of Hamdy Bey. Of his own most interesting individuality, his culture, his wide learning, his unfailing artistic taste, his sincerity,

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his personal charm, his delightful and witty conversational powers, I have been able to say nothing. He is stored with all kinds of information ; he has travelled far and wide throughout the Turkish Empire ; he is gifted with unusual powers of observation, with an inexhaustible memory, and with a rich fund of humour. Hours in his company pass like minutes ; and whether he discourses of archæology or of music, of art or of the many odd experiences which have fallen to his lot, of literature or of travel, he is equally interesting, and equally delightful and instructive to his listeners. He has a warm heart, too, and is often the victim of his charitable impulses ; no poor artist who has found his way to Constantinople and into difficulties has ever appealed to him in vain ; indeed, no artist of any worth ever goes to Constantinople at all, whom Hamdy Bey is not ready to welcome with open arms, affording him generous hospitality in his beautiful house on the Bosphorus. But the Museum is his pride, his ambition, his life. He is convinced, and the conviction is by no means unreasonable, that the day will come when it will be the finest and the richest in the world. He writes of it to me quite recently thus :

The Chaldeans, the Assyrians, the Hittites, the Aramæans, the Phœnicians, the Nabatæans, the Himyarites, the Carians, the Phrygians, the Ionians—in a word, all those peoples who formerly inhabited the territories which now form the Turkish Empire—have left traces of their civilisation buried in the soil. Any stroke of a pickaxe may bring to light some precious object or inscription full of historic or artistic interest, every one of which will take the road of the Imperial Museum : already that road is beginning to be well worn and levelled. There each object will find the place indicated for it by science or by art ; and thus, within fifty years, the Museum of Constantinople will be the Great Treasury of the history of vanished peoples, the grand depository of the products of their genius.

I cannot do better than close this imperfect notice of Hamdy Bey's great work with these words of his own, and with an earnest expression of the hope that he may be spared to see his prediction verified.

## ST. PATRICK HOOLIGAN BY CLARENCE ROOK



NCE in every few years comes an awakening. That, perhaps, is too vigorous a word. Let us say that once in every few years Society turns in its sleep, yawns, and asks pathetically what is this dreadful noise, resenting naturally the disturbance. Society is getting on in years, and feels the customary annoyance of the aged at a want of respect in the young. 'Behold,' murmurs Society, raising itself on its elbow, 'we have incurred tremendous expense and taken infinite pains to establish a system. We have made the most elaborate arrangements for human happiness. From the policeman on point duty to the Queen on the throne there is a chain of well-paid guardians of our sleep. Thousands of carefully selected gentlemen devote the best years of their life as parish councillors, borough councillors, county councillors, members of Parliament, bishops, clergy of the diocese, and ministers of all denominations, to persuading everybody that to be good is to be happy; and, in spite of all, people will persist in not being good. At all events, they shall not be happy.' Thereupon Society rises and lays about it with a stick. Having thrashed a few garotters, shut a music-hall, raided a gambling club, and frightened a hundred or two of polyandric women from the Haymarket to Piccadilly, Society lies down and goes to sleep again. And then the disturbance recurs. It is annoying; but it is not surprising. Society forgets that it has only an unstable majority to shout for its maxim 'Be good and you will be happy': that the world still contains many people who do not believe in the connection between goodness and happiness, and choose another route to the goal which, as Aristotle noticed, all men seek. This autumn it is the Hooligans who have aroused sleeping society. Every morning we read of terrible happenings at Bethnal Green, at Notting Hill, in the dim recesses of Lambeth; we learn that skulls have been cracked, that purses have been stolen, that swarms of savages have fought and strewn the battlefield with slain, that the police are powerless, that the streets are shambles, and that really something must be done. The newspapers are full of letters from surprised people who, having suddenly discovered a strong opposition in the slums and alleys of London, call for more policemen, more truncheons, and more floggings. Society, in short, is once more laying about it with a stick.

'We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality.' So wrote Macaulay of the outbreak of popular indignation which drove Byron from his country. The public is quite right in refusing to condone immorality; but it is quite wrong in condoning it habitually, almost universally, and

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then suddenly turning upon a single offender with a stick. This is a method which is too common in our vague struggling towards the millennium. There is, indeed, more than one point of resemblance between the case of Lord Byron and the case of the Hooligan. Lord Byron's offence, whatever it was (no member of the British public knew precisely what it was), certainly was no more heinous than offences against morality which were admitted and overlooked in the case of leaders of the State, of the army, of society, and even of men who took the chair at religious and benevolent institutions. The Hooligan is no new thing. Under other names he has fought, and rioted, and robbed in every big city that was ever built and misgoverned. He is Her Majesty's permanent Opposition, as he has been the Opposition in every known government. He is a hoodlum, a larrikin, a Bowery boy ; he is a natural outgrowth of a society which has never been more than partially civilised ; and, even as the British public, instead of setting its face steadily and continuously against immorality, turned suddenly and furiously upon Byron, so the British public of to-day starts from its sleep, and rounds fiercely upon the Hooligan, who has during its time of slumber grown in stature and in disfavour of God and man. Furthermore, as I am committed to the analogy of Byronism with street ruffianism, we may remember that, whatever was the precise nature of the offence which the public had in its blind eye when it chased Byron to the Continent, to the sty of sensuality, to Greece and death at Missolonghi, the offence was certainly but the perversion of an impulse which is natural, necessary, even praiseworthy : an impulse which should not be beaten down with a bludgeon, but directed by skilful engineering to wholesome and profitable ends. Here again Byron and the Hooligan are curiously in the same case. It may seem paradoxical to praise the painful activity of the youthful ruffians who ignore the regulations of the Home Office and the London County Council, outrun the police, and laugh at the law. But the noblest and best of us are proud of great-grandfathers who were Mohawks in their youth, battered the lieges, and cracked watchmen over the head. In this too the Hooligan resembles Byron : his misdoing is but the result of a blameless impulse, which has driven him in a wrong direction, sometimes a very long way in the wrong direction ; but the first impulse is to be welcomed.

Hooliganism must be regarded as a cult, a religion, which derives its name from its founder. Like nearly every other religion, however, Hooliganism was not a sudden invention : it was rather a development, a crystallisation in an individual of the aspirations of many. Disorder is no novelty ; lawlessness is quite as old as (and indeed, if one may make sport of words, a little older than) law. But disorder found its supreme expression in the

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Disorderly Man who chanced to touch the imagination of boys with no obvious outlet for enterprise. For there was a real Hooligan, a Patrick Hooligan, a new St. Patrick, who but a few years ago concentrated in himself the lawlessness of a district, died (as it were) a martyr's death, and left as his legacy a name and a tradition. Saint and martyr was Patrick Hooligan; for he gave his whole soul and body to the cause of disorder, and lost both. Not many of the boys who bear his name and carry on his tradition could give any intelligible account of their faith or its chief exponent. The known details of Patrick Hooligan's life are few and meagre, and I have often cursed the two-volume biographies of dull and uninspiring men and wished that they were his. For the man who gave a name to the opponents of the settled order of society as scheduled by the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount, the Court of Crown Cases Reserved, and the by-laws of the County Council, the man who caught the imagination of the law-breaker by his supremacy in the breaking of laws, the man who will grapple with Mahomet, with Buddha, with Confucius, for the first place in any Paradise to which he may gain entry—such a man's biography, written with sympathy and knowledge, would be really interesting. But St. Patrick Hooligan is already almost as mythological as St. George of Merrie England, and the man whose name stars the papers as the champion of disorder lies in a nameless grave. Already stories have gathered round this second St. Patrick, as many and as apocryphal as those which adorn the record of the first. Patrick Hooligan indeed is the Sydney Smith of the Newgate Calendar, and his magnetic individuality collects the floating rumours of good crimes. But for all that the individuality is there; and one would like to know more of it, as one would like to meet Mahomet over a cigar. The knowledge would give one a glimpse of the aspect of life when it is viewed from the point opposed to Lambeth Palace, the House of Commons, and the writer of leading articles. Best of all would be the autobiography of Patrick Hooligan, written with the delightful unconsciousness of ill-doing which was one of Benvenuto Cellini's splendid endowments, or with the sublime egotism of Rousseau's Confessions. But for that it is too late to hope. Patrick Hooligan is no more, and even in life his talents lay rather in the way of action than of record. Thus his gospel is dependent either on tradition, or on the research of those who have more admiration for his towering greatness than knowledge of the steps by which he mounted thereto.

The fairly well-authenticated details of the life of Patrick Hooligan may be told very shortly; nor are they in any way remarkable. In his formal record there is nothing to distinguish him from thousands who have defied the police, and have finally been beaten by them. His place of birth is unknown to me; but I



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have been on a pilgrimage to the house in which he is said to have dwelt, and my companion was one of his most enthusiastic and conscientious disciples, having enjoyed the distinction of living next door to the cradle of the creed, and having, as a child, spread (so to speak) the red cloth of loyalty for the feet of the King of Misrule on his return from illegal activity. The house in which Patrick Hooligan dwelt is single-storeyed, down-at-heel, and situated in one of the most unsavoury courts that lurk about Lambeth Walk. No tablet marks it. It is in no way distinguished from the other houses of the sordid row. Only the imagination gives it significance, as the imagination of the lawless has canonised its famous inhabitant. Patrick Hooligan, who spent a good proportion of his sleeping hours in that house, spent his days as a chucker-out in various public-houses of the neighbourhood. This was his profession. But his hobby was law-breaking. He appears to have gained a tremendous reputation among experts at petty thieving—'tea-leaving,' as the phrase runs—which seems to show that he was as handy with fingers as with fists. A difference with a policeman ended with the death of the policeman and the deposition of his body in a dust cart. Patrick Hooligan was seized by a surviving policeman, sentenced to imprisonment for life, went speedily into hospital, and, in consequence of his many excesses, died, a martyr to the cause of disorder. London is full of men and the memories of men who may rival this record. But obviously these bare details do scant justice to Patrick Hooligan's memory. You might as well state that John Bunyan was a crazy tinker who was clapped into Bedford gaol, or that St. Peter was a fisherman who became a preacher, and maintain that you had completed the case for the Crown. The statement that Hooligan was a muscular potman, who broke the law and died in a prison infirmary, merely touches the husk of the man, and affords no explanation of the prophetic influence he must have exerted on those around him. There must, I take it, have been a sinister charm in his unalloyed wickedness, a magnificence in his ill-doing, an artistry in his bashing of law-abiding heads, an enthusiasm in his hostility to conventional morality, which marked him out as the ideal leader of those who kick against the pricks of civilisation. There are among us those who regard the late Mr. Charles Peace as the patron saint of modern criminals; Mr. Charles Whibley, I believe, would favour his claim. There is much to be said for Mr. Peace, and many young men with whom I have conversed—young men hovering on the verge of crime and sometimes toppling over—have spoken of him with the respect which Darwin would have accorded to Buffon, as a man who did good work in his time. Respect, but not canonisation, is the reward of Peace. He worked alone; neither wife nor pal shared his evil confidences, and his reputation pays the penalty of his unsociable nature. On the other hand, there must have been in

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Patrick Hooligan a geniality towards his inferiors, a condescension from the heights of iniquity to the pleasantries of everyday disorder, which endeared him to the young. Neither saintliness nor criminality is by itself a passport to affection; but either, with a slight alloy of human kindness, is quite irresistible. And one likes to feel that for once in the history of the world crime and kindness have met in a single individual and made him a saint among sinners. It is to be feared, however, that, as far as the majority of respectable citizens are concerned, Patrick Hooligan's name is the synonym for a nuisance. He has missed the biographer who might have shown us the real greatness of the man. He has left behind him only a name that startles London, a name of which the memory turns the Londoner's eyes over his shoulder after dark.

And what of those who come after him, call themselves by his name, and do their best to keep the lamp of his renown trimmed? The ordinary reader of newspapers, dazed by the glaring paragraphs recounting assault, battery, robbery, burglary, and all manner of offences against person and property, has a somewhat vague idea of the essence of a Hooligan. To him every man who appears in a police-court charged with robbery or violence, or with both, is a Hooligan, just as to the benighted Chinaman every white person is a Christian. But, if this undoubted nuisance of the streets is to be dealt with, one must distinguish. Not all white men are Christians, and not all criminal men are Hooligans; and if we can differentiate the Hooligan, find something good in him, and treat him with sympathy not unmixed with firmness, we shall probably find that society has laid hold of a better weapon than the stick.

Now, for purposes of social reform, I would refuse the name of Hooligan—which really should be of the nature of a compliment—to habitual criminals. These present their own problem, and demand their special treatment. But the boy whom I would call a Hooligan is not yet an habitual criminal, though he is already some little distance on the road. You may see him if you keep your eyes open—and you will do well to keep your eyes open when you see him in force—in every part of London. He is no hulking ruffian of the country-bred navvy type, but short, swift, keen, highly strung, almost neurotic, obviously city-bred. By day you may see him hanging on to the edge of commerce, sitting at the tail of a van in the Strand, or selling newspapers outside a station. By night the devil that is in him drives him forth to fight his fellows with his loaded belt, his threepenny knife, or his five-shilling pistol. Incidentally he may brain you, or put a bullet through you, or stick his threepenny knife into your gizzard. There are thousands of such boys in London. Hoxton sends them forth to combat the boys of Notting Hill, and the Lambeth boys come across the river to smite those of Drury Lane. Peaceful folk who cross the line of

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march undoubtedly suffer, and those who happen to be caught in the area of disturbance are put to serious inconvenience and sometimes to death. But the street-boy who fights in gangs and makes certain districts of London unsafe after dark is by no means a full-blown criminal. He may be a burglar or a pickpocket, just as a bookmaker may be a swindler or a Cabinet Minister a liar. And his life of unrestrained violence in public thoroughfares certainly suggests opportunities for dishonest activity. Left to himself, the Hooligan will almost certainly become a criminal. But his very passion for disorder, his spurning of law, his reversion to the tribal feuds of primæval man, should suggest to the social reformer a more profitable remedy than the whipping-block.

At the risk of being suspected of irony, I am going to praise the Hooligan for the virtue he possesses, though I deprecate the defects of those virtues. Let us dwell upon his good points, in the hope that his reform may come by way of development rather than by way of repression. You must admit that he has courage, though it is too often the courage of the bully. He will hustle women if they cross his path ; but he will joyfully face the loaded belt of his adversary. He is quite indifferent to the sufferings of others ; but he is equally careless of his own. And the boy who possesses physical courage should not present a hopeless problem to the reformer. Furthermore, the Hooligan is quite remarkable, among a populace of drunkards, for his sobriety. With increasing years and decreasing physical activity, with the stimulus, too, of example, he may sink into habitual inebriety. But the boy who makes himself the terror of the streets is not fired by liquor. He is fired by a sentiment which, whether it is praiseworthy or not, has often been praised. To call the Hooligan a sentimentalist may seem at first a contradiction in terms. But there is no word which comes nearer to the expression of the view which he takes of the world. You cannot pick up a newspaper without coming upon instances of 'wanton' violence, of 'unprovoked' assaults. Now, a little consideration will convince you that in the wantonness of the violence, in the complete absence of provocation to assault, are to be found the only redeeming qualities of the street boy's offence. There is no excuse for the man who assaults in order to rob. His motive is of the most sordid kind, and he deserves nothing but punishment. It is impossible to turn to lofty purposes the mere desire to seize another man's purse. But the Hooligan's violence is inspired by sentiment. He rushes forth into the streets and risks his skull merely to uphold the honour of Hoxton against the pretensions of Notting Hill. Incidentally, in the excitement of disorder, a watch may be stolen. Similarly, a British soldier, fighting for the honour of the flag, may stoop to pick up a dead Boer's bandolier as a memento. The impulse that drives the

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Hooligan forth with his loaded belt is not the sordid hope of personal gain. It is a sentiment which with careful guidance might speed him on for more useful enterprises. There is something, indeed, distinctly cheering in the spectacle of two street gangs engaged in mutual bashing, even though inconvenience be caused to disinterested spectators. The citizen who is winged by a stray bullet has only to reflect that these lads are expending in the pursuit of an absurd ideal a splendid energy which he and his fellow citizens have neglected to point in the right direction.

The Bishop of Stepney was once questioning several boys who had qualified for industrial schools as to their ambition in life. One of them answered that he would like to be a pirate. The answer was perfectly natural, and in every respect creditable. It is not in the nature of a boy to think of the suffering that would be entailed on others by his indulgence in piratical pursuits, or to estimate the serious disorganisation of international trade if piracy were a recognised and common profession. But it is natural for every healthy boy to squirm in the trammels of convention, and to long for unfettered activity, particularly the activity which consists in hitting something. There is, I am convinced, more valuable stuff in a boy who would like to be a pirate than in the boy whose ambition it is to wear a black coat and form part of the furniture of a city office. And it is just this passion for piracy, this longing for the risks of battle and the life of adventure, which is the most encouraging trait in the young Hooligans whom we are proposing to thrash into respectability, dulness, and fifteen shillings a week. The boys who sally out with their loaded belts, filled with the lust of conflict, are animated by precisely the same spirit that sent Drake careering round the world.

It is clear, however, that the impulse which drives the Hooligan to street-fighting, admirable though it be, has taken a wrong direction. At all events, his search for adventure causes great inconvenience to the rest of us, who have forsaken our early ideals and demand peace and quietness. But I trust I have made it equally clear that the best way to free ourselves from the inconvenience is not to destroy the impulse, but to direct it towards profitable ends. The very root of Hooliganism will be found in the fact that the boy of the class from which Hooligans are recruited has no legitimate outlet for his energies. There is not a public schoolmaster in England who does not know that regular games form the best preservative of school morality. The street boy, with abounding energy, has no games. Worse still, during the critical years between his leaving school and his arriving at man's estate he is almost free of control. In his recently published book, 'Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts,' Mr. Holmes, the police-court missionary, shows this very clearly. No one living,

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perhaps, has come to closer grip with the street ruffian ; and this is what he says :—

There is yet another cause that leads to much evil among boys, and to a great deal of trouble for parents, and that is the neglect of many parents to provide situations or work for their boys before they leave school. Scores of lads become criminals from this one cause. The day arrives when these lads can legally leave school, and they do it. There is nothing at home to entertain them : so they seek entertainment in the street. A few weeks' idleness, coupled with the undisciplined liberty of the street, is sufficient for the ruin of many lads. Once let boys whose only discipline has been the discipline of school be released from that discipline and no other substituted, and they will be in mischief, or, worse still, acquiring idle and shiftless habits that will stick to them through life. They become thieves or drones, and personally I have more hope of the thief.

No human instinct is bad ; and the only sensible way of developing character is to accept the instinct and make the best of it. Lawlessness in itself is not praiseworthy ; but I maintain that the character which naturally breaks out into lawlessness contains splendid possibilities. So long as we leave several hundreds of thousands of boys to roam the streets with no legitimate outlet for their abundant energy, so long shall we be startled by the howl and occasionally stunned by the belt of the Hooligan. Here and there efforts are being made in the right direction. Here and there an obscure clergyman has recognised that if boys are set to box with the gloves in a parish-room they will be too tired to fight with the fists in the street. The organisers of the cadet battalions, such as the Queen's, which has its headquarters in Southwark, have found that 'playing at soldiers' is an extremely popular amusement with boys. Such efforts, however, touch but one in ten thousand ; and London swarms with boys who, filled with the laudable ambition of being pirates, have to struggle blindly, without guidance, after their ideal. Let us not think too unkindly of a lad when he goes howling through the streets to the fray. Let us remember that the Oxford undergraduate was a Hooligan, delighting in town-and-gown rows, until some one had the happy thought of turning his misdirected energy towards athletics.



# THE BRIDAL HYMN OF CATULLUS ON THE MARRIAGE OF JULIA AND TORQUATUS MANLIUS

TRANSLATED IN THE METRE OF THE ORIGINAL  
BY W. H. MALLOCK



CATULLUS, in point of sentiment, is undoubtedly the most modern of the poets, belonging to what is called the Golden Age of Latin literature; and the poem here translated is amongst the most famous and beautiful, not only of his own compositions, but of all others of the class. The reader may be interested in comparing it with Shelley's exquisite verses, 'The golden gates of sleep unbar;' with Tennyson's 'Move eastward, happy Earth, and leave Yon orange sunset waning low;' and, yet more particularly, with the 'Bridal Hymn' of Keble. It has often been translated into English, but with very small success. The translators have kept the sense, but lost all the spirit of the original. The reason of their failure has been, I think, mainly this: they have made no attempt at reproducing the original melody. In certain kinds of poetry, though by no means in all, the peculiar charm of the poet resides not in his formal thought, not even in his formal imagery, but in the tone of his voice, by whose magic his thoughts and images are invested with an emotional meaning of which they are merely the vehicle. The same thing happens in certain kinds of conversation. When a woman is welcoming or saying good-bye to her lover, her words, regarded as words, will be probably not very memorable; nor be such as to throw any special light on her character. What the lover will remember is the tone of her voice as she uttered them. Her tone will contain the volatile essence of her personality; and her words will be mere sponges which absorb it, and by means of which it is presented to him. In such poems as that of Catullus, which is here translated, the melody of the poet plays precisely the same part as that played by the tone of a woman's voice, when she is giving herself to her lover, in her words of welcome or farewell. Of many classical metres, though the prosody is plain enough, the melody is, for our ears, irrecoverable. In the present case, this is not so. Here the metre is one which is still living and musical. It is as fit for the English as it is for the Latin language: and when reproduced in English, unlike the hexameter, it seems to me to be the essential equivalent of the original. I have therefore adopted it, in the hope that, in some degrees at all events, I may revive for the English reader the soul of the Latin poem, which an alien metre, however carefully handled, would allow altogether to evaporate, leaving merely a lifeless body. In many if not in most of the stanzas, the following

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translation is almost literal ; though I have not cultivated literal accuracy for its own sake, nor hesitated to deviate from it, wherever I saw occasion.

I

Thou of the hill Heliconian  
Haunter, child of Urania,  
Thou who lead'st with thy holiest  
Hand the tender and tremulous  
Bride to her lord, her loved one !

2

Bind thy temples with blossoming  
Scented sprays of amaracus !  
Come to us bearing the rose-coloured  
Veil, with thy white feet glancing in  
Sandals dyed like roses !

3

Hie thee hitherward, carolling  
Marriage music and madrigals !  
Hitherward, waving thy cedary  
Torch, till the nuptial flame of it  
Breaks in golden sparkles !

4

Haste, for Julia—Julia  
This high day to her Manlius  
Comes, as once the Idalian  
Queen to the Phrygian arbiter  
Came in the clefts of Ida !

5

Fair she blooms, as in bowery  
Haunted thicket of Asia  
Blooms some chosen and odorous  
Myrtle, fed by Dryades  
All night long with dew-drops.

6

Wherefore, leave thou the murmuring  
Gorge of the Thespian waterfall,  
Hymen ! Leave thou the shadowy  
Grottoes moist with the pouring of  
Ice-cold clear Aganippe !

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7

Leave them, and haste to her festival,  
Hymen, calling the heart of her  
Home to her new home, binding it  
Close with love, as the wandering  
Ivy entwinds the oak tree !

8

Ye too, ye with your virginal  
Voices, who still are awaiting him,  
Virgins, call to the god for her !  
'Hymen' call ye in unison—  
'Hymen, oh Hymenæus !'

9

So shall the Deity, hearing you,  
Lend an ear to us gladlier—  
Gladlier the child of Urania  
Haste to us, leading the heavenly  
Love to an earthly hearth-stone !

10

Ah ! of all the Celestials,  
Whom, ah, whom does the passioning  
Lover's heart, or the fatherly  
Heart of a man's solicitude,  
Yearn for more than Hymen ?

11

Thee the father, with tremulous  
Lips, invokes for his little ones.  
Thee the maiden immaculate  
Bares her breast to. The hearkening  
Bridegroom awaits thy foot-fall !

12

Thou the maid from the motherly  
Arms, and eyes that are dim for her,  
Tak'st, and giv'st to the amorous  
Arms, and the eyes that are fire for her,  
Holy and tender Hymen !

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13

All the desire of the amorous  
Blood, without thee, in bitterness  
End ; but end in beatitude,  
Thou commanding. What heavenly  
God can compare with this god ?

14

Home and its clustering little ones—  
These without thee in emptiness  
Ends ; but ends in beatitude  
Thou commanding. What heavenly  
God can compare with this god !

15

Storied line and illustrious  
Dies without thee. The heir of it  
Cannot be : but he flourishes,  
Thou commanding. What heavenly  
God can compare with this god ?

16

Open your gates, for she comes to us.  
See the torches ! Their glittering  
Hair is tossed ! But thou tarriest !  
Tarry not ! Daylight goes from us.  
Come to us, spousal virgin !

17

Ah, she halts ; and her hesitant  
Eyes, in vain, with her destiny  
Plead, and the hour that is calling her.  
Plead not ! Daylight goes from us.  
Come to us, spousal virgin !

18

Come, oh Julia, Julia !  
Weep not, loveliest ! Lovelier  
Eyes on the morrow awaiting them  
Shall not shine to the rose-coloured  
Sun as he comes from ocean.

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19

Fair among women, and eminent,  
Thou, as in garden of various  
Hues, the flower of the hyacinth.  
Tarry not ! Daylight goes from us.  
Come to us, spousal virgin !

20

Ah, she is coming, she comes to us—  
Spousal maid ; and our canticles  
Reach her ear ; and the heralding  
Torches shake their tumultuous  
Hair on the deepening twilight !

21

Faint not, heart of the chosen one !  
Thou no cruel adulterer  
Seek'st, but a lord and a lover, who  
Never in dreams shall rest upon  
Tenderer breast than thy breast.

22

Even as the vine its companioning  
Elm-tree enrings, shall the heart of thee  
Round the heart of the chosen one  
Grow, and closely and closelier  
Wind and enwind its tendrils.

23

Ah, for the holy, ineffable  
Purple couch of the bride-chamber !  
Love for a banner is over it—  
Couch of cedar and ivory—  
Couch with the feet of silver !

24

Ah, what joys shall the lord of thee  
Know in the still overshadowing  
Night ! What joys in the languorous  
Noon ! But the daylight goes from us.  
Come to us, spousal virgin !



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25

Lift your torches, ye torch-bearers !  
Shake their flames : for the rose-coloured  
Veil at last in the shine of them  
Comes. Now shout ye in unison,  
‘Hymen, oh Hymenaeus !’

26

Shout ! But hist ! They are calling thee,  
Bridegroom ! Hark, 'tis thy play-fellows,  
Laughing a long good-bye to thee—  
Thee who, a man, art casting thy  
Childish things behind thee.

27

Hark, they laugh ‘Have you done with them,  
You—not you—with the vagabond  
Loves, and the lips of yesterday ?’  
Let them laugh ! Thou hast done with them.  
Thou hast cast them all behind thee.

28

Him then, Julia, trusting him,  
Take, all thine. But, oh loveliest,  
Heed thou this, that thy tenderness  
Turn not chill, nor abandon him  
Lorn to an alien haven.

29

Lift, ye gates of the sanctuary,  
Lift up your heads ! Let the chosen one  
Enter into her blessedness—  
Enter the home that is hers—that is  
Hers, until all be ended !

30

Hers, all hers, till the brows of her  
Nod with snow, and the luminous  
Halls fade dim from the eyes of her,  
As from the eyes of all of us  
All shall be one day fading !

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31

Hymen, hither ! Be near to her !  
Bless the gates of the sanctuary !  
Bless the threshold, as over it,  
Lo, she is lifting her delicate  
Feet with their golden sandals !

32

Him too—Hymen, be near to him—  
Him who within, on the Tyrian  
Couch, is pale with expecting her.  
Love for a banner is over him ;  
Love, for a pavement, under !

33

Hymen, hither ! To both of them  
Near—be near—to the fiery  
Heart that burns as a sacrifice—  
Near to the heart that shall cast on it  
All its garnered sweetness !

34

Paranymph, boy of the bride-chamber,  
Thou whose hand has been leading her,  
Loose her, and say good-bye to her !  
Loose her ! Her hand may rest upon  
Hand of thine no longer.

35

Leave her ; and ye draw nigh to her,  
Sealed with the seal of widowhood,  
Matrons, faithful of memory !  
Ye, with your solemn and consecrate  
Hands, lead in the virgin !

36

Lead her in, and call to him ;  
Call the bridegroom, and say to him,  
'Take her, fair as the virginal  
White wild rose, or the slumbering  
Cheek of the scarlet poppy !'

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37

Bridegroom, take her, and tarry not !  
Comelier art thou than the comeliest  
Sons of men. To the arms of her  
Haste thee, smelling of frankincense !  
Haste to the bridal kingdom !

38

Open the gates of the mystical  
Kingdom. There in beatitude  
Love has rest from its pilgrimage—  
There, where the strong and the beautiful  
Mingle and meet together !

39

He shall number the numberless  
Sands which the billow of Araby  
Breaks on, number the millions  
Midnight stars, who shall number the  
Joys of the bridal kingdom.

40

Realm of marvel and miracle !  
Passioning heart to passioning  
Heart is pressed, and the alien  
World shut out ; but the solitude  
Brings to their loves a new love.

41

Ah, may a little Torquatulus  
One day stretch from a motherly  
Knee, to a sire that shall gaze at him,  
Sweet, small hands, with the flower on his  
Lips of baby laughter !

42

Baby face, may the Manlian  
Far-descended illustrious  
Spirit reign on the brows of it !  
Baby face, may the spirit of  
Julia shine in those eyes !

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43

Muse of my song, we have done with you !  
All that of earthly or heavenly  
Joy for a man is possible,  
This, for these, we have prophesied.  
Muse of my song, be silent !

## ANGLO-SAXON ENAMELS ON GOLD BY CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.



ALTHOUGH the process of covering heated metal with a strongly adhesive layer of fused glass was well known and practised many centuries before the birth of Christ, it did not receive much attention in early literature. The first notice of the art yet discovered is a treatise written about the third century by a Greek writer, Philostratus, in a book called 'The Icones.' The passage<sup>1</sup> is to the effect that 'the barbarians who live near the sea pour their colours on to hot brass, that they combine with it and harden like stone, and preserve the designs cut upon it.' The sentence can only refer to vitreous enamels: they alone would fulfil the conditions. The passage has especial reference to horse-trappings, which were largely made of bronze, and in all probability the barbarians were the inhabitants of Britain; but some authorities consider they were the Gauls.

There is no work of this kind of as early a date as that of the manuscript; but the tradition in Britain of bronze horse-trappings ornamented with enamels was kept up for a long time. Many examples, widely scattered about England, have been found. The Gaulish work seems to have been more usually applied to objects other than horse-trappings. This is one argument against their having been the 'barbarians' alluded to.

Bits and buckles, armlets and bosses of various kinds, ornamented with opaque enamels in simple patterns, are common among the late Celtic remains found in these islands. The colours of these pieces are generally dull red, dull yellow, and dull blue. The same colours are found on the earlier Irish work on bronze; but on the rare Irish enamels on silver the colours are translucent blue and green, with small patches of dull red. Opaque enamels are the earlier. As they fuse at a lower temperature, and are not so brittle as the translucent kind, they are easier to manage. Very early Etruscan enamels on gold are always opaque, unusually white, or blue, or green; and so are the late Ptolemaic or Roman pieces, made in Egypt. Early Roman and Anglo-Roman enamels also are opaque; but when enamels are on any metals except gold or silver it must be remembered that they are always liable to become opaque during the process of firing, even if they were translucent before undergoing this operation. The slightest trace of tin, for example, will invariably render vitreous enamel opaque, and other metallic amalgams are very likely to have the same effect.

Byzantine enamels are generally on gold, and both the opaque kind and the translucent are found upon them. Early Greek and

<sup>1</sup> ταῦτα φασὶ τὰ χρώματα τοὺς ἐν ὠκεανῷ βαρβάρους ἐγχεῖν τῷ χαλκῷ διαπύρω, τὰ δὲ συνίστασθαι καὶ λιθοῦσθαι καὶ σώζειν ἡ ἐγράφη.—'Icones,' i. ch. 28.



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early Irish work on gold or on silver is cloisonné with fine wires plain or twisted, or set in spaces cut clearly out of thin metal; Roman and Anglo-Roman work have the enamels fused into hollow spaces, first roughly produced by casting, and then more or less carefully finished with a graver. The Byzantine enamels, which are often of considerable size, are sometimes curiously set in gold, in which a hollow has been hammered down; in this hollow the details of the design are outlined with soldered gold wire. In fact, the Byzantine enamels embody the two styles known as *champlevé* and *cloisonné*. Roman and Anglo-Saxon enamels are nearly always small. Mainly they take the form of personal ornaments. Brooches, fibulæ, buckles, studs, seal-boxes, heads of pins, and pendants for necklaces, are a large proportion of them. Indeed, the two styles, Roman and Anglo-Roman, are so much alike that if it were not for the different countries in which they were produced they would practically for a long period be indistinguishable. After the Romans as a body had left Britain, their apprentices, or perhaps their descendants, continued the production of nearly identical work in metal and enamels for centuries.

Enamelling a metal does not appear to have entered into the Scandinavian scheme of decorative art. The Scandinavians being influenced by the Merovingian and Teutonic schools more directly than by the more distant Roman, the place of the vitreous enamels was filled by the use of small flat pieces of garnet, glass, shell, or composition, inlaid into cloisonné spaces. This style is much used and beautifully exemplified in the Anglo-Saxon circular brooches and buckle-plates, some of which are among the finest examples of such work.

At the same time the enamelling process is closely followed in the matter of the niello work on silver, which is extensively found, in Scandinavian jewellery, in small lines of silver engraved with minute patterns, and auxiliary to more important work in another metal. The same peculiarity commonly occurs on those among the Anglo-Saxon fibulæ and buckles which derive their inspiration from Scandinavian originals rather than from more distant sources.

The inlays of small flat stones, or pieces of coloured glass, which are so usually found on Merovingian, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon jewellery, are very interesting. It is probable that they represent the original idea which was the forerunner of the use of vitreous enamels in a like manner.

There is no doubt that, as far as our specimens go, actual enamels on gold of European workmanship are of an earlier date than any specimens of the inlays of stone or glass. In the jewellery made in ancient Egypt, however, the inlays come chronologically right. They are found in perfection let into hollows cut out of wood or stone, or cast in porcelain or glass, at a very remote date.

## ANGLO-SAXON ENAMELS ON GOLD

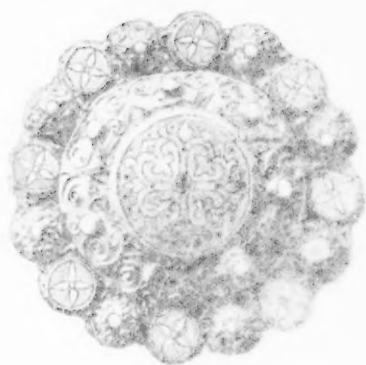
They are also set in metal cloisons on bracelets, pendants, and many other small objects. The Egyptians proper never chose to fuse their glass upon metal as a decorative process. They preferred the more tedious work involved in cutting out small pieces to particular shapes and sizes. There has never been any people so marvellously skilled in glass working of all kinds as the ancient Egyptians; and it is impossible to believe that they could have been ignorant of the possibility of enamelling, or covering metal with glass. The belief is forced upon us that they purposely avoided using it as one of their applied arts.

That the two styles of inlays of coloured glass and of vitreous enamels contained in cloisonné spaces were to some extent practised contemporaneously is shown in the remarkable instance of a splendid eleventh-century binding now in the Treasury of St. Mark's at Venice. The central panel in this binding, which is of silver gilt, has beautiful Byzantine enamelled plaques; but the broad border, on which is a geometrical pattern, is inlaid with carefully cut pieces of coloured glass.

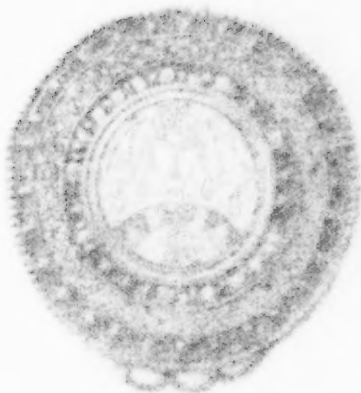
The resemblance between a piece of cloisonné work inlaid with pieces of cut glass and another of similar design filled in with vitreous enamels is frequently so close that it is actually difficult to distinguish between them. Time has in many instances effaced the small marks by the help of which a true judgment might easily have been given. The filling-in of small and variously shaped spaces with pieces of cut glass and stone is very slow and troublesome, and the adoption of the comparatively easy enamelling must have spread rapidly as soon as its nearly equal beauty was fully realised.

In Ireland the inlays were not quite the same in character. On the exquisite penannular brooches are often found inlays of amber, jewels, and sometimes curiously moulded glass; but these are not flat, and they do not resemble enamels. The enamels on bronze, often associated with beautiful niello work, are always opaque; but those on the Ardagh cup, the Ardagh brooch, and the Tara brooch, are translucent and on silver. The patterns in the bosses of the Ardagh cup are simple lines; there is no attempt at portraiture or elaborate design. Still, these few with translucent enamels are remarkable and important. They are very early, and are made with extreme skill. Byzantine enamellers are credited with having kept the secret of their art until the eleventh century; but the Irish enamels had reached a very high standard of excellence and beauty long before that period. So had those made by the Anglo-Saxons.

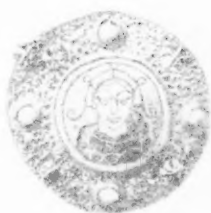
One of the reputed earliest Byzantine enamels is a small and beautiful reliquary, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which formerly belonged to the collection of Mr. Beresford Hope. The jewel, which is in the shape of a pectoral cross, is made of gold cloisonné; the designs are filled in with translucent enamels. On



*The Roman Brooch  
now in the British Museum*



*Brooch with portrait  
of a Roman  
now in the British Museum*



*The Roman Brooch  
with portrait of a Roman  
probably Alfred  
now in the  
British Museum*



*The Roman Brooch  
with portrait of a Roman  
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*The Roman Brooch  
with portrait of a Roman  
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# *Anglo-Saxon Brooches of Gold and Silver*

*now in the British Museum*

## ANGLO-SAXON ENAMELS ON GOLD

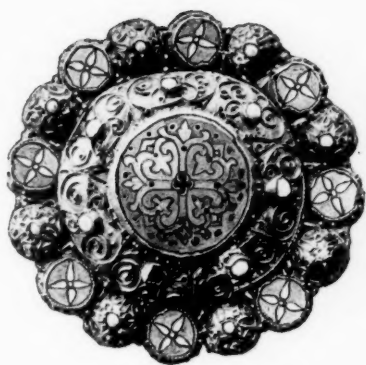
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*"The Hamilton Brooch"*  
now in the British Museum.



*Brooch with portrait  
of a Queen.*  
now in the British Museum.



*"The Doregate Hill Brooch"*  
with portrait of a King,  
probably Alfred.  
now in the  
British Museum.



*"King Alfred's Jewel"*  
with portrait of a King,  
supposed to be Alfred.  
Probably the head of a Royal Sceptre.  
now in the Ashmolean Museum,  
Oxford.



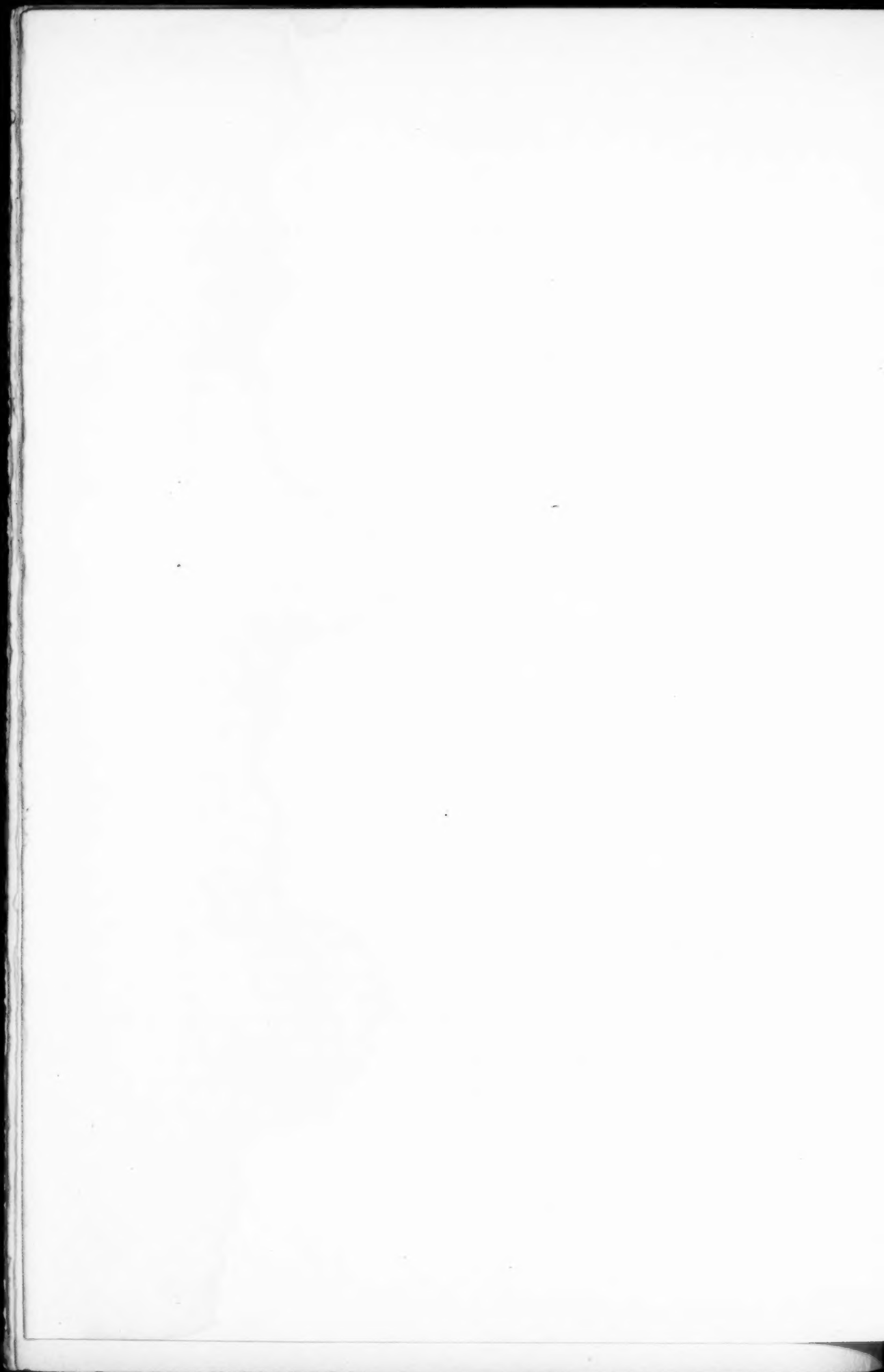
*"The Minster Lovell Jewel"*  
probably the head of  
a rod of Office.  
now in the  
Ashmolean Museum,  
Oxford.

## *Anglo-Saxon Enamels on Gold, of the Ninth Century.*

*From Electro Engraving Co.*

*(reduced by one eighth)*





## CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.

one side is Christ on the Cross, with the Virgin and St. John. A contracted inscription in Greek characters is given in each case ; the letters, which are worked in gold wire, are very fine, and enclosed by the enamel. On the other side is a full-length figure of the Virgin, with heads of St. John the Baptist, St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. Andrew ; the name of each is lettered in gold. As a rule all Byzantine figure enamels have initials or names which indicate for whom the figures or heads are intended. All these heads are fanciful as portraits ; but, I believe, they are the earliest specimens of such work by Byzantine artists. The period of this example is supposed to be about the tenth century ; but it may be a little earlier. Although this reliquary was no doubt intended to be worn as a pendant, and so far may be considered to be an article of personal adornment, I think that its primary position would be that of a sacred object rather than a secular ornament.

Byzantine enamelled work is in many ways the nearest to that of the Anglo-Saxons, which I am about to describe particularly ; and it is well to set down the points of resemblance between the two, as well as the points of divergence. Byzantine work was mainly religious ; there is no sign of religion or symbolism in the Anglo-Saxon. Byzantine portraits are as a rule lettered ; the Anglo-Saxon are not. Byzantine artists of ancient times appear to have made few brooches or fibulæ ; ear-rings and bracelets of later date are found strongly marked with Byzantine influences ; but as a rule they did not make small articles of jewellery, and the Anglo-Saxons did. The manner of indicating the lines of the face by gold wires and filling it in with opaque whitish enamel is common to both styles, and the colours generally used by both are practically the same. On the splendid Byzantine plaques forming the crown of Constantine Monomachus, as well as those on the crown of Hungary and the crown of Charlemagne, the manner in which the faces and figures of saints are worked can be well studied, while on two of the larger plaques of the Pal d'oro at Venice the nearest approach to Byzantine secular portraiture can be seen in the beautiful full-length figures of the Doge Ordelafo Faliero and the Empress Irene. These two, as well as the many others on the same screen representing sacred persons, have their names near them, sometimes worked in the gold with niello.

Byzantine work made earlier than the tenth century is rarer than it should be. Its scarcity is to some extent explained by the destruction wrought by the Iconoclasts ; but these enthusiasts only objected to likenesses or images in churches, such as those on the Pal d'oro, and would not be likely to trouble themselves about small jewellery. Thus it may be said that the Byzantine enamellers did not much exercise their art in the direction of small personal articles of use or simple adornment. Only if they had done so to a very considerable

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extent could so much beautiful work, similar in some respects to their own, ever have gone so far afield as to reach King Alfred's realm. Therefore, I do not hold that the Anglo-Saxon enamels on gold should be credited to Byzantine goldsmiths, but consider them to be native work. Further, I think that there are several marked differences between the two, and that the Anglo-Saxon specimens are not even indebted to Byzantine influence in any way. The difficulty is to discover the source, or probable source, of their inspiration. I cannot help feeling that it is to Ireland we should turn. All very early dates are risky to determine. The date of the Ardagh cup, for example, may be of the tenth or the eleventh century; but the work upon it and on other similar pieces is so masterly that the art of enamelling must have been thoroughly understood at that time. I do not think that it can have reached England in its finer form much before the ninth century, and it is quite possible that even then Irish workmen themselves brought the work over with them and practised their art here. Irish workmen are known to have been much inclined to emigrate; and a considerable proportion of the finest so-called Byzantine work bears undoubted signs of Irish art, supposed to have been brought and practised by settlers or monks from that distant isle.

In fact, vitreous enamelling on metals, both precious and other, is likely enough to have been originally discovered and practised in different places at different times. It is really an obvious possibility when certain simple data are given, and it is by no means necessary to assume that it originated in any one place or by the working of the genius of any one man.

Gold was plentifully found in Ireland at a very early period, and the inhabitants were notable workers in that metal. They possessed great skill in glass-working, as is evinced by some of the pieces on brooches; and whenever metals and glass are worked together the fact that amid certain circumstances they will strongly adhere by the action of heat is sure to be found out before long. Ireland, therefore, may have been one of the places where the art of enamelling was actually discovered; and it is probable that, in default of being actually Irishmen themselves, the Anglo-Saxon jewellers of King Alfred's time derived their knowledge of gold work, and glass work on gold, from Irish sources.

Among the many Anglo-Saxon bronze, brass, or silver objects of personal use and adornment which can be seen in most of our museums, there are a very few made in gold with vitreous enamels upon them. All these jewels are made for use as well as for beauty and they differ from the Byzantine work mainly in the fact that they are not in any respect religious. They are frankly secular. When portraits are found upon them the names are not given, as they are in Byzantine work.

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The actual workmanship of the few remaining gold and enamel Anglo-Saxon jewels is much alike. Some of them so nearly resemble one another that they might possibly enough be the work of the same artist. There are also in most of these gold jewels some points of resemblance to other Anglo-Saxon work of less value but of about the same period. The design on the top of the small sceptre found at Minster Lovell might well have been made for the purpose of being finished with inlays of glass or garnet. There are many brooches on which the entire design is nearly approached, and the centre star is the same as that which occurs on the outer enamelled bosses of the Hamilton brooch. The curious trenches on the same circular brooch, in which are set pearls and gold rings, are analogous to the spaces left on commoner work to be filled with inlays, and there are many instances where the inlays have tumbled out—as several of the pearls have—leaving in each case a very similar trench. Then, there is a decided taste for large granular work in gold—a manner which was not Byzantine, but had its origin, as far as is known, in very ancient Etruscan gold work. It is not likely that the Anglo-Saxon goldsmiths ever saw any Etruscan jewellery; but there is on Irish brooches granular work in quite a sufficiently definite form to have given the inspiration. The same can be said of the beaded, or gadroon, edge, which is common to ancient Greek, ancient Irish, and Anglo-Saxon jewellery.

One of the most remarkable of the beautiful enamels I have figured for this paper is in a bad state of repair. It has been subjected for hundreds of years to much ill-treatment, and it is wonderful not only that anything at all is left of it but also that it is actually still beautiful in colour and shape. It is known as the Dowgate brooch: it was found near Dowgate Hill in Thames Street in 1839, buried deep in an old sewer. It is a circular disc of gold in two pieces. The centre is enamelled; the outer ring is in open work with filagree and grains. The centre enamel measures about three-quarters of an inch in diameter; the design upon it represents the full-faced head of a king, probably Alfred the Great, crowned with a simple fillet, on which are three raised points, each with a boss at the top, with ornamental side tassels. Crowns exactly like this can be traced upon several of the small coins of our early kings, up to the time of William I.; after which they became gradually more ornate.

The enamel used for the crown and bosses is a peculiar pale yellow; that used for the face is white. The features and all the outlines are very delicately and skilfully traced in fine gold wire. The king's hair is parted in the middle. He wears a blue coat, with apparently a green mantle fastened across from each shoulder; both the green and the blue enamels are translucent, but stained from long exposure to earth and damp. The background is a pale

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blue. Probably it was once translucent all over; but now it is thickened, and shows a bright gleam only here and there. The whole is enclosed by a narrow white border. The setting is very delicate and effective. About three-eighths of an inch in breadth, it consists of a fine open gold filagree arranged in a close ornamental design, with coarse granular work superimposed, and edged with a gadroon border. The enamel plaque is slightly bossed, and the setting has a rounded section. A pearl is set, in a raised and serrated socket, above, below, and at each side of, the head; and between each two of the four pearls is a small six-pointed star wrought in straight gold wire. At the back of the brooch are still the remains of the fastenings for the pin; and these fastenings, hinge and socket, are placed curiously high up. In the illustration a broken and projecting piece of the hinge can be seen. This strange position of the brooch-pin is common to all the three brooches shown in the plate, and it forms a remarkable link between them. The effect of such a fastening would be that the circular brooch would hang much better than if it were fastened by a pin crossing the centre, especially if the jewel itself was heavy, as enamels always are, and there would in such case be a tendency for the upper half of such a brooch to hang uncomfortably forward. Thus, the Anglo-Saxon fastening is not only a valuable characteristic, but also structurally true and well considered.

Considering the rough usage which this apparently most fragile jewel was subjected to for so long, one is astonished that anything of the original shape or colour is left. It was described by Charles Roach Smith in vol. xxix. of '*Archæologia*,' and figured by means of an engraved print, coloured by hand. There is a very little iridescence here and there on the enamel; but I should think that when first discovered the glass must have been very iridescent. It was found in damp earth, the effect of which, if glass is left in it for any length of time, is a disintegration of the surface which must produce iridescence. The brooch, however, had to be much cleaned; the iridescence, being in thin superficial scales, was no doubt largely removed in the process.

Another of these brooches which bears a portrait is in a good state of presentation. The head shown upon it is that of a lady with two long curly locks of hair falling on each side of her face; the hair is parted down the middle; and on the top of her head is a triple ornament, probably meant for a flower. The dress of the lady is bordered with a decorative edge in divers colours in the form of reversed triangles, and in the front of the dress is a circular brooch similar to the actual brooch itself, with three pendants. At each side of the head are two ornaments of strange form, the meaning of which I do not know.

It is difficult to say what the colours of the enamels used on



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this plaque originally were. Doubtless having been subject to damp or other destructive agency, the surface of the glass has become disintegrated and is beautifully iridescent; indeed, the accidental colours are brilliant enough to prevent any decided judgment as to those originally in the glass. The flesh was certainly in opaque white, as it generally is; but how far any of the other colours were opaque or translucent cannot be determined. They all now appear opaque. The hair shows as a delicate brown, and there are some purple pieces in the upper ornamental border of the robe; beyond this the original colour is only a matter for conjecture. As the brooch shows now, with the very delicate iridescence upon it, it is possibly more charming in colour than it ever was; and, judging from the iridescence, which generally appears on translucent glass, I imagine that these enamels were originally all of that kind. The enamelled plaque is set in a plain gold circle, and next to this is an ornamental border consisting of a hollow trench set at close intervals with small gold rings, between each two of which, strung on a gold wire, there were pearls, many of which are now gone. Beyond the inner ring of pearls and gold is a raised flat circle of enamel work set in cloisons of gold very delicately and skilfully made. The pattern on this border is a succession of red circles on a very pale greenish ground; each circle is divided into five cloisonné compartments by means of quarter circles carried inwards, and the centre division is coloured a pale blue. Beyond the enamelled ring is an outer hollow trench like that already described, with rings of gold, no doubt originally filled in with strung pearls, all of which have now disappeared. Undoubtedly beads of some kind were used—the construction shows this clearly—and they were strung on a fine gold wire, in the same manner as the pearls in the inner ring are. Beyond this are a small beaded edge and an outer large beaded edge of gold. Like the brooch shown on the front of the lady's dress, this one had three pendants, the loops for which are still left. The back of this brooch is filled in with a bronze plate, on which, high up, are the remains of the hinge and the socket of the pin. The bronze back adds to the strength of the brooch, which is, like the two others, made on very thin gold; but it is heavy and clumsy. There is no record as to where it was found. It measures  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter.

Another mysterious brooch, which came from nobody-knows-where, is now known as the Towneley or Hamilton brooch. It is as nearly as possible the same size as the last described. The centre is circular, about 1 inch in diameter, and is ornamented with a cloisonné four-armed cross ornamentally floriated and enamelled in colours. The centre of the cross is a four-lobed star of deep opaque red; the arms and their floriations, each ending in a trefoil ornament pointing inwards, are a rich blue, with small red circles at

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certain points ; and the outer fleuron at the end of each arm of the cross is opaque yellow, a little angle of the same colour being put at the outer junctions of the incurving trefoils ; a series of small red circles finishing the design, which is finally bordered with a thin white circle, most of which is hidden by the gold setting.

The slightly curved enamelled plaque in the centre is held in place by a raised gold ring with serrated upper edge, expanding into a broad rounded border richly ornamented with filagree tracery, worked with a narrow flat wire of gold, set edgewise with granulated work at rare intervals, and studded with seven pearls, equidistant, in raised and serrated sockets. Beyond this is an extremely handsome outer border of sixteen hemispherical bosses of equal size, alternately gold with a pearl and gold with an enamel.

The gold and pearl bosses have flat wire and granulated work similar to that on the inner border, each pearl being held in place by a small raised socket with serrated edge. The alternate bosses form sockets, with serrated and granulated edges, for flat circular plaques of gold cloisonné, on each of which is a four-leaved enamelled ornament with translucent blue petals and opaque yellow centres on a translucent green ground. The hinge and fastening of the pin at the back are both high up, in the same relative position as those on the two brooches already described. The yellow or green-and-blue enamels here shown are closely allied to those in the Dowgate Hill brooch.

The best-known piece of Anglo-Saxon enamel work on gold in England is that which is called King Alfred's Jewel, now kept at the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It measures  $2\frac{5}{8}$  inches in length. It is in its original gold setting, and is in every respect a beautiful and most interesting piece of goldsmith's and enameller's work. It is a pointed oval in shape, and the central portion consists of a full-face half-length figure of a man holding a sceptre in each hand. Even as one of the brooches shows a lady wearing a similar brooch, so here, I think, the figure is shown holding sceptres, the head of one of which is probably the object itself, as the narrow end of the gold setting ends in a socket with linch-pin, which evidently shows that it was intended to be fastened to a rod or handle of some kind. The flat enamel is left in an unfinished state. The gold cloisons are much thicker than those used in any of the other enamels described, all of which are thoroughly well and carefully finished off. In the Alfred jewel, however, many of the spaces are still filled with enamel in saucer form, showing that the surface has not been thoroughly rubbed down. This is especially noticeable in the heads of the sceptres, the hair, and the belt, all of which are of a yellowish-brown colour. The spirals, which may be seen in several places, are distinctly Celtic in style. The enamel is protected by a thick, bevelled, egg-shaped piece of crystal flattened at both

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sides, and the gold setting is admirably designed to keep the crystal and the enamel ornamentally and strongly together. The broad bevelled edge is utilised as a field for an inscription, the letters of which are cut in open work, showing the crystal between, and engraved on their surfaces in some places as well. The inscription, in Anglo-Saxon, reads 'AELFRED ME HEHT GEWURKAN,' which



FIG. 1.—Side view of the Alfred Jewel.

means 'Alfred ordered me to be made': so in all probability this jewel was actually the much-valued head of one of King Alfred's sceptres. The edges of the gold rim bearing the inscription are beaded, and below the bevelled portion is an ornamental space with curves and reversed triangles and granulated work. The narrow end of the oval setting is finished by a large conventional animal's head, the mouth of which is utilised as a socket and has a small linch-pin for fastening it to the top of a rod or sceptre. The eyes and markings all over the animal's head are of filagree wirework,



FIG. 2.—Legend on the edge of the Alfred Jewel.

and most of the spaces left are filled rather closely with coarse granulated work.

The gadroon edges, the filagree work, and the granulated work are in character very similar to the same kind of ornamentation on the Dowgate Hill brooch, the Minster Lovell jewel, and the Hamilton brooch. The head of the figure is close up to the edge of the oval; his face and hands are in opaque whitish enamel. The rest of the work, with the exception of some brownish pieces, is in different shades of transparent blue and green. At the lower part of the oval, near the belt line, are two long brown spaces, which are sometimes said to represent the legs of the figure. If they do, then of course it is a full-length; but in that case it would be out of proportion, and, in view of the excellent drawing of the head and arms, I prefer to think that these brown pieces may be intended for an ornamental belt with tassels. The two sceptres are alike, and have oval heads and curves of gold wire issuing from them. Such curves may have no actual significance. Like those in the lower part of the background, they may have been added in order to make the enamelling stronger: small enamelled spaces are less likely to chip out than large spaces. It is also possible that a sceptre-head like this might well

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have been supported, when *in situ*, by a series of golden leaves or scrolls.

The back of the jewel is a thin piece of flat gold held in place by the serrated and turned-down edge of the setting. It is delicately engraved with a quaint design of conventional curves and lines.



FIG. 3.—Back of the Alfred Jewel.

There is much probability in the theory that the king's head shown on the Dowgate Hill brooch represents Alfred the Great ; and, although the figure on King Alfred's jewel is not crowned, it may still be also a portrait of the same king, many of whose presentments are shown without a crown. Moreover, the figure is holding two sceptres, which are ancient emblems of kingly dominion quite as much as crowns are ; and, if the figure is intended for a king at all, the probability is that Alfred is the man.

The history of this jewel as far as it is known confirms the tradition that it originally belonged to King Alfred. It was found in 1693 at Newton Park, north of the site of Athelney Abbey in Somersetshire, near the junction of the Parret and the Thone. It was in this neighbourhood that Alfred took refuge, near the end of the ninth century, from the pursuit of the Danes ; and in the hurry and trouble of the time he may have lost his favourite sceptre-head.

The first recorded owner was Colonel Nathaniel Palmer of Fairfield, in the same county ; his son Thomas gave it to the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, in 1718.

In the Ashmolean Museum is also a smaller sceptre-head of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, found at Minster Lovell, a village in the Witney district, near Oxford. It is a small circular enamelled filagree about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in diameter, set in a gold socket with a vandyked pattern along it in round filagree wire-work. The back plate projects beyond the edge of the setting, and is cut into an ornamental border with broad gadrooned outline. The front part of this projecting border is ornamented with filagree and granulated work. At the lower part of the jewel is a socket ornamented with twisted wire and pierced for a linch-pin. The centre plaque is ornamented with a simple Anglo-Saxon design in fine cloisonné work enamelled. The four-rayed ornament in the centre is the same as is used on the outer enamelled bosses on the Hamilton brooch, but differently coloured. The centre here is white ; the arms of the ornament are green. Opposite to and touching the outer points of each arm is a rectangular foot of white enamel, and between

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each two pieces of enamel, in the inner circumference line, is a horse-shoe filled in with pale blue; the background of the whole is of a dark translucent blue enamel. The design in this plaque is characteristic of ordinary Anglo-Saxon work; but the enclosed spaces are usually filled in with blue composition, flat pieces of garnet or glass or pearl shell. The play of light on the surface of such work will usually show whether it is inlay or enamel. In a properly finished enamel, ground flat as a completed piece of work, the light will show a continuous flat surface all over; but if there are inlays of separate pieces, each of which has been separately polished, the light will be seen reflected irregularly from surfaces set at slightly different angles. To the eye of an expert the cloisons themselves will generally show whether inlay or enamel has been used; but jewels of great age are frequently in such a decayed state that it is very difficult to decide clearly without damaging the object by taking it to pieces, which in most cases is obviously undesirable.

The only part of any of the designs upon these several jewels about which there is a difficulty is the curious arrangement of trowel-like ornaments which appears at each side of the lady's portrait on one of the circular brooches. Sir George Birdwood, the first English authority on such matters, tells me that he does not recognise them as belonging to the iconographic symbolism of any age or of any country. He says that they most resemble a degraded form of the *chauri*, or Yak tail whisk, which in the East is always regarded as an attribute of royalty.

If these marks can in any respect be considered as royal, the lady might represent Alfred's sister Ethelswith, Queen of Mercia. I think that these ornaments undoubtedly have some signification; and, if their meaning could be interpreted, no doubt it would make clear who the person represented might be. At the same time it is difficult to imagine that an Eastern idea, such as that of the Yak's tail, could have had a similar meaning at the court of King Alfred.

As to the Hamilton brooch, the design in the centre is certainly unlike any other Anglo-Saxon design known to me; but also it has no marked resemblance to the work of any other school. It is charming, and seems to be a thing apart. The delicacy of the workmanship upon it is wonderful. Although it might be equalled by the modern Japanese workmen, it would be very difficult to find any English enameller who would undertake to produce its fellow.

The cloisonné work, as well as the enamelling in the Alfred jewel, is coarse, and not in any respect remarkable from a technical point of view; but the interest of the setting with its inscription is supreme, and the goldsmith's work upon it is excellent. It is one of the most interesting pieces of jeweller's work in the world. Indeed, there is nothing in the least resembling it anywhere.

The workmanship on the Dowgate Hill brooch is extremely



## ANGLO-SAXON ENAMELS ON GOLD

delicate and most ably executed, both as to the goldsmith's work and as to the enamelling; that on the Minster Lovell jewel is only simple work throughout, enamel and gold.

Not all of these jewels are of the very highest class; but some of them are, and all are supremely valuable because of their great rarity and the undoubted historical interest which attaches to them, especially those bearing portraits, two of which are probably of King Alfred.

They are also most valuable evidences that, although the general art-workmanship of the Anglo-Saxons was simple and easy, there were goldsmiths capable on occasion, in spite of the inadequate means at their command, of producing most beautiful and original work. In the workmanship of these jewels is to be found soldering of a very difficult kind, as well as hammered work, cast work, and granulated work—to say nothing of the actual enamelling, much of which would sorely puzzle our best workmen to equal, even in these advanced days of gas muffles and technical schools.

## THE STRANGE CHRISTENING OF THE ORANGE RIVER. BY J. M. BULLOCH



ON the night of August 17, 1779, a little boat with three white men pushed off from the bank of the 'Great River.' They were the veriest specks in the dense blackness of the 'Hottentot' country; but they had the indomitable daring of the true pioneer. So, when the boat drifted into mid-stream, one of them, a tall handsome man, rose, and, unfurling the colours of Holland on the end of his staff, christened the water 'Orange River' in honour of William, the Hereditary Stadtholder of the Netherlands, whose mother had been an English princess; while his two companions, raising glasses, drank to the health of the States and the Prince of Orange. It was a weird and picturesque ceremony, of unusual significance as viewed to-day from the standpoint of nearly a century and a quarter later; for while the celebrant, Colonel Robert Jacob Gordon, who had really discovered the river two years before, was a Dutchman of Scots descent, one of his companions, Jacobus van Reenan, was a typical Afrikaner, and the other, William Paterson, the historian of the occasion, was a British officer—probably of Scots birth. To-day, the possession of the river has been fought for by combatants of pretty much the same blood—the native-born Dutch Afrikaner, the Hollander imported from the Netherlands, and the Britisher born and bred.

The career of Robert Jacob Gordon is full of interest. He and his father before him had fought the battles of the Dutch on European soil. He had explored the Cape and knew the country better than any man of his time. It was he who commanded the Dutch army which surrendered the Cape to us in 1795, and he blew out his brains when he found that we meant to keep the flag flying there. The fact of his mixed ancestry might have insured his remembrance by posterity; but you will search many records without finding a trace of him. Our own 'Dictionary of National Biography' just mentions his name in connection with Paterson. The Dutch 'Biographisch Woordenboek der Nederlanden' does not even do that. The only memoir of him I know of is a rhetorical panegyric in a forgotten volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Thus his biographer to-day is left to piece his story together from many insignificant sources.

Gordon was descended from one of the many Scots who settled in Holland during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and established themselves as the master merchants of the Baltic and the North Sea. That was the time when Holland was much easier of access to the Scot than England was, in point of transport and of temperament; for England was a closed door to all Outlanders from the north. To which branch of the great house of Gordon he actually belonged

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I cannot say ; but in all probability he represented one of the many families settled in Aberdeenshire, or in Banffshire (the Letterfourie Gordons, I think), which grew fat on fortune<sup>6</sup> and fighting of the Low Countries.

Proud as he was of his Scots ancestry, his family had been settled so long in Holland that when his grandfather, who was Burgomaster of Schiedam, got a place for his father in the brilliant Scots Brigade—he joined Colonel W. P. Colyear's regiment on November 21, 1724—the other officers, who were mostly direct importations, resented his appearance in their midst. At every possible point, they remonstrated against his advancement, for they regarded him as a Dutchman pure and simple. His doggedness was certainly Dutch, for the young officer wore down all objections, and won his way to an important place in the Brigade ; within twelve years he became brevet-colonel, and in 1748 he got a battalion of his own. He succeeded Charles Halkett as Colonel in 1758, and seven years later we find him a Major-General, at the head of a regiment, named after him, his son Robert Jacob being lieutenant of the fourth company. The General saw a great deal of fighting. He went through the war in Flanders, and in 1747 he was taken prisoner at Bergen-op-Zoom, where our own Gordon Highlanders so greatly distinguished themselves forty-eight years later.

The General's son, Robert Jacob, was born with his father's regiment in Guelderland in 1741, and thus became dedicated to the State in his cradle. He seems to have begun his public career at the age of twelve ; for, writing in 1795, he speaks of having served Holland 'these forty-two years.' He might have risen to a post as high as his father's, and lived to fight England on Dutch soil. As it was, he had to meet her in Africa. The life of a soldier in peacetime had no charms for him ; and so, having risen to a captaincy in the Scots Brigade, he gladly took advantage of the chance of escaping to South Africa, the undiscovered country of his time, where he landed on June 1, 1777, as an officer in the service of the Dutch East Indies Company.

He had not been in Africa many months when he came across William Paterson, a lieutenant in our army, whose spirit for adventure was as keen as his own. Paterson was a strange and puzzling person, who ultimately became Governor of New South Wales, where a mountain and a river bear his name to this day. Gordon met him at the Cape in October 1777, and the two set out together to explore the untraversed north. Gordon had many qualifications for the task. He had gone to the Cape with a knowledge of Dutch, German, French, and English. He had mastered 'Hottentot.' He was an enthusiastic botanist and zoologist—his museum came to be one of the wonders of the Cape, which no traveller dreamed of missing—and he had an iron constitution. When they had been a month

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together, Paterson fell ill (November 3) and halted at Beer Valley ; but Gordon pushed on, and was rewarded by striking the Orange River, quite unexpectedly, near the twenty-sixth meridian from Greenwich. In 1779 he picked up Paterson, then on a third journey ; and, as I have noted, the two explorers, accompanied by Van Reenan, a travelling merchant, christened the river. Gordon made many another voyage of discovery into the wilds of South Africa, and accumulated a vast quantity of geographical and ethnological information ; but never again did he figure amid such romantic circumstances as on that August night in his boat on the Orange River.

His purely official career as a servant of the Dutch East Indies Company affected the destinies of the Cape no less than his scientific services. In 1780 he was appointed to the command of the garrison at the Cape, where he had a charming villa ; and in 1795 he became Commander-in-Chief, a battery in the Hout Bay being named after him. The great point to note about him in his capacity as administrator was his utter inability to deal with the 'slimness' of the Dutch settlers. Fearless as an explorer, on the best terms with the natives, profoundly skilled in physical science, 'open, candid, and sincere ; of strict integrity, punctilious honour, and unshaken principles,' he found the Cape Dutchmen too much for him. If anything were needed to demonstrate the complexity of the Dutch Afrikaner, it is Gordon's absolute failure. His panegyrist in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, writing at a time (May 1796) when there were no Mr. Rhodes and no Jameson Raiders to complicate the issue, declares that Gordon was possessed of 'too little subtlety and of too impatient a mind to treat with sufficient indifference the continual vexations he met with in a colony where despotism and peculation were uncontrollable, and where self-interest was universally prevalent.' A century and more has gone, and precisely the same qualities which vexed the scientific soul of this old soldier are taxing the energies of our best generals and the temper of our politicians at this moment.

Gordon's difficulties were increased tenfold when the English fleet, conveying Major-General Craig's army, bore down on the Cape to demand surrender in the name of the Dutch Stadtholder, who had taken refuge in England after the dominance of France had been demonstrated in Holland—to be unbroken by England until 1815. Gordon and the Dutch rulers at the Cape, including the Governor, Sluysken, favoured the Orange, or Conservative, party, represented by the Stadtholder. 'I abhor French principles,' wrote Gordon to Admiral Elphinstone, on June 14, 1795, 'and if our unhappy Republic, where I am born [his English, you see, was distinctly Teutonic] and served these forty-two years, surrender (which God forbid), then I am a Greatbritainer.' He felt interested in this

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country, not only from the point of view of a Conservative or Orange Dutchman, but also on account of his Scots descent, although 'he never suffered the least bent of his inclination to warp him from his duty as a Dutchman.' In proof of his warm feeling towards this country, it is mentioned of him that he erected a handsome monument 'to the amiable Colonel Cathcart, who, in his passage to the Embassy to China, died in the Indian Seas, and was buried in one of these islands.'

When France declared war against the Stadtholder and England in 1793, the Cape Dutch had raised a ramshackle army, 1200 or 1300 strong, under the chief command of Gordon. It was composed of clerks and civil servants, of Hottentots and half-breeds (styled the Corps of Pandours), and of the riff-raff of Europe under the command of Colonel De Lille. By a strange irony, the English troops sent to the Cape included the Scots Brigade, which had been reconstituted in 1793; for in 1783 it had been broken up, owing to the attempt of Holland to turn it into a Dutch national corps and force its officers to forswear Britain. Still more strange is the fact that new colours were presented to it by Lord Adam Gordon, the uncle of the notorious Rioter, in June 1795. It was in this very month that the English fleet anchored in Simon's Town Bay, and handed the Prince of Orange's demand to the authorities, who found themselves between two fires—France and England. A long correspondence between Governor Sluysken, Colonels Gordon and De Lille, and the English commanders—occupying over 200 pages in Mr. G. M. Theal's elaborate 'Records of the Cape Colony'—ensued. The Dutchmen shilly-shallied—in the way they have. From the first they seemed to have made up their minds to obey the exiled Stadtholder; but they pretended that they were in earnest in defending the colony. In the midst of their indecision, the English seized Simon's Town without opposition. On August 7, 1795, they advanced on Muizenberg, De Lille opportunely retreating, for which he afterwards got a commission in our army. On September 14, 5000 troops advanced on Cape Town, of which General Craig took possession two days later in the name of His Britannic Majesty, George III. When Gordon, the scientific dreamer, came to realise what had happened,—that the English intended to retain the Cape without reference to the Prince of Orange,—he committed suicide on the night of October 5, 1795. His colleagues, Sluysken and De Lille, viewed the matter much more philosophically by taking posts under the British Government, as another Dutch patriot did in our own time.

Colonel Gordon (who is described as having been 'handsome in his person, elegant in his manners, upwards of six feet high: thin, but muscular, strong, active, and capable of enduring great fatigue: and of a dark complexion') was only fifty-four when he died (his old



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friend Paterson survived until 1810). His villa, on a hill a few miles out of Cape Town, 'commanding a most pleasant and extensive view by sea and land,' was for long the hospitable rendezvous of all distinguished strangers in the Colony, and Mrs. Parker, who wrote a 'Voyage Round the World,' speaks of the 'good Colonel' with enthusiasm. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in its stately fashion, refers to it as 'the seat of hospitality,' which 'at once exhibited the learning of the man, the dignity of the chief, and the felicity of the husband and father.'

He left a large collection of drawings and topographical data, which seem to have been commandeered by the British. They were given over for collation to John Pinkerton, the famous Scots antiquary, who in a letter to Mr. Wyndham, 1806, strongly advises the Government to buy them from Mrs. Gordon, for they were 'of great importance to this commercial country and to the interests of our oriental colonies.' What became of the collection I cannot say.

Gordon's widow, an 'amiable and sensible' Swiss, returned to Switzerland with her four sons, the eldest of whom, born in 1778, had borne a commission in his father's regiment at the time of the surrender. What became of the family I do not know. I am of opinion, however, that the son may have been that Captain Gordon of the Swiss Guards who invented a flute—over which many tomes have been written, and many battles waged. It was superseded by Boehm's instrument; and the ex-Swiss Guardsman, in a moment of insane disappointment, flung his model into the Lake of Geneva. He died in 1841 in a madhouse. Another Gordon, who was a Colonel in the French army, deserted to the Dutch in 1815, and was summarily shot dead by the soldiers in the garrison at Condé. He was of Dutch descent, and had two brothers in the service of Holland. The unravelling of the careers of these expatriated Scots is indeed a fascinating pursuit, which is far from being exhausted.

## THE WAY OF A MAN BY G. STANLEY ELLIS



NOW, then,' said Dicky Wade, as he struck his spade deliberately but deeply into the ground and rested his arms on the haft, 'what be the matter with 'ee, young Diggory Nale?'

Young Diggory Nale, the son of Farmer Diggory Nale of Trenale, was accustomed to being taken to task by his father's gardener; for Dicky was a practical Radical, a deacon of his chapel, and no respecter of persons.

'I do want to get to London,' said young Diggory. 'I shall never do any good here. London is the place to which I must go to write poetry and to live in the society of clever men.'

'I dun't altogether hold with poetry,' said Dicky, 'for I think 'tes very like stage plays, though I do make 'ception of the "Old Hundred," and of the words we sing up to chapel to the tune "Wittenburg."'

'I don't think much of the poetry of hymns.'

'Dun't 'ee, now? Ef 'ee want to be a poet, stop down here and be a farmer like your father before 'ee. Remember the Book o' Genesis: though 'tes not so chock-a-block full of poems as Psalms and Revelations, 'tes fuller of poetry than 'ee be wi' all your rhymes and jingles. 'Tes as full of poetry as this kitchen garden es full of worms, and the first man in et was a gardener, and, anyway, the next best thing to a gardener es a farmer. Farming es the most poetical trade 'ee can have—except gardenin'. Look at the ploughin', the sowin', and the reapin', and thank God that there's some land left where 'ee can't use machinery, and where a scythe's bound to come in. There's more poetry in bending your back to the cut, there's more poetry in just lookin' at the herbs of the field, which I own I prefer myself, than in all your town streets. I know your towns: I went to Plymouth once.'

'Plymouth isn't London, and I want to get along and become famous.'

'An' make money?' asked Dicky. 'I know what 'ee want. There's a girl called Annie Trevithic up to St. Cleather—isn' there?'

Young Diggory blushed.

'She won't listen to me,' said he. 'She's taken up with a sailorman, a mate in one of the St. Ives boats.'

'A sailorman, ded 'ee say? What's a sailorman that stops three weeks with his wife and goes to Chaney for three years?'

'But he doesn't. He goes to the Black Sea or the Danube, and gets back about every two months.'

'Does a now? They steamboats are awful gashly things. A flying in the face of Providence that made the wind, I call 'n.'

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'But she doesn't call them so. She says they are romantic and poetical.'

'Romantic and poetical be—Heaven forgive me! I was just going to use a word I used before I was saved. There's as much romance and poetry in farmin', let alone gardenin', as there is in any of they girt square iron boxes with tin kettles in 'n.'

'Ah, but she sees romance and poetry in 'n.'

'And why?'

'Because there's danger on the sea.'

'And surer in many other trades: only, the danger comes slow. Lead kills more painters, gilders, calico-printers, typefounders, potters, and brasiers than it kills soldiers. The mercury in looking-glasses, weather-glasses, thermometers, in the colouring of wool or felt, rots the teeth and gums. Silver kills those that handle it. Photographers, ink makers, hair-dye makers, all turn grey, begin to suffer under a deadly sickness, and die. Wall-paper makers grow weak and pale from arsenic; match makers lose strength from phosphorus; engravers, picture-frame makers, take nitric acid into their lungs, which are soon burnt. Ammonia kills the soap makers; zinc kills calico-printers, spectacle-glass makers, meerschau-mpipe makers. Who sees poetry in soap-boiling? Yet there's more danger in making soap than there is on the sea.'

'But she doesn't see it.'

'Do 'ee think I was never young? There were few hereabouts that the maids looked kinder on than they did on me. You may grin, for I do know 'ee wouldn't think it, to look at me now; but I ded know a main lot about maids,—'twas before I was converted. 'Tes not with maids what a man has, or what a es. 'Tes not even what a does, but the way a does et. Some like one way, some another.'

'She doesn't seem to like my way.'

'Keep on,' said Dicky. 'The sailorman's farther off than 'ee be.'

Diggory went over to St. Cleather the same night. Annie Trevithic had finished milking the cows, and was sitting on a hedge and looking towards the sea.

'How are you, Annie?' asked Diggory.

'Quite well. And you?' said Annie. She was a dark girl with plenty of black hair under a pink sunbonnet, and a brown eye that could either sparkle or melt. Her face was pleasanter than it was pretty; and it was pretty too, with inviting full red lips, and soft rosy cheeks. Her plump figure well filled out a pink print dress.

'I'm all right,' said Diggory, and he sighed deeply, just to make her know he was all wrong.

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'You don't look it. Will 'ee come in an' have a glass of beer an' a pasty? I made the pasties to-day, and I know they're good.'

'Thanks; but I could not eat or drink.'

'But I made the pasties: so you must just have one. You'll stop to supper, of course: so you must have the pasty now, or you'll spoil your appetite. Come along.' Then she jumped clear of the hedge, and at once cried:

'O, there's a fly gone into my eye.'

'Shall I take it out?' said Diggory.

'I wish you'd try.'

He opened the lid of her right eye with a finger of one hand, pulled down the lower lashes with a finger of the other, looked carefully into the depths of the pupil and dark iris, let his own eyes drink their fill of the sight of the white of her eye, which was of that eggshell blue tint which very dark people sometimes have, and stared at the black lashes which were only the more inviting that the irritation had called a tear or two on to them. And then—there was no fly to be seen. But he took his fingers from the eye and kissed her on the lid. She, who would have been cross with him had he lost his chance, said sharply,

'Dig, I'm very, very angry with 'ee. 'Ee should know better than to do such a thing.'

That diminutive would have angered Diggory against any one else; but from Annie he liked it.

'I'm so sorry I didn't do it properly.' And he kissed her again, this time on the mouth.

'O, Diggory!' she said, but not quite so sharply as before.

''Tis a fine evenin', said Diggory. 'Shall we go for a walk?'

'If you like.'

They strolled along the lanes, bordered by stone hedges, with lichens knitting the stones together, with heartstung ferns peeping from the interstices, with flowers, at the coming of the cool evening air, sending forth their heavy sweetness, with flowerets bespangling the green mass, with the springs trickling from the rock and murmuring down the roadside a pleasant song.

It all went deep into Diggory's heart; but he did not yet see what it really was that was stirring the poetic instincts within him.

'Ah!' he burst out, 'I feel all the poet in me spring up with the ferns and flowers, and flow with the spring water. And it makes me want to go to London and carry on my right calling, which is that of the poet.'

'Why go to London? I don't suppose I know much about poetry, though I have read most of Mrs. Hemans'; but I do think there must be more poetry down here than in London.

'Do you want me to stay?'

'Of course I do. I never like my friends to go away.'

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'But down here I can never be a great poet or become famous.'

'I know I'm only a silly girl; but I do think you can be as great, though perhaps not so famous, a poet here as in London. But why be great? Why not be simply happy?'

'I can't be happy as I am. But there's one thing that might make me happy and keep me here.'

'What is it, then?'

'O, Annie, you must know it; you must have guessed it. I love you.'

Annie turned her face towards him, and said:

'Dear Diggory, I'm very, very sorry, and I am very fond of you; but I can never love you.'

'Is there some one else?'

'Yes.'

'The sailorman?'

'Yes.'

'But I love you more than he can.'

'And I love him better than I can ever love you.'

Then she burst out crying; and Diggory took her home and left her, he refusing, to her surprise, to come in to supper.

Diggory went home hungry in heart and body, and therefore at war with himself and with every one else.

It must have been a week after this that Diggory drove his mother, his cousin Jessie Nale, and a large basket of pasties, apple pies, cream, nubbies, and the like, to Trebarwith Strand for the day. Mrs. Nale and Jessie went off to a cave to undress and dress again for bathing in the pools. Mrs. Nale was a managing woman: if she went to the trouble and expense of a day's outing, shine or cloud, fine or wet, hot or cold, she was going to get her money's worth out of it. The wind and the sea were high: they could not bathe in the open, nor did it look as if a boat could live there.

Diggory caught sight of a girlish figure at the mouth of the cave under Denys; and he knew that he could make no mistake, and that it was Annie. He made towards her over the sand, carefully avoiding—for he wished to look smart when he reached her—the salt pools made, wherever a rock reared its black head, by the drawback of the sea; carefully avoiding the fresh stream that, having cut its way in countless years through the hard rock until it has made a channel for itself, now, twice a day, when the tide goes down, smooths its easy path through the sand on its way to the all-embracing sea. Getting near to her, he saw a man, for whom she seemed to have been waiting, come out of the cave and join her; and another glance showed him that it was the sailorman. So he turned back, hot in heart and brow and hand, and splashed without care through the smiling, rippling water.



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As he got back to where the road becomes rock, and sea and land fight for the mastery, he saw, driven by the fierce north-easter, a small barque running before the wind under bare poles, coming round the north-eastern point of the bay. And three coastguards from Boscastle, with the rocket apparatus, came running down the hill.

'What is it?' said Diggory.

'Tis a li'l barque from Rio to Bristol,' said the Petty Officer. 'She tried for Boscastle, but missed 'n, and all but smashed her bows in. Then she let down her anchors; but they dragged, and she had to run for 't. We ded run on here with rockets, hoping to get a line out to her from top of Denys. But 'tes impossible. She'll pass out by Gull Rock, and that's a mile away. The rockets wun't carry.'

'Can't she get into Port Issick?'

'Her'll be smashed into bits like a matchbox before gettin' there. The biggest ironclad wouldn't last long. Steel plates are of no use against these iron cliffs. The only hope we had was to get her ashore here, as et's low water, and beach her on sand. We might have saved the crew then. Captain's wife an' baby joined at Falmouth, where the ship went for orders.'

'Can't we get a boat and bring a line ashore?'

'Ee can get out a boat, and there's one lies round in the harbour, and I'm with 'ee ef 'tes possible to get a crew; but bringin' a line ashore, or gettin' ashore ourselves alive, es doubtful. Ef et's to be done, et must be done now, for she'll soon be abreast of us.'

Diggory and the three coastguards went round to the harbour, and the Petty Officer asked,

'Who'll make the fifth?'

As they drew near to the boat, they saw Annie and the sailorman sitting on the gunnel and talking earnestly.

'Here's the man,' said Diggory. 'He's a mate on one of the St. Ives boats. Ask 'n to go.'

'Now, my man,' said the Petty Officer, 'up you get and lend us a hand down with this boat. Will you take a cruise with us this mornin'?''

'You're never going to put out to-day?'

'Look out by the Gull Rock and see that ship.—By the Lord Harry, she's got her anchor to hold this time! If it holds long enough there's a chance. But 'tes bound to drag before long. We'm goin' to bring a rope ashore and get they people off.'

'No good. It can't be done.'

'But we'm daggin' to try. And we want another good sailor with us.'

'I'm not going to throw my life away over any such foolishness.'

'The Cap'n's wife and baby are aboard.'

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It is hard to be shown up as a coward before one's sweetheart ; but the sailorman tried to get out of it.

'Here's my sweetheart. Would you like me to go and get drowned before her eyes ?'

'I'm done with 'ee. You're a coward. Ef your sweetheart's a Cornish girl, she'd rather see 'ee drowned like a brave man than live like a coward. Us four'll go.'

'I'll go,' burst out Annie. 'I can steer a boat.'

'Thank you, my girl. But I dun't think God needs 'ee just yet. I've a maid about your size to Boscastle. Let me kiss you, and do 'ee give 'n to her ef I dun't come back.'

So Annie kissed the Petty Officer, who, with his men and Diggory, ran the boat down to the sea.

As soon as he saw what was going forward, old Penberthy, who brings the sand up from the beach for the farmers, hobbled rheumatically after them. As Penberthy grew old, unlike most people, he became taciturn ; and now he got into the stern sheets and took the tiller without saying anything.

'Bravo, Uncle Penberthy !' said the Petty Officer. 'But 'tes a rough day, and you'm not so young as 'ee were. Dun't 'ee think 'ee'd better stop ashore ?'

''Tes my boat,' said Penberthy, with a dry chuckle down inside him. 'I be goin' to look after 'n.'

They pushed off, the coastguards and Diggory pulling hard at the oars and Penberthy keeping her nose well to the waves. Now they were high up in the air, and Penberthy had a good view of the barque, while Diggory saw Annie and the sailorman watching them. Now they were down in the depths with the deep blue water below, mountains of green marbled with white around them, nothing to be seen but water and the sky above. Penberthy kept a set face and a steadfast gaze when possible on the barque, and always on the waves ahead. The four rowers tugged away. It chanced that a moment came when they were uplifted on the crest of a giant wave, and Penberthy's eyes were on the barque. And what he saw was this. The anchor-chain, running in the hawsepipe, had suddenly cut through the knighthead and stemson and down to the keelson. As he looked he saw the barque quiver with the inrush of water ; and then the boat sank for what seemed the lifetime of a nightmare, in which so much is always about to, but never does, happen. The others saw his fixed glare, and knew that something was going on. But there was no good to be done by talking. If they were to die, they had better die pulling hard than talking. So they only set their teeth and worked away. Penberthy had his face turned towards the ship as the boat rose ; and he saw those on board standing by the bulwark, looking towards those who were trying to rescue them.

## THE WAY OF A MAN

Penberthy said nothing, but kept giving time for the stroke as they went down again into the glassy valley. Again they came up, and Penberthy saw the people waving to him. Down and up again they went a score of times, each time nearer. But each time the barque was a little lower in the water. Still Penberthy said nothing, but timed the strokes quicker and more forcibly. All this time the five heard nothing, for, although those on board seemed to be shouting, the voices were carried away by the wind. Then there came a time when, as they reached the crest of the wave, Penberthy broke his silence, and said :

‘Next time we shall be alongside. Pull, boys. The Cap’n’s wife’s wavin’ at ’ee over bulwarks.’

They pulled hard down into the trough ; and then they heard the first sound since they set out, except the roar of the sea, the squish of the wet leather in the thole pins, the screech of the choughs, and Penberthy’s one speech. It was now that they heard a great shriek made up of many shrieks, and it turned all their throats to dry dust, so that they swallowed and did not speak until the boat rose again. Penberthy looked, and said :

‘She’s gone.’

The old hand on the tiller that had brought them so far in safety relaxed ; the boat broached to, got broadside to the wave ; and, before they knew what had happened, she was upside-down, and all five were struggling in the water. Four held on to their oars, and Penberthy supported himself by the boat. He was an old man, and feeble. Yet he clutched the tin bailer.

‘We’ll all get our oars together, and Uncle Penberthy shall hold them,’ said the Petty Officer, ‘while the rest of us tread water on one side of her and lift her altogether.’

So they laid the oars in a faggot, and Penberthy sat astride them, while the rest took hold of the port gunnel, trod water, and prepared to lift altogether. The Petty Officer gave the word :

‘Now, lads, all ready : heave. Once again, now : heave. Let her go, boys : heave.’

It was only after the lapse of half an hour, and after many rests, that, aided by a favouring wave, they got the boat righted. Diggory climbed aboard and baled out ; and, one by one, as she rose in the water, they all got in, though it was a heavy job to lift up Penberthy, whose life the cold water had almost chilled out. As soon as they got him in, he said,

‘We’m just a-goin’ to pull over by where thickey barque went down an’ see ef any one’s about yet.’

‘Why, uncle,’ said the Petty Officer, ‘’ee’ve more spunk in ’ee than most of these young uns, now. Long may ’ee live to show ’n !’

‘Not so, my son. I’ve tried to serve the Laard all my life, an’

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'twould be a bad reward ef A lets me live much longer, considerin' my rheumatiz.'

They pulled over and over the place of the wreck, picking up a hencoop and a few odd things; but they saw nothing of any of the crew, who must all have been sucked down with the barque.

'They wun't come up for a day or two,' said the Petty Officer. 'Come, uncle: put her about. Us've done our duty.'

Penberthy put her about, and they made steadily for the shore. All were men of work, not of words. All, if they had time for thought beyond their present work, had much of which to think in what had just befallen. Penberthy took the boat, as true as a die, to the beach, with a firm and steady hand.

She ran up on the sand. The four jumped out, and, with the help of many willing hands—for folks had gathered on the shore by this time—they hauled her up while Penberthy took off the rudder. Then they lifted him out, and made their way to his house, where he had rum; and, as they went, they passed Annie and the sailorman.

'You girt coward,' said Diggory, 'to let a brave old man like this do what you daren't do! What do you think of 'n now, Annie?' Then, with that simple vanity which can never be quite separated from the poetic mind, he added:

'Do you still think more of 'n than of me?'

Annie, whose mind was wavering in the balance between her two suitors, let her mind go hang, and let her heart speak.

'He's not a coward. He did what he did for my sake. And, if I didn't love you before, I hate you now. If you think I can love a man because he is brave or good or handsome or rich, you have yet to learn what love is.'

Diggory said nothing, but thought of what Dicky Wade had said:

''Tes not with maids what a man has, or what a es. 'Tes not even what a does, but the way a does et.'

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



DURING his brief term of power, Abraham Lincoln was probably the object of more abuse, vilification, and ridicule than any other man in the world ; but when he fell by the hand of an assassin, at the very moment of his stupendous victory, all the nations of the earth vied with one another in paying homage to his character, and the thirty-five years that have since elapsed have established his place in history as one of the great benefactors, not only of his own country, but also of the human race. One of many noble utterances upon the occasion of his death was that in which *Punch* made its magnanimous recantation of the spirit with which it had pursued him :—

Beside this corpse that bears for winding sheet  
The stars and stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you ?

Yes : he had lived to shame me from my sneer  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—  
To make me own this hind—of princes peer—  
This rail-splitter—a true-born king of men.

Fiction can furnish no match for the romance of his life ; biography will be searched in vain for such startling vicissitudes of fortune, so great power and glory won out of such humble beginnings and adverse circumstances. In the zenith of his fame he was the wise, patient, courageous, successful ruler of men ; exercising more power than any monarch of his time, not for himself, but for the good of the people who had placed it in his hands ; commander-in-chief of a vast military power, which waged with ultimate success the greatest war of the century ; the triumphant champion of popular government ; the deliverer of four millions of his fellow men from bondage ; honoured by mankind as Statesman, President, and Liberator.

Let us glance now at the first half of the brief life, of which this was the glorious and happy consummation. Nothing could be more squalid and miserable than the home in which Abraham Lincoln was born—a one-roomed cabin without floor or window in what was then the wilderness of Kentucky, in the heart of that frontier life which swiftly moved westward from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, always in advance of schools and churches, of books and money, of railroads and newspapers, of all things which are



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generally regarded as the comforts and even necessities of life. His father, ignorant, needy, and thriftless, content if he could keep soul and body together for himself and his family, was ever seeking, without success, to better his unhappy condition by moving on from one such scene of dreary desolation to another. The rude society which surrounded them was not much better. The struggle for existence was hard, and absorbed all their energies. They were fighting the forest, the wild beast, and the retreating savage. From the time when he could barely handle tools until he attained his majority, Lincoln's life was that of a simple farm labourer, poorly clad, housed and fed, either at work on his father's wretched farm, or hired out to neighbouring farmers. But in spite, or perhaps by means, of this rude environment, he grew to be a stalwart giant, reaching six feet four at nineteen; and fabulous stories are told of his feats of strength. With the growth of this mighty frame began that strange education which in his ripening years was to qualify him for the great destiny that awaited him, and for the development of those mental faculties and moral endowments which, by the time he reached middle life, were to make him the sagacious, patient, and triumphant leader of a great nation in the crisis of its fate. His whole schooling, obtained during such odd times as could be spared from grinding labour, did not amount in all to so much as one year; and the quality of the teaching was of the lowest possible grade, including only the elements of reading, writing, and cyphering. But out of these simple elements, when rightly used by the right man, education is achieved; and Lincoln knew how to use them. As so often happens, he seemed to take warning from his father's unfortunate example. Untiring industry, an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and an ever growing desire to rise above his surroundings, were early manifestations of his character.

Books were almost unknown in that community; but the Bible was in every house, and somehow or other 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Æsop's Fables,' a 'History of the United States,' and a 'Life of Washington' fell into his hands. He trudged on foot many miles through the wilderness to borrow an 'English Grammar,' and is said to have devoured greedily the contents of the 'Statutes of Indiana.' These few volumes he read and re-read; and his power of assimilation was great. To be shut in with a few books and to master them thoroughly sometimes does more for the development of mind and character than freedom to range at large, in a cursory and indiscriminate way, through wide domains of literature. This youth's mind, at any rate, was thoroughly saturated with Biblical knowledge and Biblical language, which, in after life, he used with great readiness and effect. But it was the constant use of the little knowledge which he had that developed and exercised his mental powers. After the hard day's work was done, while others slept,

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he toiled on, always reading or writing. From an early age he did his own thinking and made up his own mind—invaluable traits in the future President. Paper was such a scarce commodity that, by the evening firelight, he would write and cypher on the back of a wooden shovel, and then shave the scroll away in order to make room for more. By-and-by, as he approached manhood, he began speaking in the rude gatherings of the neighbourhood, and so laid the foundation of that art of persuading his fellows which was one rich result of his education and one great secret of his subsequent success.

Accustomed as we are in these days of steam and telegraphs to have every intelligent boy surveying the whole world each morning before breakfast, and informing himself as to what is going on in every nation, it is hardly possible to conceive how benighted and isolated was the condition of the community at Pigeon Creek, in Indiana, of which the family of Lincoln's father formed a part, or how eagerly an ambitious and high-spirited boy, such as he, must have yearned to escape. The first glimpse that he ever got of any world beyond the narrow confines of his home was in 1828, at the age of nineteen, when a neighbour employed him to accompany his son down the river to New Orleans, there to dispose of a flat-boat of produce—a commission which he discharged with great success.

Shortly after his return from this first excursion into the outer world, his father, tired of failure in Indiana, packed his family and all his worldly goods into a single waggon drawn by two yoke of oxen, and, after a fourteen-days tramp through the wilderness, pitched his camp once more in Illinois. Here Abraham, having come of age and being now his own master, rendered the last service of his minority by ploughing the fifteen-acre lot and splitting from the tall walnut-trees of the primeval forest enough rails to surround the little clearing with a fence. Such was the meagre outfit of this coming leader of men, at the age when the future British Prime Minister or statesman emerges from the university as a double-first or senior wrangler, with every advantage that high training and broad culture and association with the wisest and best of men and women can give, and enters upon public service on the road to usefulness and honour, the University course being only the first stage of the public training. Lincoln, at twenty-one, had just begun his preparation for the public life to which he soon began to aspire. For some years yet he must continue to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, having absolutely no means, no home, no friend to consult. More farm work as a hired hand, a clerkship in a village store, the running of a mill, another trip to New Orleans on a flat-boat of his own contriving, a pilot's berth on the river,—these were the means by which he subsisted until, in the summer of 1832,

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when he was twenty-three years of age, an event occurred which gave him public recognition.

The Black Hawk War broke out ; and, the Governor of Illinois having called for volunteers to repel the band of savages whose leader bore that name, Lincoln enlisted, and was elected captain by his comrades, among whom he had already established his supremacy by signal feats of strength and more than one successful single combat. During the brief hostilities he was engaged in no battle and won no military glory ; but his local leadership was established. The same year he offered himself as a candidate for the Legislature of Illinois. He failed at the polls ; yet his vast popularity with those who knew him was manifest. The district consisted of several counties ; but the unanimous vote of the people of his own county was for Lincoln. Another unsuccessful attempt at store-keeping was followed by better luck at surveying, until his horse and instruments were levied upon under execution for the debts of his business adventure.

I have been thus detailed in sketching his early years because upon these strange foundations the structure of his great fame and service was built. In the place of a school-and-university training fortune substituted these trials, hardships, and struggles as a preparation for the great work which he had to do. It turned out to be exactly what the emergency required. Ten years instead at the public school and the university certainly never could have fitted this man for the unique work which was to be thrown upon him. Some other Moses would have had to lead us to our Jordan, to the sight of our promised land of liberty.

At the age of twenty-five he became a member of the Legislature of Illinois, and so continued for eight years, in the meantime qualifying himself by reading such law books as he could borrow at random—for he was too poor to buy any—to be called to the Bar. For his second quarter of a century—during which a single term in Congress introduced him into the arena of national questions—he gave himself up to law and politics. In spite of his soaring ambition, his two years in Congress gave him no premonition of the great destiny that awaited him, and at its close, in 1849, we find him an unsuccessful applicant to the President for appointment as Commissioner of the General Land Office—a purely administrative Bureau : an escape fortunate for himself and his country. Year by year his knowledge and power, his experience and reputation, extended, and his mental faculties seemed to grow by what they fed on. His power of persuasion, which had always been marked, was developed to an extraordinary degree, now that he became engaged in congenial questions and subjects. Little by little he rose to prominence at the Bar, and became the most effective public speaker in the West. He did not possess any of the graces of the orator ;

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but his logic was invincible, and his clearness and force of statement impressed upon his hearers the convictions of his honest mind, while his broad sympathies and sparkling humour made him a universal favourite as far and as fast as his acquaintance extended.

These twenty years that elapsed from the time of his establishment as a lawyer and a legislator in Springfield, the new capital of Illinois, furnished a fitting theatre for the development and display of his great faculties, and, with his new and enlarged opportunities, he obviously grew in mental stature in this second period of his career, as if to compensate for the absolute lack of advantages under which he had suffered in youth. As his powers enlarged, his reputation extended; for he was always before the people, felt a warm sympathy with all that concerned them, took a zealous part in the discussion of every public question, and made his personal influence ever more widely and deeply felt.

My brethren of the legal profession will naturally ask me, How could this rough backwoodsman, whose youth had been spent in the forest or on the farm and the flat-boat, without culture or training, education or study, by the random reading, on the wing, of a few miscellaneous law books, become a learned and accomplished lawyer? Well, he never did. Between 1830 and 1880, the population of Illinois increased twenty-fold. When Lincoln began practising law in Springfield, in 1837, life in Illinois was very crude and simple; so were the Courts and the administration of justice. Books and libraries were scarce. But the people loved justice, upheld the law, and followed the Courts; and soon found their favourites among the advocates. The fundamental principles of the Common Law, as set forth by Blackstone and Chitty, were not difficult to acquire; and brains, common sense, force of character, tenacity of purpose, ready wit and power of speech, did the rest, and supplied all the deficiencies of learning.

The lawsuits of those days were extremely simple, and the principles of natural justice were mainly relied on to dispose of them at the Bar and on the Bench, without resort to technical learning. Railroads, corporations absorbing the chief business of the community, combined and inherited wealth, with all the subtle and intricate questions they breed, had not yet come in; and so the professional agents and the equipment which they require were not needed. But there were many highly-educated and powerful men at the Bar of Illinois, even in those early days, whom the spirit of enterprise had carried thither in search of fame and fortune. It was by constant contact and conflict with these that Lincoln acquired professional strength and skill. Every community and every age creates its own Bar, entirely adequate for its present uses and necessities. So in Illinois, as the population and wealth of the State kept on doubling and quadrupling, its Bar presented a growing

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abundance of learning and science and technical skill. The early practitioners grew with its growth and mastered the requisite knowledge. Chicago soon became one of the largest and richest cities, certainly the most intensely active city, on the Continent; and if any of my professional friends in Great Britain had gone thither in Lincoln's later years, to try or argue a cause, or to transact other business, with any idea that Edinburgh or London had a monopoly of legal learning, science, or subtlety, he would certainly have found himself mistaken.

In those early days in the West, every lawyer, especially every Court lawyer, was necessarily a politician, constantly engaged in the public discussion of the many questions evolved from the rapid development of town, county, State, and Federal affairs. Then and there, in this regard, public discussion supplied the place which the universal activity of the Press has since monopolised. The public speaker who, by clearness, force, earnestness, and wit, could make himself felt on the questions of the day would rapidly come to the front. In the absence of that immense variety of popular entertainments which now feed the public taste and appetite, the people found their chief amusement in frequenting the Courts and public and political assemblies. In either place, he who impressed, entertained, and amused them most was the hero of the hour. They did not discriminate very carefully between the eloquence of the forum and the eloquence of the hustings. Human nature ruled in both alike, and he who was the most effective speaker in a political harangue was often retained as most likely to win in a cause to be argued. I have no doubt that many retainers came to Lincoln in this way. Fees, money in any form, had no charms for him—in his eager pursuit of fame, he could not afford to make money. He was ambitious to distinguish himself by some great service to mankind, and this ambition for fame and real public service left no room for avarice in his composition. However much he earned, he seems to have ended every year hardly richer than he began it; yet, as the years passed, fees came to him freely. One of £1000 is recorded—a very large professional fee at that time, even in any part of America, the paradise of lawyers. I lay great stress on Lincoln's career at the law—much more than his biographers do—because in America there is a state of things wholly different from that which prevails in Great Britain. The profession of the law always has been—and is to this day—the principal avenue to public life; and I am sure that his training and experience in the Courts had much to do with the development of those forces of intellect and character which he soon displayed on a broader arena.

It was in political controversy, of course, that he acquired his wide reputation, and made his deep and lasting impression upon the people of what had now become the powerful State of Illinois, and



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upon the people of the Great West, to whom the political power and control of the United States were already surely and swiftly passing from the older Eastern States. It was this reputation and this impression, together with the familiar knowledge of his character which had come to them from his local leadership, that happily inspired the people of the West to present him as their candidate, and to press him upon the Republican Convention of 1860 as the fit and necessary leader in the struggle for life which was before the nation.

That struggle arose out of the terrible question of Slavery. I must trust to general knowledge of the history of that question to make intelligible the attitude and leadership of Lincoln as the champion of the hosts of freedom in the final contest. Negro slavery had been firmly established in the Southern States from an early period of their history. In 1619, the year before the *Mayflower* landed our Pilgrim Fathers upon Plymouth Rock, a Dutch ship had discharged a cargo of African slaves at Jamestown, in Virginia. All through the colonial period their importation had continued. A few had found their way into the Northern States, but not in sufficient numbers to constitute danger or to afford a basis for political power. There is no doubt that, at the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the principal members of the Convention not only condemned slavery as a moral, social, and political evil, but also believed that, by suppression, the slave trade was in the course of gradual extinction in the South, as it certainly was in the North. Washington, in his will, provided for the emancipation of his own slaves, and said to Jefferson that it 'was among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in his country might be abolished.' Jefferson said, referring to the institution, 'I tremble for my country when I think that God is just: that His justice cannot sleep for ever.' Franklin, Adams, Hamilton, and Patrick Henry were all utterly opposed to slavery. It was, however, made the subject of a fatal compromise in the Federal Constitution, whereby its existence was recognised in the States as a basis of representation, the prohibition of the importation of slaves was postponed for twenty years, and the return of fugitive slaves provided for. No imminent danger was apprehended from it until, by the invention of the cotton gin in 1792, cotton culture by negro labour became at once and for ever the leading industry of the South, and gave a new impetus to the importation of slaves, so that in 1808, when the constitutional prohibition took effect, their numbers had vastly increased. From that time forward, slavery became the basis of a great political power, and the Southern States, amid all circumstances and at every opportunity, carried on a brave and unrelenting struggle for its maintenance and extension.

The conscience of the North was slow to rise against it, though

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there were bitter controversies from time to time. The Southern leaders threatened disunion if their demands were not complied with. To save the Union, compromise after compromise was made ; but each one in the end was broken. The Missouri Compromise, made in 1820 upon the occasion of the admission of Missouri into the Union as a slave State—whereby, in consideration of such admission, slavery was for ever excluded from the North-west Territory—was ruthlessly repealed, in 1854, by a Congress elected in the interests of the slave power, the intent being to force slavery into that vast territory, which had so long been dedicated to freedom. This challenge at last aroused the slumbering conscience and passion of the North, and led to the formation of the Republican Party for the avowed purpose of preventing, by constitutional methods, the further extension of slavery.

In its first campaign, in 1856, though it failed to elect its candidates, the party received a surprising vote and carried many of the States. No one could any longer doubt that the North had made up its mind that no threats of disunion should deter it from pressing its cherished purpose and performing its long-neglected duty. From the outset, Lincoln was one of the most active and effective leaders and speakers of the new party, and, in 1858, the great debates between Lincoln and Douglass, as the respective champions of the restriction and the extension of slavery, attracted the mind of the whole country. Lincoln's powerful arguments carried conviction everywhere. His moral nature was thoroughly aroused ; his conscience was stirred to the quick. Unless slavery was wrong, nothing was wrong. Was each man, of whatever colour, entitled to the fruits of his own labour ? or could one man live in idle luxury by the sweat of another's brow, whose skin was darker ? He was an implicit believer in that principle of the Declaration of Independence that all men are vested with certain inalienable rights—the equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. On this doctrine, he staked his case and carried it. We have space only for one or two sentences in which he struck the keynote of the contest.

The real issue in this country is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it.'

Lincoln foresaw with unerring vision that the conflict was inevitable and irrepressible—that one or the other, the right or the wrong, freedom or slavery, must ultimately prevail, and wholly prevail, throughout the country ; and this was the principle that carried the war, once begun, to a finish. One passage of his is immortal :

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Under the operation of the policy of compromise, the slavery agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other—either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

During the entire decade, from 1850 to 1860, the agitation of the slavery question was at the boiling point, and events which have become historical continually indicated the near approach of the overwhelming storm. No sooner had the Compromise Acts of 1850 resulted in a temporary peace, which everybody expected to be final and perpetual, than new outbreaks came. The forcible carrying-away of fugitive slaves by Federal troops from Boston agitated that ancient stronghold of freedom to its foundations. The publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which truly exposed the frightful possibilities of the slave system; the reckless attempts by force and fraud to establish the system in Kansas against the will of the vast majority of the settlers; the beating of Sumner in the Senate Chamber for words spoken in debate; the Dred Scott decision in the Supreme Court, which made the nation realise that the slave power had at last reached the fountain of Federal justice; and, finally, the execution of John Brown, for his wild raid into Virginia, to invite the slaves to rally to the standard of freedom which he unfurled,—all these events illustrate and confirm Lincoln's contention that the nation could not permanently continue half-slave and half-free, but must become all one thing or all the other. When John Brown lay under sentence of death, he declared that now he was sure that slavery must be wiped out in blood; but neither he nor his executioners dreamt that within four years a million soldiers would be marching across the country for its final extirpation, to the music of the war-song of the great conflict:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul is marching on.

And now, at the age of fifty-one, this child of the wilderness, this farm labourer, rail-splitter, flat-boatman—this surveyor, lawyer, orator, statesman, and patriot—found himself elected by the great Party which was pledged to prevent at all hazards the further extension of slavery, as the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, bound to carry out that purpose, to be the leader and ruler of the nation in its most trying hour.

Those who believe that there is a living Providence that overrules and conducts the affairs of nations find in the elevation of this

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plain man to this extraordinary fortune, to this great duty which he so fitly discharged, a signal vindication of their faith. Perhaps the judgment of our philosopher Emerson will commend itself as a just estimate of Lincoln's historical place :

His occupying the Chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. He grew according to the need ; his mind mastered the problem of the day ; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. In the war there was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor. The new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resource, his magnanimity, were sorely tried, and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time, the true representative of this continent—father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their mind articulated in his tongue.

Lincoln was born great, as distinguished from those who achieve greatness or have it thrust upon them. His inherent capacity, mental, moral, and physical, having been recognised by the educated intelligence of a free people, they happily chose him for their ruler in a day of deadly peril.

It is now forty years since I first saw and heard Abraham Lincoln ; but the impression which he left on my mind is ineffaceable. After his great successes in the West he came to New York to make a political address. He appeared in every sense of the word like one of the plain people among whom he loved to be counted. At first sight, except that his great stature singled him out from the crowd, there was nothing impressive or imposing about him. His clothes hung awkwardly on his giant frame ; his face was of a dark pallor, without the slightest tinge of colour ; his seamed and rugged features bore the furrows of hardship and struggle ; his deep-set eyes looked sad and anxious ; his countenance in repose gave little evidence of that brain power which had raised him from the lowest to the highest station among his countrymen. As he talked to me before the meeting, he seemed ill at ease, with that sort of apprehension which a young man might feel before presenting himself to a new and strange audience whose critical disposition he dreaded. It was a great audience, including all the noted men—all the learned and cultured—of his party in New York : editors, clergymen, statesmen, lawyers, merchants, critics. They were all very curious to hear him. His fame as a powerful speaker had preceded him, and exaggerated rumour of his wit—the worst forerunner of an orator—had reached the East. When Mr. Bryant presented him, on the high platform of the Cooper Institute, a vast sea of eager upturned faces greeted him, full of intense curiosity to see what this rude child of the people was like. He was equal to the occasion. When he spoke he was transformed : his eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole

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assembly. For an hour and a half he held his audience in the hollow of his hand. His style of speech and manner of delivery were severely simple. What Lowell called 'the grand simplicities of the Bible,' with which he was so familiar, were reflected in his discourse. With no attempt at ornament or rhetoric, without parade or pretence, he spoke straight to the point. If any came expecting the turgid eloquence or the ribaldry of the frontier, they must have been startled at the earnest and sincere purity of his utterances. It was marvellous to see how this untutored man, by self-discipline and the chastening of his own spirit, had outgrown all meretricious arts, and found his own way to the grandeur and strength of absolute simplicity.

He spoke upon the theme which he had mastered so thoroughly. He demonstrated, by copious historical proofs and masterly logic, that the Fathers who created the Constitution in order to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, and to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity, intended to empower the Federal Government to exclude slavery from the territories. In the kindest spirit, he protested against the avowed threat of the Southern States to destroy the Union if, in order to secure freedom in those vast regions, out of which future States were to be carved, a Republican President were elected. He closed with an appeal to his audience, spoken with all the fire of his aroused and kindling conscience, with a full outpouring of his love of justice and liberty, to maintain their political purpose on that lofty and unassailable issue of right and wrong which alone could justify it, and not to be intimidated from their high resolve and sacred duty by any threats of destruction to the Government or of ruin to themselves. He concluded with this telling sentence, which drove the whole argument home to all our hearts: 'Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.' That night the great hall, and the next day the whole city, rang with delighted applause and congratulations, and he who had come as a stranger departed with the laurels of a great triumph.

Alas! in five years from that exulting night, I saw him again, for the last time, in the same city, borne in his coffin through its draped streets. With tears and lamentations a heart-broken people accompanied him from Washington, the scene of his martyrdom, to his last resting-place in the young city of the West, where he had worked his way to fame.

Never was a new ruler in a more desperate plight than Lincoln when he entered office on March 4, 1861, four months after his election, and took his oath to support the Constitution and the Union. The intervening time had been busily employed by the Southern States in carrying out their threat of disunion in the event



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of his election. As soon as that fact was ascertained, seven or them had seceded and had seized upon the forts, arsenals, navy yards, and other public property of the United States within their boundaries, and were making every preparation for war. In the meantime the retiring President, who had been elected by the slave power, and thought the seceding States could not lawfully be coerced, had done absolutely nothing. Lincoln found himself, by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, but with only a remnant of either at hand. Each was to be created on a great scale out of the unknown resources of a nation untried in war.

In his mild and conciliatory inaugural address, while appealing to the seceding States to return to their allegiance, he avowed his purpose to keep the solemn oath he had taken that day, to see that the laws of the Union were faithfully executed, and to use the troops to recover the forts, navy yards, and other property belonging to the Government. It is probable, however, that neither side actually realised that war was inevitable, and that the other was determined to fight, until the assault on Fort Sumter presented the South as the first aggressor and roused the North to use every possible resource to maintain the Government and the imperilled Union, and to vindicate the supremacy of the flag over every inch of the territory of the United States. The fact that Lincoln's first Proclamation called for only 75,000 troops, to serve for three months, shows how inadequate was even his idea of what the future had in store. But from that moment Lincoln and his loyal supporters never faltered in their purpose. They knew they could win, that it was their duty to win, and that for America the whole hope of the future depended upon their winning; for now by the acts of the seceding States the issue of the Election—to secure or to prevent the extension of slavery—stood transformed into a struggle to preserve or to destroy the Union.

We cannot follow this contest. All know its gigantic proportions: that it lasted four years, instead of three months; that in its progress, instead of 75,000 men, more than 2,000,000 were enrolled on the side of the Government alone; that the aggregate cost and loss to the nation approximated to £1,000,000,000 sterling; and that not less than 300,000 brave and precious lives were sacrificed on each side. History has recorded how Lincoln bore himself during these four frightful years. He was a real President, the responsible and actual head of the Government, through it all; he listened to all advice, heard all parties, and then, always realising his responsibility to God and the nation, decided every great executive question for himself. His absolute honesty had become proverbial long before he was President. 'Honest Abe Lincoln' was the name by which he had been known for years. His every act attested it.

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In all the grandeur of the vast power that he wielded, he never ceased to be one of the plain people, as he always called them ; never lost or impaired his perfect sympathy with them ; was always in perfect touch with them and open to their appeals ; and here lay the very secret of his individuality and of his power, for the people in turn gave him their absolute confidence. His courage, his fortitude, his patience, his hopefulness, were sorely tried, but never exhausted. He was true as steel to his generals, but had frequent occasion to change them as he found them inadequate. This serious and painful duty rested wholly on him, and was perhaps his most important function as Commander-in-Chief ; but when, at last, he recognised in General Grant the master of the situation, the man who could and would bring the war to a triumphant end, he gave it all over to him, and upheld him with all his might. Amid all the pressure and distress that the burdens of office brought upon him, his unfailing sense of humour saved him—probably it made it possible for him to live under the burden. He had always been the great story-teller of the West, and he used and cultivated this faculty to relieve the weight of the load he bore. It enabled him to keep the wonderful record of never having lost his temper, no matter what agony he had to bear. A whole night might be spent in recounting the stories of his wit, humour, and harmless sarcasm ; but I will recall only two of his sayings, both about General Grant, who always found plenty of enemies and critics to urge the President to oust him from his command. They repeated with malicious intent the gossip that Grant drank. 'What does he drink ?' asked Lincoln. 'Whiskey,' was the answer. 'Well,' said the President, 'just find out what particular kind he uses, and I'll send a barrel to each of my other generals.' The other must be as pleasing to the British as to the American ear. When pressed again on other grounds to get rid of Grant, he declared, 'I can't spare that man : he fights !'

He was tender-hearted to a fault, and never could resist the appeals of wives and mothers of soldiers who had got into trouble and were under sentence of death for their offences. His Secretary of War and other officers complained that they never could get deserters shot. As surely as the women of the culprit's family could get at him, he always gave way. Certainly all will appreciate his exquisite sympathy with the suffering relations of those who had fallen in battle. His heart bled with theirs. Never was there a more gentle and tender utterance than his letter, to a mother who had given all her sons to her country, written at a time when the angel of death had visited almost every household in the land, and was hovering over himself.

I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel

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how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming ; but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation which may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and the lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Hardly could the illustrious Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, from the depths of her queenly and womanly heart, have spoken words more touching and tender to soothe the stricken mothers of her own soldiers.

The Emancipation Proclamation, with which Mr. Lincoln delighted the country and the world on January 1, 1863, will doubtless secure for him a foremost place in history among the philanthropists and benefactors of the race. It rescued from hopeless and degrading slavery many millions of fellow beings described in the law and existing in fact as 'chattels, personal, in the hands of their owners and possessors, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.' Rarely does the happy fortune come to one man to render such a service to his kind—to proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

Ideas rule the world, and never was there a more signal instance of the triumph of an idea than here. William Lloyd Garrison, who thirty years before had begun his crusade for the abolition of slavery, and had lived to see this glorious and unexpected consummation of the hopeless cause to which he had devoted his life, well described the Proclamation as a 'great historic event, sublime in its magnitude, momentous and beneficent in its far-reaching consequences, and eminently just and right alike to the oppressor and the oppressed.'

Lincoln had been always heart-and-soul opposed to slavery. Tradition says that on the trip on the flat-boat to New Orleans he formed his first and last opinion of slavery at the sight of negroes chained and scourged, and that then and there the iron entered into his soul. No boy could grow to manhood in those days as a poor white in Kentucky and Indiana, in close contact with slavery or in its neighbourhood, without a growing consciousness of its blighting effects on free labour, as well of its frightful injustice and cruelty. In the Legislature of Illinois, where the public sentiment was all for upholding the institution, and violently against every movement for its abolition or restriction, upon the passage of resolutions to that effect he had the courage with one companion to put on record his protest, 'believing that the institution of slavery is founded both in injustice and bad policy.' No great demonstration of courage, it may be said ; but that was at a time when Garrison, for his Abolition utterances, had been dragged by an angry mob through the streets of Boston with a rope around his body, and in the very year that

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Lovejoy, in the same State of Illinois, was slain by rioters while defending his press, on which he had printed anti-slavery appeals.

In Congress, he brought in a Bill for gradual abolition in the district of Columbia, with compensation to the owners—for, until they raised treasonable hands against the life of the nation, he always maintained that the property of the slave-holders, into which they had come by two centuries of descent, without fault on their part, ought not to be taken away from them without just compensation. He used to say that, one way or another, he had voted forty-two times for the proviso which Mr. Wilmot of Pennsylvania moved as an addition to every Bill which affected United States territory, 'That neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of the said territory ;' and it is evident that his condemnation of the system, on moral grounds as a crime against the human race, and on political grounds as a cancer that was sapping the vitals of the nation, and must master its whole being or be itself extirpated, grew steadily upon him until it culminated in his great speeches in the Illinois debate.

By the mere election of Lincoln to the Presidency, the further extension of slavery into the territories was rendered for ever impossible—*Vox populi vox Dei*. Revolutions never go backward, and when founded on a great moral sentiment stirring the heart of an indignant people their edicts are irresistible and final. Had the slave power acquiesced in that election—had the Southern States remained under the Constitution and within the Union, and relied upon their constitutional and legal rights—their favourite institution, immoral as it was, blighting and fatal as it was, might have endured for another century. The great party that had elected him, unalterably determined against its extension, was nevertheless pledged not to interfere with its continuance in the States where it was already established. Of course, when new regions were for ever closed against it, from its very nature it must have begun to shrink and dwindle ; and probably gradual and compensated emancipation, which appealed very strongly to the new President's sense of justice and expediency, would, in the progress of time, by a reversion to the ideas of the Founders of the Republic, have been a safe outlet for both masters and slaves. But whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad ; and when seven States, afterwards increased to eleven, openly seceded from the Union,—when they declared and began the war upon the nation, and challenged its mighty power to the desperate and protracted struggle for its life, and for the maintenance of its authority as a nation over its territory,—they gave to Lincoln and to freedom the sublime opportunity of history.

In his first inaugural address, when as yet not a drop of precious blood had been shed, whilst he held out to them the olive



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branch in one hand, in the other he presented the guarantees of the Constitution, and, after reciting the emphatic resolution of the Convention that nominated him, that the maintenance inviolate of the 'rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend,' he reiterated this sentiment and declared, with no mental reservation, 'that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section as to another.'

When, however, these magnanimous overtures for peace and re-union were rejected—when the seceding States defied the Constitution and every clause and principle of it; when they persisted in staying out of the Union from which they had seceded, and proceeded to carve out of its territory a new and hostile empire based on slavery; when they flew at the throat of the nation and plunged it into the bloodiest war of the nineteenth century—the tables were turned, and the belief gradually came to the mind of the President that if the Rebellion was not soon subdued by force of arms, if the war must be fought out to the bitter end, to reach that end the salvation of the nation itself might require the destruction of slavery wherever it existed; that if the war was to continue on one side for disunion, for no other purpose than to preserve slavery, it must continue on the other side for the Union, to destroy slavery. 'Events control me,' he said; 'I cannot control events.' As the dreadful war progressed, and became more deadly and dangerous, the unalterable conviction was forced upon him that, in order that the frightful sacrifice of life and treasure on both sides might not be all in vain, it had become his duty as Commander-in-Chief of the Army to strike a blow at the Rebellion which, all others failing, would inevitably lead to its annihilation, by annihilating the very thing for which it was contending. His own words are the best:—

I understood that my oath to preserve the Constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving by every indispensable means that Government—that nation, of which that Constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected; yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had ever tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of Government, Country, and Constitution all together.

And so, at last, when in his judgment the indispensable necessity



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had come, he struck the fatal blow, and signed the Proclamation which has made his name immortal. By it, the President, as Commander-in-Chief in time of actual armed rebellion, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the rebellion, proclaimed all persons held as slaves in the States and parts of States then in rebellion to be thenceforward free, and declared that the executive, with the Army and Navy, would recognise and maintain their freedom. In the other great steps of the Government, which led to the triumphant prosecution of the war, he necessarily shared the responsibility and the credit with the great statesmen who stayed up his hands in his Cabinet—with Seward, Chase, Stanton, and the rest,—and with his generals and admirals, his soldiers and sailors ;—but this great act was absolutely his own. Conception and execution were exclusively his. He laid it before his Cabinet as a measure on which his mind was made up and could not be changed, asking them only for suggestions as to details. He chose the circumstances amid which the Emancipation should be proclaimed and the time when it should take effect.

It came not an hour too soon ; but public opinion in the North would not have sustained it earlier. In the first eighteen months the ravages of the war had extended from the Atlantic to beyond the Mississippi. Many victories in the West had been balanced and paralysed by inaction and disasters in Virginia, only partially redeemed by the bloody and indecisive battle of Antietam ; a reaction had set in from the general enthusiasm which had swept the Northern States after the assault upon Sumter. It could not truly be said that they had lost heart ; but faction was raising its head. Heard through the land like the blast of a bugle, the Proclamation rallied the patriotism of the country to fresh sacrifices and renewed ardour. It was a step that could not be revoked. It relieved the conscience of the nation from an incubus that had oppressed it from its birth. The United States were rescued from the false predicament in which they had been from the beginning, and the great popular heart leaped with new enthusiasm for 'Liberty and Union, henceforth and for ever, one and inseparable.' It brought not only moral but also material support to the cause of the Government. Within two years 120,000 coloured troops were enlisted in the military service and following the national flag, supported by all the loyalty of the North, and led by its choicest spirits. One mother said, when her son was offered the command of the first coloured regiment, 'If he accepts it I shall be as proud as if I had heard that he was shot.' He was shot while heading a gallant charge by his regiment. The Confederates answered to a request of his friends for his body that they 'had buried him under a layer of his niggers' ; but that mother has lived to enjoy thirty-six years of his glory, and Boston has erected its noblest monument to his memory.

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The effect of the Proclamation upon the actual progress of the war was not immediate ; but wherever the Federal armies advanced they carried freedom with them, and when the summer came round the new spirit and force which had animated the Government and the people were manifest. In the first week of July, the decisive battle of Gettysburg turned the tide of war, and the fall of Vicksburg made the great river free from its source to the Gulf.

On foreign nations the influence of the Proclamation and of these new victories was of great importance. In those days, when there was no cable, it was not easy for foreign observers to appreciate what was really going on. They could not see clearly the true state of affairs, as in the last year of the nineteenth century we have been able, by our new electric vision, to watch every event at the Antipodes and observe its effect. The rebel emissaries, sent over to solicit intervention, spared no pains to instil into the minds of public and private men, and into the press, their own views of the character of the contest. The prospects of the Confederacy were always better abroad than at home. The stock markets of the world gambled upon its chances, and its bonds at one time were in high favour.

Strange ideas were seriously held. It was believed that the North was fighting for empire, and the South for independence ; that the Southern States, instead of being the grossest oligarchies, essentially despotisms, founded on the right of one man to appropriate the fruit of other men's toil and to exclude them from equal rights, were real republics, feebler than their Northern rivals, but representing the same idea of freedom, and that the mighty strength of the nation was being put forth to crush them ; that Jefferson Davis and the Southern leaders had created a nation ; that the Republican experiment had failed, and the Union had ceased to be. But the crowning argument to foreign minds was that it was an utter impossibility for the Government to win in the contest ; that the success of the Southern States, as far as separation was concerned, was as certain as any contingent event could be ; that the subjugation of the South by the North, even if it could be accomplished, would prove a calamity to the United States and the world, and especially calamitous to the negro race ; and that such a victory would necessarily leave the people of the South for many generations cherishing deadly hostility against the Government and the North, and plotting always to recover their independence.

When Lincoln issued his Proclamation, he knew that all these ideas were founded in error ; that the national resources were inexhaustible ; that the Government could and would win ; and that if slavery were once finally disposed of, the only cause of difference being out of the way, North and South would come together again, and by-and-by be as good friends as ever. In many quarters

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abroad the Proclamation was welcomed with enthusiasm by the friends of America ; but I think the demonstrations in its favour that brought more gladness to Lincoln's heart than any other were the meetings held in the manufacturing centres by the very operatives upon whom the war pressed most hardly, expressing the most enthusiastic sympathy with the Proclamation, while they bore with heroic fortitude the grievous privations which the war entailed upon them. Mr. Lincoln's expectation, when he announced to the world that all slaves in all States then in rebellion were set free, must have been that the avowed position of his Government, that the continuance of the war now meant the annihilation of slavery, would make intervention impossible for any foreign nation whose people were lovers of liberty ; and so the result proved.

The growth and development of Lincoln's mental power and moral force, of his intense and magnetic individuality, after the vast responsibilities of government were thrown upon him at the age of fifty-two, furnish a rare and striking illustration of the marvellous capacity and adaptability of the human intellect—of the sound mind in the sound body. He came to the discharge of the great duties of the Presidency with absolutely no experience in government, or in the vastly varied and complicated questions of foreign and domestic policy which immediately arose, and continued to press upon him during the rest of his life ; but he mastered each subject as it came, apparently with the facility of a trained and experienced ruler. As Clarendon said of Cromwell, 'his parts seemed to be raised by the demands of great station.' His life through it all was one of intense labour, anxiety, and distress, without one hour of peaceful repose from first to last. He rose to every occasion. He led public opinion, but did not march so far in advance of it as to fail of its effective support in every great emergency. He knew the heart of the people as no man not in constant and absolute sympathy with them could have known it, and so, holding their confidence, he triumphed through and with them. Not only was there this steady growth of intellect, but the infinite delicacy of his nature and its capacity for refinement developed also, as exhibited in the purity and perfection of his language and style of speech. The rough backwoodsman, who had never seen the inside of a university, became in the end, by self-training and the exercise of his own powers of mind, heart, and soul, a master of style ; and some of his utterances will rank with the best, the most perfectly adapted to the occasion which produced them. His whole soul was in his two-minutes speech at Gettysburg, at the dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery.

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation,

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or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

He lived to see his work endorsed by an overwhelming majority of his countrymen. In his second Inaugural Address, pronounced just forty days before his death, there is a single passage which well displays his indomitable will, and at the same time his deep religious feeling, his sublime charity towards the enemies of his country, and his broad and catholic humanity :

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which in the Providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through the appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills, that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

His prayer was answered. The forty days of life that remained to him were crowded with great events. He lived to see his Proclamation of Emancipation embodied in an amendment of the Constitution, adopted by Congress, and submitted to the States for ratification. The mighty scourge of war did speedily pass away; for it was given him to witness the surrender of the Rebel army and the fall of the Rebel capital, and the starry flag waving in triumph over the national soil. When he died by the madman's hand in the supreme hour of victory, the vanquished lost their best friend, and the human race one of its noblest examples; and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave.

MRS. RUSSELL  
BY MAARTEN MAARTENS



MRS. RUSSELL was a very good woman, very philanthropic. She said she was connected with 'the' Russells; but that was not correct. However, she was connected with very good Russells (socially speaking)—a sort of second-best Russells—and her place in society was Mayfair.

Her husband belonged to that large class who earn comfortable incomes, and do comfortable work, in Government offices. His evenings, therefore, were his own—more his own than he desired them to be, for he would gladly have shared them all with Mrs. Russell.

'Algernon is so exacting,' said the lady, with considerable truth. 'He would like me to stop at home every night of the year, and really, you know, there are duties one owes to society. Not to society as such—O no, I am not thinking of these—but to one's fellow men. One who is engaged in philanthropic work, as I am, must inevitably keep up a large circle of acquaintances. I *must* go to receptions and dinners and conversaziones, so as to meet the people I want for my work. Algernon refuses to understand how all these things are interlaced.'

'I am sure you are admirable,' said everybody.

'No, no: I do not mean that. I—I do my best; but life is very difficult, especially philanthropy. Now, there are the children. Sometimes I fancy Algernon thinks I neglect them. He never says anything. Yet I have always been so especially careful not to neglect the children. I have gone through "Line upon Line" with them twice. And they both have classes of their own at my Sunday school. You cannot think how sweet it is to see dear little Marian—she is only seven—teaching other children the stories out of Genesis. And Justin!—he is such a delicate boy: I have always been especially anxious about his health.'

'Your children will rise up and call you blessed,' said a man in a white choker who had come to collect.

But that was prophecy. At the present moment Justin, a weakly boy of ten, over-indulged in every sickly fancy, did not bless, but abuse. He had acquired an ugly habit of calling his mother names, nor did the Scripture cards which she hung about his bedroom prove an efficacious remedy. So she pretended not to hear, and would smilingly remark to little Marian that Justin had got his bad headache again. Whereupon Justin would grow exceedingly violent, until sometimes, but rarely, his father would happen to look in and box his ears. Then Mrs. Russell would be greatly annoyed at her husband, and possibly would say so in the children's presence, explaining that love and philanthropy and prudence and gentleness



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and wisdom preclude the boxing of ears. Justin early accepted this opinion, and also discovered that ill-health was a powerful lever by which to move his mother's otherwise ponderous will. 'Sickness is a blessing in disguise,' said Mrs. Russell; and Justin, when not too sick, agreed.

So he did not go to school, but stopped at home and worried the servants. If he did not want to drive, he had the stomach-ache; but if his mother promised not to pay calls, the stomach-ache would disappear. He was omnipresent, always noisy, always troublesome; and if Mr. Russell ventured to declare with sudden warmth that things must alter—that the boy must go to boarding-school—Mrs. Russell would look up angrily from her tracts and her missionary reports and say that the child was ill.

Meanwhile little Marian grew up all to herself—unnoticed, but for the warmth of her father's good-night kisses—as sweet and as frail as a little girl could be.

And all sorts of charity claims gathered round Mrs. Russell and stuck to her like limpets. She was a portly, handsome woman, who had never known an ache in her life. Occasionally she would feel very tired; but a ten-mile walk would always rest her. Once her shoulders were recognised to be broad and strong and willing, all the woes of the world came tumbling down upon them. And she bravely put her strength to the work. She was willing, of course, and she had every mortal's pardonable love of approval; but she honestly rejoiced to think of the good she was doing—honestly even when her name appeared in printed lists of patronesses, with an H.R.H. at the head.

'Going out again?' said her husband, as they met at the hall-door.

'Yes, of course. Don't you remember? I told you: I am going to dine with Lady Gawtry, to meet Lady Foye.'

'Dear me! and I—where am I to dine?'

'At the Club, I suppose. How can you be so irritating, Algernon! You refused Lady Gawtry's invitation: you know you did. You told me to write that you had a previous engagement.'

'Well, I had entirely forgotten. I suppose you must go?'

'Of course I must go—at this last moment! Besides, I am most anxious to meet Lady Foye. She is the President of the Guild of St. Mary of Magdala.'

'I see. And is Lord Gawtry connected with that business, too?'

'How can you speak so coarsely! He is not on the Committee; but I should be much surprised if he did not dine with us. He takes an intelligent interest in the work.' She spoke the last words with much meaning, and drew her fur cloak round the low neck of her yellow satin dress.

## MRS. RUSSELL

'O, indeed? Takes an interest—does he? An intelligent interest!'

Mr. Russell burst into loud laughter, which was not, however, entirely mirthful. He passed upstairs, without waiting to hand his wife into the carriage. In the nursery Marian sat looking out for her good-night kiss: he gave it her.

'Where are you going, father? Why have you got your coat on?'

'I am going to dine at the Club, child.'

'I should like to dine at the Club,' responded Marian, already half asleep: 'Mother—says—you get such delicious dinners there.'

He stood looking at the child for a few moments before he went out. The next morning he said to his wife:

'Marian is looking very poorly; I should like to take her to Sir Henry Parsons.'

'Marian? I didn't notice. That is her usual colour. By all means, let us show her to Sir Henry. I was just thinking I should like to consult him about Justin.'

'In that case, let us take them both. There will be less chance of having them sent away in opposite directions. Now, Marian, to me, looks as if she stood in need of a little Riviera sunshine.'

'My dear Algernon, I do trust Sir Henry will not recommend any travelling. Young children are much better at home. And, really, I could not leave London at this moment. For the next month my presence in town is essential. The Piccaninny Company is largely dependent on my aid.'

'And what, pray, is the Piccaninny Company?'

She stared at him indignantly.

'Algernon, you do not mean to say you have forgotten?'

'For the moment I cannot——'

'You take no interest in any of my work.' (The angry tears were in her voice.) 'When I was telling you the other night I half thought you were asleep! The Piccaninny Sauce Company is the great business-undertaking of the Bishop of the Carribee Islands—The Converted Cannibal Islands. It is the recipe of the famous sauce the natives used for centuries with—their primitive fare. It is made of herbs that grow on the islands. It was peculiarly adapted, they tell me, to—to——'

'Roast Piccaninny.'

'Do not interrupt me—to their aboriginal dinner—but it is equally delicious with pork chops. We had it last night at Lady Gawtry's: I can assure you it is far nicer than "Sauce Robert." And it is best of all, I am told, with fried bacon. It will revolutionise the British breakfast table.'

'But that's business, not charity. Are you going to start company-promoting?'

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'Have you forgotten your own contention that the inventor of a nice new sauce is the chief of benefactors? Would it be nothing to add a fresh relish to the artisan's simple fare? But our aim is far wider. With the enormous proceeds of Piccaninny Sauce—"Piccaninny" is a native word meaning "pungent"—the bishop hopes to raise funds enough to build a church in every island of the South Pacific!'

'Even in the uninhabited ones?'

'Scoffer! Yes; why not? Does an empty church, to you, seem a foolish thing? Would you rather see it peopled with Gallios?'

'With what?'

Mrs. Russell blushed, a little confusedly. 'That was what the Bishop said,' she replied. 'Why, pray, should the large profits always go to the Philistines? In any case, you see it is imperative I should remain in London. I hope Sir Henry Parsons will quite understand that.'

'O, no doubt, Sir Henry Parsons will be made to understand that.'

But Sir Henry, after carefully gauging the financial status of the children's father, declared that they must go to the Riviera for a month.

'But surely the little girl's lungs are all right!' cried the mother.

Sir Henry cast a quick glance at her. 'Her lungs are all right,' he said, 'and so are the boy's. But your little daughter *might* go south, with great advantage; and your little boy must.'

'Must!' exclaimed the mother, pallid.

'O, there is nothing radically wrong. General debility.'

'I told you so!' She turned triumphantly to her husband.

'I should not recommend the French Riviera,' continued Sir Henry, studying his finger-tips: 'it is not suitable for children. I should advise you to go to Parlona, on the Italian side, a very sheltered yet bracing spot. There is a very good hotel there, the Grand Hôtel Parlona. Good day.'

'Parlona, of course!' exclaimed Russell, as soon as they were in the carriage. 'I heard yesterday, at the Club, that he is sending everybody, this year, to Parlona!'

'Algernon, what a mercy it is we went to him!'

'He has shares in the hotel. Of course we shall not go there!'

'Not go there! And the boy?'

Justin pricked up his ears.

'He said nothing serious was wrong with the boy. He put him forward because he saw that you——' The husband checked himself and looked out of the window. Presently he took, and pressed, his little girl's little hand.

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'Do not speak to me just yet,' said Mrs. Russell in great agitation. 'It is very, very difficult. My life is so hard to arrange. I *cannot* leave London. But of course the children must go. Justin, don't you feel a draught?'

'Yes,' replied Justin: 'let's stop at a sweet-shop and buy some jujubes.'

'I shall get down at the corner of Cockspur Street,' said the father.

'May I go with you, father?' asked Marian.

'Where would you go, child?'

'To your Club. Mother says gentlemen's Clubs are the most beautiful places in London.'

'Mother is mistaken. But they don't admit little girls into Clubs.'

'When I am grown,' interposed Justin, 'I shall belong to a Goose Club like Martin, and have roast goose once a month.'

'Do you belong to a Goose Club, father?' questioned Marian, her innocent blue eyes turned aloft.

'Yes, dear: a very large one.'

'What is the name of yours, father?' queried Justin. 'Martin's is called "The Jolly Tipplers"; he wouldn't tell me, but I kicked his shins.'

'Martin!' exclaimed Mrs. Russell in horror. '"The Tipplers!" And he took the Blue Ribbon six months ago!'

'Mine is called the Benedicts,' said Russell. 'I believe I am an Honorary Member. Here we are, in Piccadilly.'

'Ah, that reminds me!' exclaimed Mrs. Russell, with a fresh note of genuine distress. 'The Annual Meeting of the Piccadilly Association is next Monday week. Algernon, my presence in town is indispensable.'

'Yet I foresee that you will go with Justin,' replied Algernon. 'The whole Parlona business is utterly absurd. At least, visit Cannes and Nice, and introduce your sauce into all the big hotels.'

'True,' she said earnestly. 'There would be work for me everywhere. And nobody is really indispensable. Justin, would you like to go South?'

'If I can take the pony with me,' replied Justin, 'and Pop, and the canaries. Otherwise I shall stop at home.'

'And go to boarding-school,' said his father, 'while we take Marian.'

Justin smiled.

'I couldn't go without Justin,' cried Marian.

'Why, Marian, you know he's always pinching you!'

'He won't pinch me any more, father. He's promised.'

'Justin's pinches don't hurt,' said Mrs. Russell. 'He only does it in fun.'

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So the family began to prepare for their migration ; gradually, in their conversation, accepting the fact. Mrs. Russell came down one morning with swollen eyes and pallid cheeks, and wrote various official letters to various official ladies. Her husband was touched by her uncomplaining resignation. 'They also serve who only stand and wait,' he said.

'Justin coughed all last night,' replied Mrs. Russell. Which was true, for Justin had filched a quantity of almonds.

The father, finding his little daughter alone in her nursery, took her aside into a corner.

'Marian, can you keep a secret?' he asked, in a low voice.

The small girl lifted her solemn gaze to his face. 'Not from Justin,' she answered.

'Why not from Justin?'

'Because he worries me till he knows.'

'Well, he won't worry you this time : he won't know there is a secret. Nor your mother.' Whereupon he crept with the child to another well-known physician in Harley Street, and asked, point-blank, what was wrong. 'Constitutional debility,' said the doctor, 'increased by want of proper care. The child has been completely neglected.' He was angry. 'Feed her up—half a dozen eggs a day' (he was a feeding doctor) 'and a quart of milk. Your little daughter's condition, sir, is exceedingly critical. Take her to some bracing climate. The Riviera isn't bracing. Good day.'

That evening Algernon told his wife what he had done. She was deeply hurt. 'You cannot trust me, then,' she said, 'with my own children? One would think I was a brutal stepmother! Marian has always been allowed to eat as much as she chose. There is nothing so hurtful as habitual overloading. My mother always used to say, "Children's stomachs are like dogs": they warn them when to leave off.'

'But, at any rate, we cannot go to the Riviera!'

'We must go, then,'—she sighed heavily—'to some other part of it. Let us ask a third man.'

'The third man (who received a commission) recommended the dust-clouds of Egypt. So they crossed to Paris, and, much against Mrs. Russell's will, saw a French celebrity who, for reasons of his own, sent them to Grasse.'

The evening before they started, Russell, having found Marian in tears, solicited an interview with Justin.

'It is very unfair to you, I know,' said the father, exceedingly nervous, 'because these things should be part of a system ; but I am going to give you a thrashing. I would much rather promise it you for next time ; but I have done that before, and I know it would be useless. It is much better you should know you will get another like it, each time your little sister utters a word of complaint.'



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Thereupon the thrashing was administered. It was not a very bad one ; but it fell upon Justin as a tiger might fall upon an old lady at a suburban tea-party. Mrs. Russell sent in her resignation as a member of the council of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. 'I am not worthy,' she said.

But when she returned from the Riviera, two months later, she took up work, with redoubled energy, among the little children of her parish, and she founded, with her husband's fullest approval, a Memorial Cot at the Children's hospital. For there were only three members now in the little family : Marian, swept down by a pestilential fever, slept in the cemetery of Cannes, on the height that seems so near to heaven. 'Closer, father !' she had said, just before she died. Russell had ordered the words to be placed on her grave, almost under her name and age.

There had been a dispute between the parents, so eagerly did Mrs. Russell insist on the addition of a text. She was obliged to be content with a couple of Sacred Emblems, thereby somewhat spiritualising the words.

But when they stood, on their return, in the empty nursery, she flung herself, weeping, into her husband's arms, 'Henceforth I dedicate my life,' she cried, 'to children and girls !' They kissed each other, and were sorry for many things, in the past, and in the future.

There is much to be done for children and girls. Few people look after their own progeny, and they who do so mostly do it wrong. It is a strange thing to consider, but no labour in all this laborious world is done more vicariously than education. We are all busy improving one another. The Sunday School flourished in the Mews behind Mrs. Russell's house—Justin still had a class.

And the lady smothered the wound in her heart beneath flowers of multifarious charity. Her name was prominent in the prospectuses of those model dairy companies which seek to make the milk of human kindness flow down our dirty streets. She was no philanthropy-faddist. On the Home for Aged Cats, and the Cab-horses' Day in the Country, she turned the broad back of her resolute scorn. What her brain bade her heart to do she did, unrestrictedly. And the months glided on in the Mayfair house. Her excellent cook, who had been with her many years and knew all the ways of the family, fell ill and died : the new one proved incompetent : there came a period of change and worry and discomfort. Mrs. Russell had many meetings to attend and endless parties to go to. Justin grew daily more troublesome. He practised to perfection his two methods of persuasion : slow puling and sudden yells. His father, since Marian's death, had set himself to ignore Justin as much as was feasible, between periods of acute anxiety about the boy's health and dull dread of his impossible future.

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Day after day the house lay pretty well desolate : in the schoolroom Justin sat convincing his not inconvincible tutor that arduous studies were incompatible with delicate health.

On the evening of the 17th of December, 1893—what does the exact date matter ? Well, there's no reason for not putting it in—on the evening of this 17th of December Mrs. Russell came home tired from a long afternoon's work. She had attended, as treasurer, a long meeting of the Council of the Guild of St. Mary of Magdala. She had devoted her usual energy to the proceedings ; but, really, she was sick of the maudlin sympathy shown by some of the ladies and the callous trickery so common among the girls. She had spoken her mind about the outcasts of society : the harsh mind of a respectable matron who is cold as snow. And she had been still more emphatic as regards the responsibility of educated women. 'The influence of each of us in the home,' she had said, 'should make the whole problem impossible.' 'Indeed, yes,' had said the presiding Bishop. 'Pray, Madam, what age are your sons ?' had questioned one timid lady, too faintly for Mrs. Russell to hear.

'Dining at home ?' exclaimed Russell, as he met his wife on the stairs.

'Yes : why not ? To hear you, one would think I was never at home !' she replied with annoyance.

He did not answer. 'Perhaps you,' she said, 'have some more agreeable engagement ?' 'More agreeable ?' he answered, 'No.' She glanced quietly at him : she thought he looked wretched. With swift woman's pity, she set herself to make atonement. They had quite a pleasant little dinner, with bright laughter over recollections of bygone days. Somehow they got talking about their courtship. He kissed her, when they went up to the drawing-room, on the back of her neck.

'There is a person waiting to speak to you, Madam,' said the butler, in tones whose dignified disapproval had grown mellowed by repetition.

"Very well, Dumster : I shall be down in a minute." She turned to her husband. 'Algy, this evening we must keep all to ourselves ?'

'I—fear I have an engagement. I had promised——'

She put her arm around his neck. 'Not this evening,' she said, 'for once in a way let us forget the other people ! You must see whether you can still sing me the songs you used to sing in—those days. "Oh, meet me in the lane !"—do you remember ?'

"When the clock strikes nine." Of course I remember. But there wasn't any lane to meet in. Dear me, I have no idea where the music is !'

'Hunt it up, while I run down for a minute.' She found a servant in the hall, with a note and a verbal message : 'I was to

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ask, Madam, whether I could accompany you,' said the man. 'The girl of whom I spoke to you sends me word she is dying,' said the note. 'Could you perhaps manage to go to her? I have a dance to-night. S. Gawtry.' There was a postscript 'Piccaniny is doing splendidly. Two thousand more bottles ordered last week.'

'Whistle for a cab,' said Mrs. Russell to Dumster. 'Tell your master I shall not be gone half an hour.' She gave the driver an address in a by-street, barely a mile distant. Thither she drove in a great fur mantle over her evening dress, with Lady Gawtry's powdered footman on the box.

'This is the number,' she said, peering at a card. It was Lady Gawtry's beautiful card with the Countess's coronet! The powdered footman stood impassive. 'This is No. 14, wot yer told me to drive to, my lady,' said the cabman. Mrs. Russell got out and inquired for Miss de Lacey.

'Walk up, by all means,' said the servant girl. 'Second door to the left. Do you want me to show you up?'

'Thank you, no: I prefer to find my own way. Is the doctor upstairs?' replied Mrs. Russell, determined to stand no nonsense from these impertinent girls. The girl burst out laughing. 'I should think he was,' she made answer. 'Been there for an hour. Are you jealous of the doctor too?' Without another word, Mrs. Russell, much disgusted, sailed up the staircase. There was a sound of great merriment in the front room of the first floor, occupied by the invalid. Mrs. Russell stopped aghast. Delirium? Then she pushed open the door and walked in.

The sick-room presented an extraordinary spectacle. It was full of lights; lamps and candles—too glaring about a field of white tablecloth, brilliant with champagne and flowers. Several gaudy young ladies and gorgeous young men were grouped about the table, one side of which was pushed up against a pink satin bedstead whereon reclined, in a splendid lace dressing-gown, the invalid. A loud shout of laughter went up on all sides.

'Welcome, my lady!' cried the beautiful occupant of the bed. 'Ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce you to Lady Somebody, a very particular friend of mine!'

Fresh laughter greeted this sally, which many of those present took for a piece of Lottie's exquisite wit. A young fellow, who had had too much wine himself, offered Mrs. Russell a big bumper of what he called 'the briny.'

'Come, old girl,' he said, holding out the sparkling goblet,—  
'come have a drink of the briny!'

Mrs. Russell stood in the doorway, facing them all.

'You hussy!' she said. 'You sent to say you were dying!'

'So I was, this afternoon, for a sight of my Reggie.' She

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stretched a fondling arm to an inane creature beside her. The lace sleeve fell away. 'But he came back this evening from Paris—naughty Paris!—and now I'm quite well.'

'Then don't sneeze over *me* any more!' exclaimed Reggie. She hit him a hard tap on the hollow-sounding skull. Another young man, who had dully realised Mrs. Russell's position, sprang to his feet.

'Look here, Lottie,' he stuttered: 'I call this a beastly shame!' Mrs. Russell turned quickly upon him. 'You use the right word, sir,' she said, and, amid the consternation caused by her suddenness, she sailed out with all the honours of war.

Downstairs in the passage the landlady met her. 'She's a bad lot up yonder!' said the landlady with a jerk of the thumb. 'I have given her notice to go.' Mrs. Russell, too much ruffled to answer, moved on towards the door.

'But there's a poor creature lives opposite,' said the landlady, following: 'a very different sort, that's not long for this world. If you were to go and see her, as you are here, who knows but you might do a power of good, my lady? It's at No. 21, a few doors further up.'

Nothing deterred—rather eager to wipe out the stain on her cheeks—Mrs. Russell walked straight across, and found No. 21. The cab lumbered after her, accompanied by the supercilious Jeames.

'There is an invalid in this house?' she said boldly. 'Ask whether a lady could see her for a moment—a friend, sent by her friend who lives opposite.' The maid came back almost immediately, and asked her to walk up. In a wide drawing-room, by a cheerful fire and the light of a deeply shaded lamp, a woman lay on a couch—a refined-looking woman, almost distinguished, with a white transparent countenance and great coils of chestnut hair.

'I did not know I was so rich in friends,' said the invalid in a low voice. 'But sometimes one feels so dull, an enemy would not be unwelcome.'

'I do not come as an enemy, Heaven knows,' Mrs. Russell said, almost timidly. 'I heard that you were unwell: I thought perhaps there might be something I could do for you?'

'Thanks. I need nothing but health, and that no one can give me. Even that,' she continued, almost in a whisper, 'I should hardly desire for myself—but for him.'

'For your husband?' said Mrs. Russell, bold once more.

The other woman fixed her great eyes on her visitor. 'No,' she said, and added: 'Pray sit down for a moment, if you wish. You look hot.'

Mrs. Russell sank into an armchair. 'You are very ill,' she said. 'You have found, I fear, that the way of transgressors is hard.'

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'Ah!' said the woman on the couch. 'You are one of those who preach for pleasure? Of course, I understood that.' She sat up slightly. 'There can be no harm in that,' she said. 'Indeed, it is eminently deserving of respect. Why do you not throw back your mantle? That is a very handsome mantle; but—pardon me—I do *not* admire the shade of your dress.'

'You are dangerously ill,' replied Mrs. Russell. 'You say that you know yourself to be dying. Have you *no* conception of your sin?'

The other woman again straightened herself with an effort, and threw such strength as she could into her exhausted voice. 'You are serious!' she said. 'Well, let us talk seriously. Sin? No. To tell the honest truth, I have no conception of my sin. Thank you for not shuddering. I should rather like to tell you about it: it is very interesting to me—meeting one who thinks like you. O, I know your view exactly, of course. It would be interesting for me to give you mine.' She coughed. 'Can I offer you anything?' she said,—'a cup of tea?'

'No, thank you,' answered Mrs. Russell, rigid in her chair.

'I am dying, as you say. It is a very strange, solemn thing to *know*'—she spoke musingly, studying her hands—'to know about yourself, not other people. I am very, very sorry for *him*.'

Mrs. Russell waited in silence. Suddenly the other looked up. 'I am all he has,' she said. 'You cannot think how strangely those things work round. You do not know. He is a married man. There, you see: I have told you. And I—I am not perhaps quite what you think: I don't mean not so bad, but different. I was very lonely—a music teacher—I think I felt even more lonely than poor. And he was very lonely also. He has a wife who—you will forgive my saying it—who takes an interest in all sorts of things, very good things—works, you know, like yours—all sorts of works from morning to night. And so she neglected her home.'

'It was not by any means necessary,' interposed Mrs. Russell with asperity, 'that she should neglect her home.'

'Perhaps not; but she did. The poor fellow used to come home from his office of evenings and find that his wife was out, attending charity meetings. She would stop out all the time, dine out, go to all sorts of places—like you, I suppose!'

Suddenly Mrs. Russell thought of her husband waiting at home.

'And he had a dreadful boy, enough to make any father miserable, a boy that's growing up all wrong. When we first met—one night, at Olympia—he was so alone, so utterly alone, his little daughter had died a few months before—we got to talking, somehow—"I've nowhere to go to," he said. I had nowhere to go to, but my room. And so, gradually, it all worked round. He used



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to like spending his evenings with me : I used to play to him. I—I play to him, and we talk of all the things his wife has never cared about—the new books and the picture galleries ; we have all our tastes in common. Gradually he has told me all his difficulties—all about the boy, for instance, whom his wife's mad indulgence has ruined.' Her voice was growing very tired : she leant back. 'Now, I wonder,' she said, faintly, closing her eyes : 'has it been so very wicked ? Of course you think so. But—I wonder—I often wonder—does God ?'

Mrs. Russell, her cheeks aflame, sat staring at the floor immovably.

'And now I am dying. The people who see me daily do not seem to notice. I haven't ventured to tell Algy.'

At a bound the woman in the chair rose to her feet. 'That portrait yonder,' she said hoarsely, 'in the darkness—whose is it ?'

The invalid, still lying back, half turned her head. But Mrs. Russell had already flung herself across the room. She thrust the photo full under the lamp.

'This man,' she said, striking her hand on the upturned card-board face—'this man——,' her voice broke away in sobs.

The other woman, gathering her strength, slid her feet from the couch. 'Is it possible ?' she said, 'you know him ?'

'My God, what has brought me here to-night !' cried Mrs. Russell, and dropped her face on her hands.

The sick woman rose, tall and thin.

'You are his wife !' she said. 'His wife ! God forgive me if I have done him hurt !' Then her voice changed to a cry of anxiety. 'It is his time for coming,' she cried. 'Nine o'clock ! He may be here at any moment ! He comes between nine and ten. You must go—you must go at once !' She took a step forward. 'At once ! You have made him suffer enough already ! He must never know that you know !' She caught hold of her visitor's arm and almost pushed her towards the door. 'Do you understand me ? As one woman to another, I tell you,'—there flashed command through her tone—'yes : it is *I* who tell *you*. You have no right to act otherwise. He must never—no, never—dream that you know !'

Mrs. Russell hurried down the stairs in dread and horror : she sank back, with a gasp, into the darkest recess of her cab. 'Home !' she said, 'Home !'

There was fury in her heart, and rebellion, and misery. She was bitterly angry with her husband ; she was mournfully angry with herself. And the desire filled her heart to face him : to face him down, in hot accusation of his perfidy, his disloyalty to herself and her child. She ! Perhaps she had not acted wisely, led away by her eager pity of the sinful and the suffering ; but her error had at

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least been that of a generous nature,—her expiation would be generous, too. She would abandon a part—she would abandon the whole of her mission work—alas, one labourer the less amid the whitening harvests!—she would dedicate her evenings to her husband, winning him from these creatures—O bitter shame!—she would take up her music again, as a girl she had played a little Mendelssohn. Perhaps in time, of his own accord, he would confess his sin. She shuddered as she thought of the shadow dark between them. And the words of the dying woman struck her heart with repeated blows: ‘You have caused him to suffer enough already. He must never know you know.’

Gradually, as she calmed down, the helplessness of the whole thing settled upon her. The conciliation which, in view of her rival’s approaching end, had seemed an achievable solution became an inevitable compromise, nothing more. Their present situation was the result not of a retrievable act, but of a remorseless development. This woman would soon die: so be it. But that would not cause husband and wife to sympathise, whose ideas of life, of duty, whose estimate even of their only child, so inevitably fell apart.

When she reached the house it was with the hope that he would not be waiting for her. A moment later she stood in the deserted drawing-room.

‘Master left a message,’ said Dumster, ‘that he would not be in before eleven, ma’am.’

She drew a chair close to the fire, shivering; and took up the book he had left open, and began to read. She read all the evening, thinking her thoughts in a circle, meanwhile.

When he came home, late, he found her thus. He sat down in silence at the far end of the room.

‘This is an interesting book,’ she said, without looking up.

‘Do you think so?’ he answered.

The work was the fashionable psychological romance of the hour: she could not have cared for a word of it.

A break in his tones caused her to look up. She glanced at him keenly; and saw in his eyes that the sick woman had told him she was dying, and had sent him back to his wife. She rose and went towards him.

‘Algernon,’ she said, ‘won’t you sing “Oh, meet me in the lane!” for me to-night?’

‘What! at this time of day? Why, it’s nearly twelve. I waited more than an hour for you!’

‘I was unavoidably delayed. Well, then, before we go to bed, read me a few pages of something—won’t you? That article I heard you speaking of about Sodoma’s pictures at Sienna?’

‘O, it’s far too late,’ he said. ‘Besides, you wouldn’t care twopence. I’m dead tired. I’m going to bed.’

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She stood silent. He got up. 'Good-night,' he said.

'Good-night.'

At the door he paused. 'Are you going, too?'

'Not just yet. Good-night.'

'Good-night.'

When the door had closed upon him she sat down to her writing-table, and penned notes to various secretaries. After that she lay back for a long time, with the envelopes spread out before her, gazing at them, thinking. At length she gathered the whole pile together in both hands, and, with a sigh which was part regretful, part consolatory, she flung them all upon the dying fire.

MADAME DU BARRY



Richard B. Henry

From the painting by John B. Henry, Esq. in the collection of the Hon. J. B. Henry.

1811



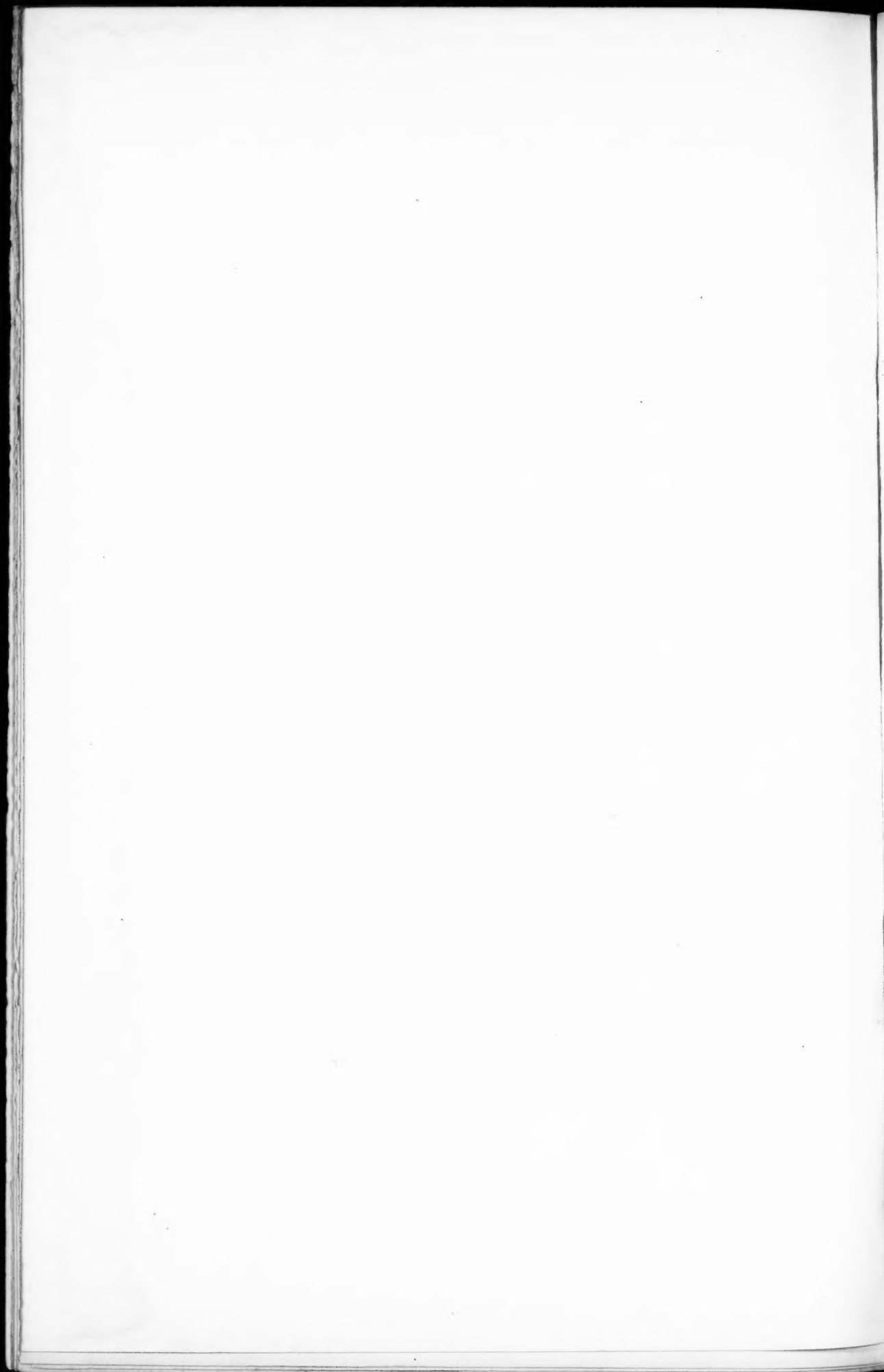
MADAME DU BARRY



*Madame Du Barry.*

*From the painting by Jean Baptiste Greuze in the collection of Alfred De Rothschild, Esq.*

*Jean Electric Engraving Co.*



## MADAME DU BARRY



N a former number of this REVIEW we have seen the noble and unfortunate Queen of France, as she appeared when about to set forth on her last journey to the scaffold. Never did the royal martyr seem more a queen or do greater justice to her imperial birth.

A few weeks later another woman was dragged shrieking to the same scaffold, helpless in ignoble terror at her fate. Jeanne Vaubernier, former hostess of a well-known *tripot* in Paris and *soi-disant* Comtesse Du Barry, the last and most worthless of the accredited royal mistresses who disgraced the reign of Louis XV., had been, through her influence over the King, the chief thorn in the side of the young and inexperienced Marie Antoinette during those long and dangerous years when the young Austrian princess was Dauphine amid the sneers and calumnies of a vicious and lying Court.

It is difficult to find a word to say in favour of Madame Du Barry. She was a vulgar courtesan when the libertine Richelieu first threw her in the way of the King, then widower of wife and mistress at the same moment. A vulgar courtesan she remained during her years of prosperity and up to that last sad scene upon the scaffold. Her beauty was undeniable—that meretricious kind of beauty which the weak and sensual are unable to resist. She was just clever enough to see that in an age when the foundations of religion and belief were beginning to crumble, and when art had reached a pitch of over-refinement which had taken fast hold of the fashions of the time, a leader of society must possess wit and culture or counterfeit their appearance. Madame de Pompadour had succeeded : why not Madame Du Barry ? So Jeanne Vaubernier aped her predecessor in the royal harem, talking with philosophers and dallying with artists, but without the grace and wit which had served Madame de Pompadour as a screen for her shortcomings. As a politician, Madame Du Barry wrought infinite harm to her country, and hurried it on to the maelstrom which awaited it.

In November 1793, however, her glory had departed, and her name was but a byeword for shame. Gladly, then, would we have spared her that ghastly scene of blood. The guillotine had nobler victims to deal with than Madame Du Barry, ex-royal courtesan. Yet their memories have perished, and hers is immortal. Such is the frailty of human flesh. So does Notoriety masquerade in the garland of Fame.

LIONEL CUST.

## IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS



**A**FTER something like a surfeit of war, and the matter relating to war, the three principal nations of Anglo-Saxondom were not sorry to turn their minds to the less bloodthirsty campaign of an election last autumn. It was a singular coincidence which set the United States, Great Britain, and Canada upon the business of choosing their rulers almost simultaneously. Amid the circumstances, there is a natural temptation to look for resemblances, and to imagine more analogy than perhaps really exists in the three cases. Certainly there is not much similarity between the leaders. Mr. McKinley is a very different person from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and neither of them is at all like Lord Salisbury. Nor does Mr. Bryan correspond in any degree to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or to Sir Charles Tupper. The mention of these eminent names only goes to show how various are the qualities by which a man with character—and luck—may rise to political distinction under a democratic system. If any one were to endeavour to evolve the idea of the Perfect Party-leader from a consideration of these types, he would speedily find himself in difficulties. He would be at a loss to decide whether the popular idol should be a fervid enthusiast like Mr. Bryan, or a calmly scientific analyst of public emotions like Lord Salisbury. A kind of old-world culture and Gallic urbanity seems to serve the Canadian Premier as well as a shrewd managing faculty does the President of the United States. One hardly knows whether the gift of eloquence tends to success or not. It has been constantly urged as a reproach against democracy, from the time of Aristophanes downwards, that it gives undue advantages to the mere man of words. But these elections leave the point in some doubt. Mr. Bryan is one of the most effective platform orators of the age. Mr. McKinley is scarcely an average good speaker. Yet it was the "spell-binder" who was beaten, and the tongue-tied man of affairs who came in the winner. In the English elections Mr. Chamberlain's speeches were admirable; but so too were Sir William Harcourt's, and for brilliancy and argumentative adroitness there is not much to choose between the Unionist and the Radical statesmen. Of the Canadians, Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the more agreeable and conciliatory speaker, Sir Charles Tupper the more forcible and energetic; and it cannot be said that on the whole the oratory of the one is distinctly superior to that of the other.

If we pass from this perhaps superficial accomplishment, to qualities of character, the problem is equally obscure. It seems strange, for instance, that a party which only the other day was bowing down before the magnetic, many-faceted, genius of Mr. Gladstone should now be content—more or less—with the



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eminently respectable, but somewhat pedestrian, virtues of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But then, after all, the change is no greater than the Conservative Party in the House of Commons experienced when it allowed Mr. W. H. Smith to sit in the seat of Disraeli and Lord Randolph Churchill. Perhaps we can explain the matter by saying that any *genre* of politician may succeed *hors le genre ennuyeux*. Neither wit nor eloquence, neither scholarship nor versatile talent, is indispensable. But a leader must be one who can lead. He must have tact, and temper, and integrity, and, above all, courage and determination. Mr. W. H. Smith possessed these qualities, and they compensated, or much more than compensated, for a homely manner and the absence of high intellectual attainments. And no one, Liberal or Conservative, who has appreciated the tenacity and the good humour with which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, amid a sea of difficulties, has fought his losing battle, will dispute that he is made of the same sound and workmanlike material.

Anglo-Saxon human nature, whether by the Thames, the Hudson, or the St. Lawrence, is in essentials the same. So it is not merely fanciful to find an analogy in the broad issues before the different bodies of electors, however the details differed. In each country, it may be said, the result was a victory for those who had definite opinions clearly expressed. The Unionists in Great Britain, the Republicans in the United States, and the Ministerialists in Canada, had the immense advantage over their opponents of knowing precisely what they were fighting for. The Liberals, the Democrats, and the Canadian Opposition, were confused as to their cause and uncertain of their leaders. They were all anxious to defeat the other side ; but they were by no means sure what they wanted to do if they won. Tens of thousands of Democratic voters only intended to support one-half of Mr. Bryan's programme, just as large numbers of English Liberals sympathised with the Conservatives on the South African War. The followers of Mr. McKinley and Lord Salisbury were not troubled by any such 'haunting doubts and fears.' They realised what they wanted ; strove for it, with no reservations or hesitations ; and, naturally, obtained it. In the material business of life, public or private, the race is not to the swift or the strong, but to him who keeps his eye steadily on the goal. The surprising thing is, not that the Unionists and the Republicans won, but that their adversaries were not much more signally defeated than was actually the case. For, when all is said, it must be remembered that it was only the 'odd man' who turned the scale—the odd mad and the lucky accidents of the ballot boxes. A little shifting of weights, a very little, would have reversed the balance. No doubt, the majority gained the victory in each case. But it is a very small

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majority. When people talk rashly of the Opposition in England, the Democrats in America, being 'wiped out,' they should recollect that not very far short of half the electorate voted for the vanquished party in either case. It should chasten the pride of British Unionists to remember that a turn-over of some four voters in every fifty last October would have returned a Liberal Government to office.

Whenever there is a General Election in England there is a faint recrudescence of the flickering movement in favour of Proportional Representation. This is natural ; for as a rule the results of the polls work out in a way that must shock the mathematical—which is not the political—mind. One party or the other is almost always grossly under-represented, and the allocation of seats in the House of Commons is sometimes grotesquely out of proportion to the distribution of votes in the constituencies. There is no doubt, for instance, that in the late elections the Conservatives and Unionists obtained a much larger number of seats than they would be entitled to on a mere count of the votes. It is impossible to speak with precision on the subject, for, of course, in any fair estimate the uncontested seats must be taken into account, and no one can say with certainty what would have happened if these had been put to the test of the ballot. But, making due allowance for these constituencies, on the basis of the last previous polls, careful investigators come to the conclusion that the Ministerial majority is far heavier than it ought theoretically to be. A writer in the *Daily News*, who may be regarded as an expert in political arithmetic, estimates that, while the actual majority in Great Britain is 195, it should proportionally be no more than fifty-three. Taking Ireland into the reckoning, he gives the following figures, which are sufficiently interesting to be worth reproduction :—

### THE GENERAL ELECTION OF 1900.

	For the Ministry.	Against.
Great Britain . . .	2,465,935	2,049,064
Ireland . . .	157,313	372,423
	2,623,248	2,421,487

Ministerial majority . . . 201,761

This majority of 201,761 votes has given Ministers a majority of 132 seats. If the seats were allotted according to relative voting strength, their majority would be twenty-six. Some people suppose, adds the *Daily News* writer, that the luck is always on the side of the big battalions. According to him, however, this is not invariably the case.

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In 1892 it was found, on the same basis of calculation as has now been employed, that Mr. Gladstone's majority of votes was slightly under 200,000. Roughly speaking, he had the same majority of votes on his side as Lord Salisbury has now on his. But, whereas the 200,000 odd men have given Lord Salisbury a majority of 132 seats, they gave Mr. Gladstone a majority of only forty seats. It is not correct, therefore, to say that the aberrations of our representative system tend to correct themselves by always favouring the winner in like degree. They do not. Sometimes electoral luck piles up a big majority for the winning side. But sometimes it doesn't.

An instance of the capricious manner in which electoral luck works is supplied by the fact that Lord Salisbury's majority at the polls is greater in 1900 than it was in 1895, though his majority in the House of Commons is 18 less.

Nevertheless, the present system, with all its anomalies, works better than a more strictly scientific method would be likely to do. If the proportional-representation man could get his way no Government would ever be likely to have a sound working majority. The object of a General Election is to obtain the rough verdict of the national jury on the pressing questions of the moment, and to secure a strong Administration; not to represent the various shades, or half-shades, of opinion with mathematical accuracy. A constant succession of small and precarious majorities would be the greatest of political calamities. Nothing could be worse than that each party would be just strong enough to prevent the other from doing anything effectual. There is an illustration in the case of Scotland at the recent election. In that part of the United Kingdom, one may say that just over one-half the population are Unionists, and just under one-half Liberals; and, as it happens, the actual representation almost exactly corresponds to the theoretical. The result is that if Scotland had a Home Rule Parliament the parties would be so nearly balanced that no Ministry could reckon on a stable tenure of office three weeks ahead. Thus, on the whole it is fortunate that the ballot, as a rule, does not operate with this delicate and impracticable equity.

It is curious to notice how little the personal character of the English Parliament varies from election to election. It used to be said, especially during the years immediately succeeding Mr. Disraeli's 'leap in the dark' of 1867, that the effect of a wide suffrage would be to introduce a different class of men to St. Stephen's. Thoughtful Radicals suggested with hope, cautious Conservatives with alarm, that the new voter would speedily make an end of the propertied, aristocratic, socially influential M.P. He would look for his representatives in a different class of society, and find him in the ranks of those not burdened with titles, or great wealth, or an old family name, or broad acres, or even the 'tone' of Eton and

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Harrow. 'Labour' would choose its spokesmen from the sons of labour. The career would be open to the talents, and the clever young man from the factory, the shop, the schoolmaster's desk, or the professorial chair, would be able to place his abilities at the service of the nation. This was the favourable way of putting the matter; the pessimistic view was that the responsible person, with a stake in the country, would find himself elbowed out by pushing local vestrymen, briefless barristers, out-at-elbows journalists, low-class attorneys, and needy adventurers generally. Neither anticipation has been realised. For good or for evil, the Parliaments of Lord Salisbury are not very different, in their composition, from the Parliaments of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Palmerston. The sons, grandsons, nephews, of the men who were sent up to Westminster thirty years ago are to be found there to-day. A mere glance down the list of names shows how largely the legislature is still made up of the old Parliamentary elements—the members of the great governing families, of the landed gentry, and the wealthier industrial *bourgeoisie* who in England join the aristocracy in the second or third generation. The most noticeable change is that wealth and successful commerce are more largely represented than they were in the earlier Parliaments. It appears that in the present Lower Chamber there are some 220 bankers, brewers, distillers, coal-owners, ironmasters, manufacturers, contractors, shipowners, and merchants. The sons and brothers of peers, with the 'gentry and landowners,' make up another 100; and there are 116 barristers, of whom, of course, a good proportion are men of means and leisure who do not frequent the Temple or Lincoln's Inn for a livelihood. Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and the Army still train a large proportion of young legislators, as they have always done. The elder Pitt was that 'terrible cornet of horse,' to steady-going persons on the front benches, and Macaulay was a brilliant schoolboy for irate Tories; and there are youthful cavalry officers and clever young Union debaters in the present House also. But the new *couches sociales* have not made extensive contributions. The 'labour' representatives are an inconspicuous handful, and they lost rather than gained at the late election. Professors and schoolmasters only number thirteen all told; farmers and agriculturists no more. Journalism, it is true, does supply a steadily increasing contingent, and it is now responsible for thirty-three M.P.s; but of these it must be recollected that several are not working journalists, but newspaper proprietors, and so might more properly be numbered among the capitalists. The professional and *bourgeois* element is rather more pronounced on the Liberal than on the Conservative side, as might be expected. But, after all, a party which finds its leaders among men like Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, Sir Henry Campbell-

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Bannerman, and Sir Edward Grey, is a long way from democracy, in the Continental sense. The fact is that in England and Scotland politics still continue to form the favourite pursuit of men of wealth, leisure, and education, and while that is the case the character of Parliament is not likely to undergo much alteration.

The South African War still drags its weary course along. He would be a bold man who should predict that it will be over when this, or even the next, number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* is in print. Never was there a campaign which has seemed so often on the very verge of extinction and then has suddenly blazed up again. Ingenuous writers for the press have been declaring that the Boer resistance must collapse every time that a striking British success has been secured, only to discover a little later that our persistent enemies are still unsubdued. If anybody will turn to the files of the London daily newspapers for October 1899, he will observe that many sanguine commentators regarded the victory of Talana Hill as likely to prove the decisive blow of the war. 'After this reverse,' said one writer complacently, 'Mr. Kruger will probably realise the futility of further resistance.' This was a trifle premature. Talana Hill was by no means a crushing defeat for the Boers, and it was followed by the hasty retreat from Dundee, which only just missed being a signal disaster for the British. Then came the dark days of November and December when Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking were all in deadly peril, and that black week before Christmas, which is associated with the names of Magersfontein, Stormberg, and Colenso. We are talking of events that seem almost to have passed into history by this time :

Of old forgotten far-off things  
And battles long ago.

But with the spring the end seemed really at hand. The surrender of Cronje, the occupation of Bloemfontein, the evacuation of Johannesburg, the entry into Pretoria, the defeat of Botha, the capture of Lydenburg, the flight of Kruger—each of these occurrences was hailed, reasonably enough, as the conclusion of the struggle. But the war goes on still ; and now, at the opening of December 1900, we have to turn to the map again to refresh our memory for the situation of places that were familiar long months ago, such as Bethulie and Dewetsdorp, Lindley, Wepener, and Rouxville. There have been fighting and marching within the past few days in that South-eastern corner of the Orange Colony which was believed to have been cleared of marauding commandoes and militant Boer chiefs when Lord Roberts moved his army forwards from Mr. Steyn's former capital towards the Vaal.



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It is true it is not now a war so much as what a French newspaper calls *une grand chouannerie*. But it is a *chouannerie*, headed by leaders like Botha and De Wet; it can put a thousand or two thousand mounted infantry into the field in several districts at once; and it is provided with abundant supplies of ammunition and some artillery. Moreover, it is fermenting all over a vast area of country, much of which is waste and wild, while a good deal is rocky and mountainous. This makes it a very formidable kind of guerilla warfare—perhaps the most difficult that any civilised army has had to deal with this century. And it must be remembered that all campaigns of this kind have been slow and tedious affairs. It took the Austrians, with as large an army as that which Lord Kitchener has at his disposal, a couple of years to subjugate the mountaineers of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and in that case there was no necessity to keep open a thousand miles of communications, or to hunt a hostile cavalry about a territory larger than Germany. The United States troops have been more than two years at work in the Philippines, and the islanders are still unsubdued, though they have no cannon and are fighters very different from the Boers. When a people are determined to fight, until practically every able-bodied male is killed or in captivity, they can hold out for long, even under conditions far less favourable to the defence than those which prevail in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

With a civilised enemy, as a rule, it is not necessary to push matters to this point. Battles and campaigns are decided not so much by the destruction of one combatant as by the psychological effect produced on him. The Franco-German War would be going on to this day if the French had refused to yield till there were no more Frenchmen capable of bearing arms. In the war which the famous Dictator of Paraguay waged against Brazil, the Argentine, and Uruguay, Lopes maintained the contest against the Coalition, until almost the entire male population of Paraguay was destroyed, with the result that for years afterwards the women were greatly in excess of the men, and even now the balance is not entirely restored. But usually one player or the other in the great game of war knows very well when his side has lost the match, and resigns long before the extermination point is reached. The defeat of the armies in the field, the capture of the main strategic centres, and the occupation of the capital, will be accepted as proofs that it is time to give up a struggle in which success is seen to be no longer possible. The collapse, indeed, of any highly organised nation, under such strokes as those mentioned, is so complete that surrender becomes inevitable if society, in the defeated state, is not to fall into complete disintegration. Any wise government knows

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that it is cheaper to buy off the victorious enemy by the cession of territory or the most crushing pecuniary indemnity, than to risk the utter ruin of commerce, the paralysis of industry, and the destruction of a social order which has been built up by centuries of civilisation. France could undoubtedly have held out against the Germans for many months, perhaps for years; just as Spain, in 1898, was very far indeed from being reduced to powerlessness by the operations in Cuba and the Philippines. But in both cases the Governments decided, quite rightly, that, since victory was obviously beyond their grasp, they were not justified in inflicting on their countrymen the appalling miseries involved in continuing the contest. So they gave in and made the best terms they could with their conquerors.

In South Africa the conditions are different. There is no organised society to destroy. The towns which we have seized and entered are in the country rather than of it. Johannesburg before the war was no more a Dutch town than Manchester. Even in Pretoria and Bloemfontein, in spite of the Presidents, and the Hollander officials, and the Dutch judges and policemen, the trading element was chiefly British or Cape Afrikaner. The burghers did not live in the towns, nor was their well-being bound up with the administrative system which they tolerated rather than liked. Such communities were too loosely knit to go to pieces even when the political crash came. The President, with his State Secretary, his Attorney-General, his Commander-in-Chief and all the rest of his functionaries, might become houseless fugitives. The Executive might wander over the *veldt* in the train of a guerilla leader, and the seat of Government might be the headquarters of the invading army. But the machinery of administration had never really entered into the life of the Dutch farmers. Its disappearance made very little difference to them. They lived on their own lands, according to their own ideas, and chiefly on their own resources. They had never wanted much from the Bloemfontein and Pretoria oligarchies, with their horde of over-paid clerks, and when these vanished into space they could get on very well without them. It was impossible to strike at the nerve-centres of these invertebrate, semi-nomad, communities.

That is one of the reasons why the occupation of the Boer capitals did not lead to the results which should have naturally followed. There is another respect in which this struggle differs from most of the campaigns of recent times. The fight is not for victory but for conquest. We do not ask of our beaten foes to make terms: we require an unconditional submission and the surrender of their territory. There is no question of treating for

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peace. We ruled any such termination out from the beginning. The war will end when the whole Boer population of the two Republics has placed its political existence in our hands, and holds its property, and practically its means of livelihood, at our mercy. From the beginning it was foreseen by us, and should have been understood by the Boers, that the conflict would take this shape. But we ought not to be surprised if, amid the circumstances, the struggle is slow and desperate. To extinguish the independence of a people of the Teutonic race, though they are a mere handful in point of numbers, cannot be an easy task. And it will not prove easy, even with Lord Kitchener in command, and 'drastic' measures in operation. We now hope that there is no ground for the rumour that Lord Kitchener means to expel all the war-correspondents. It may be necessary to do some things, which will make strange reading, before we have finally crushed these stubborn Dutchmen. But, whatever is done, the British nation is in the last resort responsible; and it ought to have the courage to face the consequences of its acts, and to be cruel—if cruelty must be employed—with its eyes open. Nothing can be more cowardly than to say to a general: 'Do what you think proper. Burn farms, starve women, lay waste land, shoot, hang, and plunder. But for Heaven's sake don't tell *us* anything about it. We desire the end—but be good enough to spare us any disagreeable information about the means.' This is not quite worthy the dignity of an Imperial race.

Mr. Kruger's wanderings over Europe might have given the world more to talk about if the German Emperor had not effectually interrupted the Odyssey, as soon as the pilgrim set foot on German soil. As it was, the traveller contrived to do little more than supply Paris with something to talk about after the Exposition closed. On the whole, the Kruger 'boom' in France was conducted in a creditable fashion. The incidents to which we could take exception were, all things considered, astonishingly few. Many people had supposed that the appearance of the ex-President in the French capital would be the signal for a wild, and even dangerous, outburst of anti-English fury. Nothing of the sort happened. Isolated idiots said '*A bas les Anglais*' and '*Conspuez Chamberlain*'; but the Paris crowd behaved with laudable self-control, and managed to do precisely what it intended—that is to say, it demonstrated its sympathy with Kruger without insulting England. It is one of our traditions that the Parisian populace is always in a condition of bubbling effervescence, ready at any moment for a revolutionary riot. But that, like some other traditional beliefs, needs emendation. The French, on more than one occasion, of late, have exhibited a power to restrain their emotions within due limits, and a regard for

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order and good sense which might be imitated by some other peoples with advantage.

It was to be regretted that many Englishmen—out of a very just and natural resentment at the infamies of a few caricaturists—denied themselves the enjoyment of visiting the Paris Exhibition. Those who did go witnessed a most magnificent triumph of skill, taste, and industry. To criticise the great Fair in detail was easy enough : indeed, it was a curious mixture of the splendid and the shabby, of refinement and vulgarity. You passed from priceless collections of *bric-a-brac* and art work to squalid side-shows ; from superb examples of scientific ingenuity to the worst efforts of the cheap retail tradesman. But the conception of the whole had the daring of the Gallic mind, and was carried out with its light and brilliant audacity. Those who took the trouble to examine the Exposition with any care brought away with them memories of many noble works, many beautiful and interesting objects. They must have come to the conclusion that, if France is *décadent*, it is a decay which still leaves room for an amazing amount of energy and spirit.

Literature is still somewhat depressed under the cloud of politics and war. The notable books of the past few months are not many, and of creative work there is next to nothing of real importance. The succession of the great novelists seems temporarily suspended. We are waiting—it may be we wait in vain—for another Thackeray, Dickens, George Meredith, Charles Reade, or Charlotte Brontë. As some compensation, there is an evident revival of interest in history and historical biography. Lord Rosebery's 'Napoleon' and Mr. Morley's 'Cromwell' have attracted as much attention, among educated readers, as any two books of the autumn. The Great Protector is beginning to compete in public favour with the Great Captain. It is certainly a singular coincidence that no less than three 'Cromwell' books should be produced almost simultaneously in England and the United States, two of them written by men who stand, or have stood, in the foremost ranks of active politics. It is an agreeable literary exercise to contrast Mr. Morley's treatment of the subject with that of Governor Roosevelt. Both may with advantage be compared with the work of the distinguished Oxford scholar, Mr. C. H. Firth. It is no disrespect to the statesmen to say that of the three books, that of the student is likely to have the most permanent value. But then Mr. Firth did not take up the life of Cromwell amid many other political and literary distractions. He has devoted himself to the history of the Cromwellian period for twenty years, with a singleness of aim and concentration of purpose more often found in

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German than in English universities. But to say this is not to detract from the merit of the rival publications. It is certainly a satisfaction to find that, in England as in America, men like Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Roosevelt are able to find time, even in the excitement of politics, for literary and historical investigation.



